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VOLUME 11

PHILADELPHIA

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME V.

COMPLETE BOOKS AND IMPORTANT PIECES.

	PAGE
DON QUIXOTE <i>M. de Cervantes Saavedra</i>	1
TALES FROM THE "DECAMERON" <i>Giovanni Boccaccio</i>	92
A Plain Man Reproves the Hypocrisy of the Clergy	92
Martinello's Trick and its Punishment	93
Friar Albert's Impersonation of the Angel Gabriel	95
How a Lady Deceived her Confessor	99
Friar Onion's Relics	102
Conjuring Away a Spirit	106
Bruno and Buffalmacco Steal a Pig from Calandrino	107
Fortarrigo Plays Away his Money and Pretends to have been Robbed	110
The Scholar's Revenge upon a Lady who had Ill-used Him	111
Federigo and Monna Giovanna	120
THE PHYSICIAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF <i>J. B. M. Molière</i>	123
HYACINTH O'TOOLE <i>J. Sheridan Le Fanu</i>	147
EVERYBODY'S FRIEND <i>J. Stirling Coyne</i>	161
VER-VERT <i>J. B. L. Gresset</i>	190
HOW CALEB BALDERSTONE CATERED FOR WOLF'S CRAG <i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	210
POETICAL EPIGRAMS	217
THE BRAVERY OF BAILIE NICOL JARVIE <i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	227
ROB ROY <i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	234
POLLY PEABLOSSOM'S WEDDING <i>John B. Lamar</i>	244
MOSES AND THE GROSS OF GREEN SPECTACLES <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>	249
THE SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS <i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	253
POWERFUL TEMPERANCE <i>Tobe Hodge (Chas. McIlvain)</i>	260
VIRGILE TRAVESTI <i>Paul Scarron</i>	267
MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE <i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i>	275
NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ <i>John Wilson</i>	282
THAT SAME OLD COON <i>F. R. Stockton</i>	294

	PAGE
THE BIG LIE: A HUNTER'S STORY	<i>Wm. Gilmore Simms</i> 306
PRENTICEANA	<i>George D. Prentice</i> 326
LESSING'S FABLES	<i>Gott. Ephraim Lessing</i> 332
GARDEN THEATRICALS	<i>John Neal</i> 338
THAT GENTLEMAN	<i>Eliza Leslie</i> 347
ENSIGN O'DONOGHUE'S FIRST LOVE	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> 361
DARBY DOYLE'S VOYAGE TO QUEBEC	<i>Anonymous</i> 377

SHORTER PIECES.

A Scout's Soliloquy	<i>Anonymous</i> 140
Mrs. Partington	<i>B. P. Skillaber</i> 143
Ike After the Opera	<i>B. P. Skillaber</i> 144
Saying, Not Meaning	<i>Wm. Basil Wake</i> 146
Diary of a Sea Voyage	<i>Anonymous</i> 157
Why Don't the Men Propose?	<i>T. H. B.</i> 159
Why the Men Don't Propose	<i>J. E. C.</i> 160
The University of Gottingen	<i>George Canning</i> 189
The Town Drummer	<i>John Galt</i> 194
The Good-Humored Club	<i>Sir Richard Steele</i> 195
The Fabliau	<i>Rutebeuf the Trouvère</i> . . . 197
The "Praise of Folly"	<i>Desiderius Erasmus</i> 200
The Belle's Stratagem	<i>Hannah Cowley</i> 201
On Mules	<i>Josh Billings</i> 203
On Dogs	<i>Josh Billings</i> 204
Wit of Charles Lamb 204
Address to Bacchus	<i>Marc-Antoine Gerard</i> 205
The Gothic Steed	<i>R. H. Newell</i> 206
Moses the Sassy, or the Disguised Duke	<i>Artemus Ward</i> 207
L'Allegro	<i>John Milton</i> 209
A Visit to Brigham Young	<i>Artemus Ward</i> 215
Fables of Æsop	<i>Æsop</i> 225
Rubaiyat	<i>Omar Khayyam</i> 226
The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County	<i>S. L. Clemens</i> 231
Friday and the Bear	<i>Daniel DeFoe</i> 239

CONTENTS OF VOL. V.

vii

	PAGE
The Shanghaies	<i>Josh Billings</i> 240
The Music Grinders	<i>O. W. Holmes</i> 241
another of the Same	<i>J. P. B.</i> 241
Partridge at the Play-House	<i>Henry Fielding</i> 242
On Pigs	<i>Josh Billings</i> 243
Mrs. Gamp's Apartment	<i>Charles Dickens</i> 248
The Hospital for Liars	<i>New York Times</i> 257
Not to Counterfeit Being Sick	<i>M. de Montaigne</i> 265
The Little Frenchman and his Water Lots	<i>George P. Morris</i> 270
The Mighty Dollar	<i>W. J. Florence</i> 273
The Three Warnings	<i>Mrs. Thrale</i> 281
A Farewell to Tobacco	<i>Charles Lamb</i> 294
Wit of Charles Lamb 295
Toodles 305
Master and Man	<i>Thos. Crofton Croker</i> 322
Song	<i>Aphra Behn</i> 325
Ode to the Skunk	<i>Anonymous</i> 331
Lessing's Epigrams	<i>Gott. Ephraim Lessing</i> 335
Georgia Theatrics	<i>A. B. Longstreet</i> 337
The Hoosier and the Salt Pile	<i>Anonymous</i> 344
Extract from the "Plain Dealer"	<i>William Wycherley</i> 352
A Mormon Romance	<i>Artemus Ward</i> 354
The Showman's Courtship	<i>Artemus Ward</i> 355
Brave Old Soldier	<i>Raleigh Sentinel</i> 356
Dr. Aberford and his Prescription	<i>Charles Reade</i> 357
The Wedding of Shon Maclean	<i>Robert Buchanan</i> 359
A Marabout Humbugged	<i>Robert Houdin</i> 366
Happy at Last	<i>Donald G. Mitchell</i> 369
Lighted with a Coal	<i>Donald G. Mitchell</i> 372
Canvassing Under Disadvantages	<i>M. Quad</i> 373
A True Ghost Story	<i>Norman McLeod</i> 374
Fables of La Fontaine	<i>Jean de La Fontaine</i> 382
The Dervise, the Thief and the Devil	<i>Péray</i> 384

THE RACONTEUR (YARNS.)

	PAGE		PAGE
The Lost Spectacles	91	Anatomical Wit	208
A Good One	91	Sharp	216
A Warning to Wives	91	Applying for a Place	233
A Nice Sense of Propriety	91	A Famous Virtuoso	238
Alexander Dumas' Pedigree	122	"Our Husband"	241
Interesting Dialogue	122	Her Reasons	252
Specimens	122	Presents	293
What Presence of Mind Did for a Soldier	139	The Pleasures of London	295
One Shilling Each	139	Misers	295
Not Appreciated	140	Paying for Things	295
Why he Refused to Live With her	140	Cannibals	295
Guffey's Cat	141	Scenes from the Life of Jacob	304
How Edouin Caught Fish	142	Bitter Irony	304
In Need of Help	142	A Cold	322
A Deceived Dog	142	Sharp Set	325
About a Pair of Pants	142	Choosing a Husband	346
Prudish People	145	A Sailor's Wife	346
A Colonel on Guard Duty	159	Why he Smoked	353
The Judge on the Tread-Mill	160	Comedy of Errors	353
Old Trotter	194		

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

POETRAITS (Goethe, Schiller, Lessing)	Frontispiece.
SANCHO PANZA AND DAPPLE	Page 77
ELLEN TERRY AS "LETITIA HARDY"	" 201
W. J. FLORENCE AS "HON. BARDWELL SLOTE"	" 273
ROBSON AND CRANE AS "THE TWO DROMIOS"	" 353

THE LIBRARY OF WIT AND HUMOR.

DON QUIXOTE.

[MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, a celebrated Spanish author, whose immortal *Don Quixote* has, for nearly three hundred years, been the delight of the reading world, was born at Alcalá de Henares, October 9, 1547, and died (on the same day as Shakespeare), April 23, 1616.

He was educated at the universities of Salamanca and Madrid; enlisted about 1570 in the papal army; was wounded at the famous naval battle of Lepanto in 1571; was captured by the Algerines about 1575 and detained in slavery, enduring great sufferings; was ransomed in 1580, and, after returning to Spain, he served several campaigns in the Spanish army.

The first work which he is known to have published was *Galatea*, a pastoral romance which appeared in 1584, the same year in which he married Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano.

He subsequently wrote numerous dramas (among them *Numancia*, a tragedy), but, although some of them were successfully performed, they failed to relieve him from the severe poverty from which he is said to have suffered.

From about 1588 to 1600 he resided at Seville, and in Madrid from 1605 until his death. In 1605 he published the first part of his famous satirical work called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, which was designed to rebuke and correct the tendency of his countrymen to delight in the extravagant romances of chivalry. It immediately obtained immense popularity, but was not followed by the second part until ten years later, in 1615.

In speaking of *Don Quixote*, in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, Hallam says: "It is the only book in the Spanish language which can now be said to possess much of a European reputation. It is to Europe in general what *Ariosto* is to Italy and *Shakespeare* to England." . . .

We have endeavored to preserve in this abridgement the general outlines of the story and the spirit of the original. Adopting the translation of Charles Jervas, we have used our author's own language throughout, framing our plan on the idea that the Don's relatives and friends, after allowing him to commit many extravagances, adopted means for his

recovery, and sent forth the bachelor Sampson Carrasco to vanquish him with his own weapons, wherein he fails in his first encounter, as the Knight of the Mirrors, but ultimately succeeding as the Knight of the White Moon, vanquishes Don Quixote and exacts his knightly promise to return home.

As Sancho Panza's Government of the Island could not properly be omitted from "A Library of Wit and Humor," we have, in order to show how the "thing was brought about," and the fulfilment of the Don's repeated promise to that effect, related enough of their visit to the Duke's palace to explain the confirmation of this extravagance by the Duke and the Duchess. On the whole, we think that those who have already read *Don Quixote* will be amused at the short space in which we have preserved the tone of the story, and we believe that those who read our version for the first time, will be led to read the whole story.]

OF THE QUALITY AND MANNER OF LIFE OF OUR RENOWNED HERO.

Down in a village of La Mancha,* the name of which I have no desire to recollect, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old buckler, a lean horse, and a coursing greyhound. Soup, composed of somewhat more mutton than beef, the fragments served up cold on most nights, lentils on Fridays, collops and eggs on Saturdays, and a pigeon by way of addition on Sundays, consumed three-fourths of his income; the remainder of it supplied him with a cloak of fine cloth, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same for holidays, and a suit of the best homespun, in which he adorned himself on week days. His family consisted of a housekeeper above forty, a niece not quite twenty, and a lad who served him both in the field and at home, who could saddle the horse or handle the pruning-

* Partly in the kingdom of Arragon, and partly in Castile.

hook. The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years; he was of a strong constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage, a very early riser, and a lover of the chase. Some pretend to say that his surname was Quixada,* or Quesada, for on this point his historians differ; though, from very probable conjectures, we may conclude that his name was Quixana. This is, however, of little importance to our history; let it suffice that, in relating it, we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

Be it known, then, that the aforementioned gentleman, in his leisure moments, which composed the greater part of the year, gave himself up with so much ardor to the perusal of books of chivalry, that he almost wholly neglected the exercise of the chase, and even the regulation of his domestic affairs; indeed, so extravagant was his zeal in this pursuit, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry, collecting as many as he could possibly obtain. Among them all, none pleased him so much as those written by the famous Feliciano de Silva, whose brilliant prose and intricate style were, in his opinion, infinitely precious, especially those amorous speeches and challenges in which they so abound; such as: "The reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason so enfeeblees my reason, that with reason I complain of your beauty." And again: "The high heavens that, with your divinity, divinely fortify you with the stars, rendering you meritorious of the merit merited by your greatness." These and similar rhapsodies distracted the poor gentleman, for he labored to comprehend and unravel their meaning, which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise from the dead expressly for that purpose. He was not quite satisfied as to the wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he could not help thinking that, however skilful the surgeons were who healed them, his face and whole body must be covered with seams and scars. Nevertheless, he commended his author for concluding his book with the promise of that interminable adventure; and he often felt an inclination to seize the pen himself and conclude it, literally as it is there promised; this he would doubtless

have done, and not without success, had he not been diverted from it by meditations of greater moment, on which his mind was incessantly employed.

He often debated with the curate of the village, a man of learning and a graduate of Sigüenza, which of the two was the best knight, Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul; but Master Nicholas, barber of the same place, declared that none ever came up to the Knight of the Sun; if, indeed, any one could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, for he had a genius suited to everything; he was no effeminate knight, no whimperer, like his brother; and in point of courage he was by no means his inferior. In short, he became so infatuated with this kind of study, that he passed whole days and nights over these books; and thus, with little sleeping and much reading, his brains were dried up and his intellect deranged. His imagination was full of all that he had read—of enchantments, contests, battles, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tortures and impossible absurdities; and so firmly was he persuaded of the truth of the whole tissue of visionary fiction, that, in his mind, no history in the world was more authentic. The Cid Ruy Diaz, he asserted, was a very good knight, but not to be compared with the Knight of the Flaming Sword, who, with a single back-stroke, cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. He was better pleased with Bernardo del Carpio, because, at Roncesvalles, he slew Roland the Enchanted, by availing himself of the stratagem employed by Hercules upon Antæus, whom he squeezed to death within his arms. He spoke very favorably of the giant Morganti, for, although of that monstrous brood who are always proud and insolent, he alone was courteous and well-bred. Above all he admired Rinaldo de Montalvan, particularly when he saw him sallying forth from his castle to plunder all he encountered, and when, moreover, he seized upon that image of Mahomet which, according to history, was of massive gold. But he would have given his housekeeper, and even his niece into the bargain, for a fair opportunity of kicking the traitor Galalon.

In fine, his judgment being completely obscured, he was seized with one of the

* *Quixadas* signifies "jaws."

strangest fancies that ever entered the head of any madman: this was, a belief that it behooved him, as well for the advancement of his glory as the service of his country, to become a knight-errant, and traverse the world, armed and mounted, in quest of adventures, and to practise all that had been performed by knights-errant of whom he had read; redressing every species of grievance, and exposing himself to dangers which, being surmounted, might secure to him eternal glory and renown. The poor gentleman imagined himself at least crowned Emperor of Trebisonde, by the valor of his arm; and thus wrapped in these agreeable delusions, and borne away by the extraordinary pleasure he found in them, he hastened to put his designs into execution.

The first thing he did was to scour up some rusty armor, which had been his great-grandfather's and had lain many years neglected in a corner. This he cleaned and adjusted as well as he could; but he found one grand defect: the helmet was incomplete, having only the morion; this deficiency, however, he ingeniously supplied by making a kind of vizor of pasteboard, which, being fixed to the morion, gave the appearance of an entire helmet. It is true, indeed, that, in order to prove its strength, he drew his sword and gave it two strokes, the first of which instantly demolished the labor of a week; but, not altogether approving of the facility with which it was destroyed, and in order to secure himself against a similar misfortune, he made another vizor, which, having fenced in the inside with small bars of iron, he felt assured of its strength, and, without making any more experiments, held it to be a most excellent helmet.

In the next place he visited his steed; and, although this animal had more blemishes than the horse of Gonola, which "*tantum pellis et ossa fuit*," yet, in his eyes, neither the Bucephalus of Alexander, nor the Cid's Babieca, could be compared with him. Four days was he deliberating upon what name he should give him; for, as he said to himself, it would be very improper that a horse so excellent, appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without an appropriate name; he therefore endeavored to find one that should express

what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and also what he now was; nothing could, indeed, be more reasonable than that, when the master changed his state, the horse should likewise change his name and assume one pompous and high-sounding, as became the new order he now professed. So, after having devised, altered, lengthened, curtailed, rejected and again framed in his imagination a variety of names, he finally determined upon Rozinante,* a name, in his opinion, sonorous and full of meaning; importing that he had been only *rozin*, a drudge-horse, *before* his present condition, and that now he was *before* all the *rozins* in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to fix upon one for himself. This consideration employed him eight more days, when at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote; whence some of the historians of this most true history have concluded that his name was certainly Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. Then recollecting that the valorous Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, styling himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a good knight, also added the name of his province, and called himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; whereby, in his opinion, he fully proclaimed his lineage and country, which, at the same time, he honored by taking its name.

His armor being now furnished, his helmet made perfect, his horse and himself provided with names, he found nothing wanting but a lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without the tender passion was a tree without leaves and fruit—a body without a soul. "If," said he, "for my sins, or, rather, through my good fortune, I encounter some giant—an ordinary occurrence to knights-errant—and overthrow him at the first onset, or cleave him in twain, or, in short, vanquish him and force him to surrender, must I not have some lady to whom I may send him as a present?"

* From *rozin*, a common drudge-horse, and *ante*, before; as Alexander's horse was called Bucephalus, from his bull-head, and the Knight of the Sun's, Cornario, from a horn in the forehead.—JARVIS.

that, when he enters into the presence of my charming mistress, he may throw himself upon his knees before her, and in a submissive, humble voice, say, 'Madam, in me you behold the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island Malendrania, who, being vanquished in single combat by the never-enough-to-be-praised Don Quixote de la Mancha, am by him commanded to present myself before you, to be disposed of according to the will and pleasure of your highness.' How happy was our good knight after this harangue! How much more so when he found a mistress! It is said that, in a neighboring village, a good-looking peasant girl resided, of whom he had formerly been enamoured, although it does not appear that she ever knew or cared about it; and this was the lady whom he chose to nominate mistress of his heart. He then sought a name for her, which, without entirely departing from her own, should incline and approach towards that of a princess or great lady, and determined upon Dulcinea del Toboso (for she was a native of that village), a name, he thought, harmonious, uncommon and expressive—like all the others which he had adopted.

GOES FORTH ON HIS FIRST SALLY.

As soon as these arrangements were made, he no longer deferred the execution of his project, which he hastened from a consideration of what the world suffered by his delays: so many were the grievances he intended to redress, the wrongs to rectify, errors to amend, abuses to reform and debts to discharge! Therefore, without communicating his intentions to anybody, and wholly unobserved, one morning before day, being one of the most sultry in the month of July, he armed himself cap-a-pie, mounted Rozinante, placed the helmet on his head, braced on his target, took his lance and, through the private gate of his back yard, issued forth into the open plain, in a transport of joy to think he had met with no obstacles to the commencement of his honorable enterprise. But scarce had he found himself on the plain, when he was assailed by a recollection so terrible as almost to make him abandon the undertaking; for it just then occurred to

him that he was not yet dubbed a knight; therefore, in conformity to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the lists against any of that order; and, if he had been actually dubbed, he should, as a new knight, have worn white armor, without any device on his shield, until he had gained one by force of arms. These considerations made him irresolute whether to proceed; but, frenzy prevailing over reason, he determined to get himself made a knight by the first one he should meet, like many others of whom he had read. As to white armor, he resolved, when he had an opportunity, to scour his own, so that it should be whiter than ermine. Having now composed his mind, he proceeded, taking whatever road his horse pleased; for therein, he believed, consisted the true spirit of adventure.

Our new adventurer, thus pursuing his way, conversed within himself, saying, "Who doubts but that in future times, when the true history of my famous achievements is brought to light, the sage who records them will in this manner describe my first sally: 'Scarcely had ruddy Phœbus extended over the face of this wide and spacious earth the golden filaments of his beautiful hair, and scarcely had the little painted birds, with their forked tongues, hailed, in soft and mellifluous harmony, the approach of the rosy harbinger of morn, who, leaving the soft couch of her jealous consort, had just disclosed herself to mortals through the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, when the renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, quitting the slothful down, mounted Rozinante, his famous steed, proceeded over the ancient memorable plain of Montiel' (which was indeed the truth). O happy era, happy age!" he continued, "when my glorious deeds shall be revealed to the world! deeds worthy of being engraven on brass, sculptured in marble and recorded by the pencil! And thou, O sage enchanter, whosever thou mayest be, destined to chronicle this extraordinary history! forget not, I beseech thee, my good Rozinante, the inseparable companion of all my toils!" Then again, as if really enamoured, he exclaimed, "O Dulcinea, my princess! sovereign of this captive heart! greatly do you wrong me by a cruel adherence to your decree, forbidding

me to appear in the presence of your beauty! Deign, O lady, to think on this enslaved heart, which, for love of you, endures so many pangs!"

In this wild strain he continued, imitating the style of his books as nearly as he could, and proceeding slowly on, while the sun arose with such intense heat that it was enough to dissolve his brains, if any had been left. He travelled almost the whole of that day without encountering anything worthy of recital, which caused him much vexation, for he was impatient for an opportunity to prove the valor of his powerful arm.

Some authors say his first adventure was that of the Pass of Lapice; others affirm it to have been that of the wind-mills; but, from what I have been able to ascertain of this matter, and have found written in the annals of La Mancha, the fact is that he travelled all that day, and, as night approached, both he and his horse were wearied and dying with hunger; and in this state, as he looked around him, in hopes of discovering some castle or shepherd's cot, where he might repose and find refreshment, he descried, not far from the road, an inn, which to him was a star conducting him to the portals, if not the palace, of his redemption. He made all the haste he could, and reached it at nightfall. There chanced to stand at the door two young women on their journey to Seville, in the company of some carriers who rested there that night. Now, as everything that our adventurer saw and conceived was, by his imagination, moulded to what he had read, so, in his eyes, the inn appeared to be a castle, with its four turrets and pinnacles of shining silver, together with its drawbridge, deep moat, and all the appurtenances with which such castles are usually described. When he had advanced within a short distance of it, he checked Rozinante, expecting some dwarf would mount the battlements, to announce by sound of trumpet the arrival of a knight-errant at the castle; but finding them tardy, and Rozinante impatient for the stable, he approached the inn-door, and there saw the two girls, who to him appeared to be beautiful damsels or lovely dames enjoying themselves before the gate of their castle.

It happened that, just at this time, a

swineherd collecting his hogs (I make no apology, for so they are called) from an adjoining stubble-field, blew the horn which assembles them together, and instantly Don Quixote was satisfied, for he imagined it was a dwarf who had given the signal of his arrival. With extraordinary satisfaction, therefore, he went up to the inn; upon which the ladies, being startled at the sight of a man armed in that manner, with lance and buckler, were retreating into the house, but Don Quixote, perceiving their alarm, raised his pasteboard vizor, thereby partly discovering his meagre, dusty visage, and, with gentle demeanor and placid voice, thus addressed them: "Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy, for it would be wholly inconsistent with the order of knighthood, which I profess, to offer insult to any person, much less to virgins of that exalted rank which your appearance indicates." The girls stared at him, and were endeavoring to find out his face, which was almost concealed by the sorry vizor; but, hearing themselves called virgins, they could not forbear laughing, and to such a degree that Don Quixote was displeased, and said to them,

"Modesty well becomes beauty, but excessive laughter, proceeding from a slight cause, is folly; but I say not this to humble or distress you, for my part is no other than to do you service." This language, so unintelligible to the ladies, added to the uncouth figure of our knight, increased their laughter; consequently, he grew more indignant, and would have proceeded further, but for the timely appearance of the innkeeper, a very corpulent, and therefore a very pacific man, who, upon seeing so ludicrous an object, armed, and with accoutrements so ill-sorted as were the bridle, lance, buckler and corslet, felt disposed to join the damsels in demonstrations of mirth; but, in truth, apprehending some danger from a form thus strongly fortified, he resolved to behave with civility, and therefore said, "If, Sir Knight, you are seeking for a lodging, you will here find, excepting a bed (for there are none in this inn), everything in abundance." Don Quixote, perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortress, for such to him appeared the innkeeper, answered, "For me, Signor Castellano, anything will suffice, since arms are my orna-

ments, warfare my repose." The host thought he called him Castellano because he took him for a sound Castilian, whereas he was an Andalusian, of the coast of St. Lucar, as great a thief as Cacus, and not less mischievous than a collegian or a page; and he replied, "If so, your worship's beds must be hard rocks, and your sleep continual watching; and that being the case, you may dismount with a certainty of finding here sufficient cause for keeping awake the whole year, much more a single night." So saying, he laid hold of Don Quixote's stirrup, who alighted with much difficulty and pain, for he had fasted the whole of the day. He then desired the host to take special care of his steed, for it was the finest creature that ever fed; the innkeeper examined him, but thought him not so good by half as his master had represented him. Having led the horse to the stable, he returned to receive the orders of his guest, whom the damsels, being now reconciled to him, were disarming; they had taken off the back and breast plates, but endeavored in vain to disengage the gorget or take off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened with green ribbons in such a manner that they could not be untied, and he would upon no account allow them to be cut; therefore he remained all that night with his helmet on, the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable.

While these frivolous girls, whom he still conceived to be persons of quality and ladies of the castle, were disarming him, he said to them, with infinite grace, "Never before was knight so honored by ladies as Don Quixote, after his departure from his native village! Damsels attended upon him; princesses took charge of his steed! O Rozinante—for that, ladies, is the name of my horse, and Don Quixote de la Mancha my own, although it was not my intention to have discovered myself until deeds, performed in your service, should have proclaimed me; but, impelled to make so just an application of that ancient romance of Lanzarote to my present situation, I have thus prematurely disclosed my name; yet the time shall come when your ladyships may command and I obey: when the valor of my arm shall make manifest the desire I have to serve you." The girls, unaccustomed to such rhetorical flourishes,

made no reply, but asked whether he would please to eat anything. "I shall willingly take some food," answered Don Quixote, "for I apprehend it would be of much service to me." That day happened to be Friday, and there was nothing in the house but some fish, of that kind which in Castile is called *abadexo*; in Andalusia, *bacallao*; in some parts, *curadillo*; and in others, *truchuela*.* They asked if his worship would like some *truchuela*, for they had no other fish to offer him. "If there be many troutlings," replied Don Quixote, "they will supply the place of one trout; for it is the same to me whether I receive eight single reals or one piece of eight. Moreover, these troutlings may be preferable, as veal is better than beef, and kid superior to goat. Be that as it may, let it come immediately, for the toil and weight of arms cannot be sustained by the body unless the interior be supplied with aliments." For the benefit of the cool air, they placed the table at the door of the inn, and the landlord produced some of his ill-soaked and worse-cooked *bacallao*, with bread as foul and black as the knight's armor; but it was a spectacle highly risible to see him eat, for his hands being engaged in holding his helmet on and raising the beaver, he could not feed himself; therefore one of the ladies performed that office for him. But to drink would have been utterly impossible, had not the innkeeper bored a reed, and, placing one end into his mouth, at the other poured in the wine; and all this he patiently endured rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

In the meantime, there came to the inn a sow-doctor, who, as soon as he arrived, blew his pipe of reeds four or five times, which finally convinced Don Quixote that he was now in some famous castle, where he was regaled with music; that the *poor John* was trout, the bread of the purest white, the strolling wenches ladies of distinction, and the innkeeper governor of the castle; consequently, he remained satisfied with his enterprise and first sally, though it troubled him to reflect that he was not yet a knight, feeling persuaded that he could not lawfully engage in any adventure until he had been invested with the order of knighthood.

* The fish called *poor John*, or little trouts.

THE PLEASANT METHOD DON QUIXOTE
TOOK TO BE DUBBED A KNIGHT.

Agitated by this idea, he abruptly finished his scanty supper, called the inn-keeper, and, shutting himself up with him in the stable, he fell on his knees before him and said, "Never will I arise from this place, valorous knight, until your courtesy shall vouchsafe to grant a boon which it is my intention to request: a boon that will redound to your glory and to the benefit of all mankind." The inn-keeper, seeing his guest at his feet, and hearing such language, stood confounded, and stared at him, without knowing what to do or say; he entreated him to rise, but in vain, until he had promised to grant the boon he requested. "I expected no less, signor, from your great magnificence," replied Don Quixote; "know, therefore, that the boon I have demanded, and which your liberality has conceded, is, that on the morrow you will confer on me the honor of knighthood. This night I will watch my arms in the chapel of your castle, in order that, in the morning, my earnest desire may be fulfilled, and I may with propriety traverse the four quarters of the world in quest of adventures for the relief of the distressed, conformable to the duties of chivalry and of knights-errant who, like myself, are devoted to such pursuits."

The host, who, as we have said, was a shrewd fellow, and had already entertained some doubts respecting the wits of his guest, was now confirmed in his suspicions; and, to make sport for the night, determined to follow his humor. He told him, therefore, that his desire was very reasonable, and that such pursuits were natural and suitable to knights so illustrious as he appeared to be, and as his gallant demeanor fully testified; that he had himself, in the days of his youth, followed that honorable profession and travelled over various parts of the world in search of adventures—failing not to visit the suburbs of Malaga, the isles of Riaran, the compass of Seville, the market-place of Segovia, the olive-field of Valencia, the rondilla of Grenada, the coast of St. Lucar, the fountain of Cordova, the taverns of Toledo, and divers other parts, where he had exercised the agility of his heels and the dexterity of his hands: committing sundry wrongs,

soliciting widows, courting damsels, cheating youths—in short, making himself known to most of the tribunals in Spain; and that finally he had retired to this castle, where he lived upon his revenue and that of others, entertaining therein all knights-errant of every quality and degree, solely for the love he bore them, and that they might share their fortunes with him in return for his good-will. He further told him that in his castle there was no chapel wherein he could watch his armor, for it had been pulled down, in order to be rebuilt; but that, in cases of necessity, he knew it might be done wherever he pleased; therefore he might watch it that night in the court of the castle, and the following morning, if it pleased God, the requisite ceremonies should be performed, and he should be dubbed so effectually that the world would not be able to produce a more perfect knight. He then inquired if he had any money about him. Don Quixote told him he had none, having never read in their histories that knights-errant provided themselves with money. The inn-keeper assured him he was mistaken; for, admitting it was not mentioned in their history, the authors deeming it unnecessary to specify things so obviously requisite as money and clean shirts, yet was it not therefore to be inferred that they had none, but, on the contrary, he might consider it an established fact that all knights-errant, of whose histories so many volumes are filled, carried their purses well provided against accidents; that they were also supplied with shirts and a small casket of ointments, to heal the wounds they might receive, for, in plains and deserts where they fought and were wounded, no aid was near unless they had some sage enchanter for their friend who could give them immediate assistance by conveying in a cloud through the air some damsel or dwarf, with a phial of water, possessed of such virtue that, upon tasting a single drop of it, they should instantly become as sound as if they had received no injury. But when the knights of former times were without such a friend, they always took care that their esquires should be provided with money and such necessary articles as lint and salves; and when they had no esquires, which very rarely happened, they carried these things themselves

upon the crupper of their horses, in wallets so small as to be scarcely visible, that they might seem to be something of more importance; for, except in such cases, the custom of carrying wallets was not tolerated among knights-errant. He therefore advised, though, as his godson (which he was soon to be), he might command him never henceforth to travel without money and the aforesaid provisions, and he would find them serviceable when he least expected it. Don Quixote promised to follow his advice with punctuality; and an order was now given for performing the watch of the armor in a large yard adjoining the inn. Don Quixote, having collected it together, placed it on a cistern that was close to a well; then, bracing on his target and grasping his lance, with graceful demeanor he paced to and fro before the pile, beginning his parade as soon as it was dark.

The innkeeper informed all who were in the inn of the frenzy of his guest, the watching of his armor, and of the intended knighting. They were surprised at so singular a kind of madness, and went out to observe him at a distance. They perceived him sometimes quietly pacing along, and sometimes leaning upon his lance with his eyes fixed upon his armor for a considerable time. It was now night, but the moon shone with a splendor which might vie even with that whence it was borrowed; so that every motion of our new knight might be distinctly seen.

At this time, it happened that one of the carriers wanted to give his mules some water, for which purpose it was necessary to remove Don Quixote's armor from the cistern; who, seeing him advance, exclaimed with a loud voice, "O thou, whomsoever thou art, rash knight! who approachest the armor of the most valiant adventurer that ever girded sword, beware of what thou dost, and touch it not, unless thou wouldst yield thy life as the forfeit of thy temerity." The carrier heeded not this admonition (though better would it have been for him if he had), but, seizing hold of the straps, he threw the armor some distance from him, which Don Quixote perceiving, he raised his eyes to heaven, and addressing his thoughts, apparently, to his lady Dulcinea, said, "Assist me, O lady, to

avenge this first insult offered to your vassal's breast, nor let your favor and protection fail me in this perilous encounter." Having uttered these and similar ejaculations, he let slip his target, and, raising his lance with both hands, he gave the carrier such a stroke upon the head that he fell to the ground in so grievous a plight that, had the stroke been repeated, there would have been no need of a surgeon. This done, he replaced his armor and continued his parade with the same tranquillity as before.

Soon after, another carrier, not knowing what had passed, for the first yet lay stunned, came out with the same intention of watering his mules; and, as he approached to take away the armor from the cistern, Don Quixote, without saying a word or imploring any protection, again let slip his target, raised his lance, and, with no less effect than before, smote the head of the second carrier. The noise brought out all the people in the inn, and the landlord among the rest; upon which Don Quixote braced on his target, and laying his hand upon his sword, said, "O lady of beauty! strength and vigor of my enfeebled heart! Now is the time for thee to turn thy illustrious eyes upon this thy captive knight, whom so mighty an encounter awaits!" This address had, he conceived, animated him with so much courage, that, were all the carriers in the world to have assailed him, he would not have retreated one step.

The comrades of the wounded, upon discovering the situation of their friends, began at a distance to discharge a shower of stones upon Don Quixote, who sheltered himself as well as he could with his target, without daring to quit the cistern, because he would not abandon his armor. The innkeeper called aloud to them, begging they would desist, for he had already told them he was insane, and that, as a madman, he would be acquitted, though he were to kill them all. Don Quixote, in a voice still louder, called them infamous traitors, and the lord of the castle a cowardly, base-born knight, for allowing knights-errant to be treated in that manner; declaring that, had he received the order of knighthood, he would have made him sensible of his perfidy. "But as for you, ye vile and worthless rabble, I utterly despise ye! Advance! Come

on; molest me as far as ye are able, for quickly shall ye receive the reward of your folly and insolence!" This he uttered with so much spirit and intrepidity that the assailants were struck with terror; which, in addition to the landlord's persuasions, made them cease their attack. He then permitted the wounded to be carried off, and, with the same gravity and composure, resumed the watch of his armor.

The host, not relishing these pranks of his guest, determined to put an end to them, before any further mischief ensued, by immediately investing him with the luckless order of chivalry; approaching him, therefore, he disclaimed any concurrence on his part in the insolent conduct of those low people, who were, he observed, well chastised for their presumption. He repeated to him that there was no chapel in the castle, nor was it by any means necessary for what remains to be done; that the stroke of knighting consisted in blows on the neck and shoulders, according to the ceremonial of the order, which might be effectually performed in the middle of a field; that the duty of watching his armor he had now completely fulfilled, for he had watched more than four hours, though only two were required. All this Don Quixote believed, and said that he was there ready to obey him, requesting him, at the same time, to perform the deed as soon as possible; because, should he be assaulted again when he found himself knighted, he was resolved not to leave one person alive in the castle, excepting those whom, out of respect to him, and at his particular request, he might be induced to spare. The constable, thus warned and alarmed, immediately brought forth a book, in which he kept his account of the straw and oats he furnished to the carriers, and, attended by a boy, who carried an end of candle, and the two damsels before mentioned, went towards Don Quixote, whom he commanded to kneel down: he then began reading his manual, as if it were some devout prayer, in the course of which he raised his hand and gave him a good blow on the neck, and, after that, a handsome stroke over the shoulders, with his own sword, still muttering between his teeth, as if in prayer. This being done, he commanded one of the ladies to gird on his sword, an office she performed with much

alacrity, as well as discretion, no small portion of which was necessary to avoid bursting with laughter at every part of the ceremony; but indeed the prowess they had seen displayed by the new knight kept their mirth within bounds. At girding on the sword, the good lady said, "God grant you may be a fortunate knight, and successful in battle." Don Quixote inquired her name, that he might thenceforward know to whom he was indebted for the favor received, as it was his intention to bestow upon her some share of the honor he should acquire by the valor of his arm. She replied, with much humility, that her name was Tolosa, that she was the daughter of a cobbler at Toledo, who lived at the stalls of Sancho-bienaya; and that, wherever she was, she would serve and honor him as her lord. Don Quixote, in reply, requested her, for his sake, to do him the favor henceforth to add to her name the title of don, and call herself Donna Tolosa, which she promised to do. The other girl now buckled on his spurs, and with her he held nearly the same conference as with the lady of the sword. Having inquired her name, she told him it was Molinera, and that she was daughter to an honest miller of Antiquera: he then requested her likewise to assume the don, and style herself Donna Molinera, renewing his proffers of service and thanks.

These never-till-then-seen ceremonies being thus speedily performed, Don Quixote was impatient to find himself on horseback, in quest of adventures. He therefore instantly saddled Rozinante, mounted him, and, embracing his host, made his acknowledgments for the favor he had conferred by knighting him, in terms so extraordinary, that it would be in vain to attempt to repeat them. The host, in order to get rid of him the sooner, replied with no less flourish, but more brevity; and, without making any demand for his lodging, wished him a good journey.

OF WHAT BEFELL OUR KNIGHT AFTER HE HAD SALLIED FROM THE INN.

Light of heart, Don Quixote issued forth from the inn about break of day, so satisfied and so pleased to see himself knighted, that the joy thereof almost

burst his horse's girths. But recollecting the advice of his host concerning the necessary provisions for his undertaking, especially the articles of money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home, and furnish himself accordingly, and also provide himself with a squire, purposing to take into his service a certain country fellow of the neighborhood, who was poor and had children, yet was very fit for the squirely office of chivalry. With this determination he turned Rozinante towards his village; and the steed, as if aware of his master's intention, began to put on with so much alacrity that he hardly seemed to set his feet to the ground. He had not, however, gone far, when, on his right hand, from a thicket hard by, he fancied he heard feeble cries, as from some person complaining. And scarcely had he heard it when he said, "I thank Heaven for the favor it does me, by offering me so early an opportunity of complying with the duty of my profession, and of reaping the fruit of my honorable desires. These are doubtless the cries of some distressed person who stands in need of my protection and assistance." Then turning the reins, he guided Rozinante towards the place whence he thought the cries proceeded, and he had entered but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a lad to another, naked from the waist upwards, about fifteen years of age, who was the person that cried out; and not without cause, for a lusty country fellow was laying on him very severely with a belt, and accompanied every lash with a reprimand and a word of advice: "For," said he, "the tongue slow and the eyes quick." The boy answered, "I will do so no more, dear sir; by the passion of God, I will never do so again; and I promise for the future to take more care of the flock."

Don Quixote, observing what passed, now called out in an angry tone, "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to deal thus with one who is not able to defend himself. Get upon thy horse, and take thy lance" (for he had also a lance leaning against the oak to which the mare was fastened), "and I will make thee sensible of thy dastardly conduct." The countryman, seeing such a figure coming towards him, armed from head to foot, and brandishing his lance at his face, gave himself up for a dead man, and therefore

humbly answered, "Signor cavalier, this lad I am chastising is a servant of mine, whom I employ to tend a flock of sheep which I have hereabouts; but he is so careless that I lose one every day; and because I correct him for his negligence, or roguery, he says I do it out of covetousness, and for an excuse not to pay him his wages; but before God, and on my conscience, he lies." "Darest thou say so in my presence, vile rustic?" said Don Quixote. "By the sun that shines upon us, I have a good mind to run thee through with this lance! Pay him immediately, without further reply; if not, by the God that rules us, I will dispatch and annihilate thee in a moment! Unbind him instantly!" The countryman hung down his head, and, without reply, untied his boy. Don Quixote then asked the lad how much his master owed him; and he answered, nine months' wages, at seven reals a month. Don Quixote, on calculation, found that it amounted to sixty-three reals, and desired the countryman instantly to disburse them, unless he meant to pay it with his life. The fellow, in a fright, answered that, on the word of a dying man, and upon the oath he had taken (though by the way he had taken no oath), it was not so much; for he must deduct the price of three pair of shoes he had given him on account, and a real for two blood-lettings when he was sick. "All this is very right," said Don Quixote; "but set the shoes and the blood-lettings against the stripes thou hast given him unjustly; for if he tore the leather of thy shoes, thou hast torn his skin, and if the barber-surgeon drew blood from him when he was sick, thou hast drawn blood from him when he is well; so that upon these accounts he owes thee nothing." "The mischief is, signor cavalier," quoth the countryman, "that I have no money about me; but let Andres go home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real." "I go home with him!" said the lad; "the devil a bit! No, sir, I will do no such thing; for when he has me alone he will flay me like any Saint Bartholomew." "He will not do so," replied Don Quixote; "to keep him in awe, it is sufficient that I lay my commands upon him; and, on condition he swears to me by the order of knighthood which he has received, I shall let him go free, and will be bound for the payment." "Good sir, think of

what you say," quoth the boy; "for my master is no knight, nor ever received any order of knighthood; he is John Aldudo, the rich, of the neighborhood of Quintanar." "That is little to the purpose," answered Don Quixote; "there may be knights of the family of the Aldudos, more especially as every man is the son of his own works." "That's true," quoth Andres; "but what works is my master the son of, who refuses me the wages of my sweat and labor?" "I do not refuse thee, friend Andres," replied the countryman: "have the kindness to go with me; and I swear, by all the orders of knighthood that are in the world, I will pay thee every real down, and perfumed* into the bargain." "For the perfuming, I thank thee," said Don Quixote: "give him the reals, and I shall be satisfied: and see that thou failest not: or else, by the same oath, I swear to return and chastise thee; nor shalt thou escape me, though thou wert to conceal thyself closer than a lizard. And if thou wouldst be informed who it is thus commands, that thou mayest feel the more strictly bound to perform thy promise, know that I am the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of wrongs and abuses. So farewell, and do not forget what thou hast promised and sworn, on pain of the penalty I have denounced." So saying he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and was soon far off.

The countryman eagerly followed him with his eyes, and, when he saw him quite out of the wood, he turned to his lad Andres, and said, "Come hither, child; I wish now to pay what I owe thee, as that redresser of wrongs commanded." "So you shall, I swear," quoth Andres; "and you will do well to obey the orders of that honest gentleman (whom God grant to live a thousand years!), who is so brave a man, and so just a judge, that, egad! if you do not pay me, he will come back and do what he has threatened." "And I swear so too," quoth the countryman: "and to show how much I love thee, I am resolved to augment the debt, that I may add to the payment." Then, taking him by the arm, he again tied him to the tree, where he gave him so many stripes that he left him for dead. "Now," said he, "Master Andres, call upon that re-

dresser of wrongs; thou wilt find he will not easily redress this, though I believe I have not quite done with thee yet, for I have a good mind to flay thee alive, as thou saidst just now." At length, however, he untied him, and gave him leave to go in quest of his judge, to execute the threatened sentence. Andres went away in dudgeon, swearing he would find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and tell him all that had passed, and that he should pay for it sevenfold. Nevertheless, he departed in tears, leaving his master laughing at him.

Thus did the valorous Don Quixote redress this wrong; and, elated at so fortunate and glorious a beginning to his knight-errantry, he went on toward his village, entirely satisfied with himself, and saying with a low voice, "Well mayest thou deem thyself happy above all women living on the earth, O Dulcinea del Toboso, beauteous above the most beautiful! since it has been thy lot to have subject and obedient to thy whole will and pleasure so valiant and renowned a knight as is and ever shall be Don Quixote de la Mancha! who, as all the world knows, received but yesterday the order of knighthood, and to-day has redressed the greatest injury and grievance that injustice could invent and cruelty commit! to-day hath he wrested the scourge out of the hand of that pitiless enemy, by whom a tender stripling was so undeservedly lashed!"

He now came to the road, which branched out in four different directions; when immediately those cross-ways presented themselves to his imagination where knights-errant usually stop to consider which of the roads they shall take. Here, then, following their example, he paused awhile, and, after mature consideration, let go the reins, submitting his own will to that of his horse, who, following his first motion, took the direct road towards his stable. Having proceeded about two miles, Don Quixote discovered a company of people, who, as it afterwards appeared, were merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks in Murcia. There were six of them in number; they carried umbrellas, and were attended by four servants on horseback and three muleteers on foot. Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he imagined it must be some new adventure; and, to imitate as nearly as possible what

* A Spanish phrase for paying or returning anything with advantage.

he had read in his books, as he fancied this to be cut out on purpose for him to achieve, with a graceful deportment and intrepid air he settled himself firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his target, and, posting himself in the midst of the highway, awaited the approach of those whom he already judged to be knights-errant; and when they were come so near as to be seen and heard, he raised his voice, and, with an arrogant tone, cried out, "Let the whole world stand, if the whole world does not confess, that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso!"

The merchants stopped at the sound of these words, and also to behold the strange figure of him who pronounced them: and both by the one and the other they perceived the madness of the speaker; but they were disposed to stay and see what this confession meant which he required; and therefore one of them, who was somewhat of a wag, but withal very discreet, said to him,

"Signor cavalier, we do not know who this good lady you mention may be: let us but see her, and if she be really so beautiful as you intimate, we will, with all our hearts, and without any constraint, make the confession you demand of us."

"Should I show her to you," replied Don Quixote, "where would be the merit of confessing a truth so manifest? It is essential that without seeing her you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; and if not, I challenge you all to battle, proud and monstrous as you are: and, whether you come on one by one (as the law of chivalry requires), or all together, as is the custom and wicked practice of those of your stamp, here I wait for you, confiding in the justice of my cause."

"Signor cavalier," replied the merchant, "I beseech your worship, in the name of all the princes here present, that we may not lay a burden upon our consciences by confessing a thing we never saw or heard, and especially being so much to the prejudice of the empresses and queens of Alcarria and Estremadura, that your worship would be pleased to show us some picture of this lady, though no bigger than the barleycorn, for we shall guess at the clew by the thread; and therewith we shall rest satisfied and safe, and your worship

contented and pleased. Nay, I verily believe we are so far inclined to your side, that, although her picture should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone from the other, notwithstanding all this, to oblige you, we will say whatever you please in her favor." "There distils not, base scoundrels!" answered Don Quixote, burning with rage, "there distils not from her what you say, but rather ambergris and civet among cotton; neither doth she squint, nor is she hunchbacked, but as straight as a spindle of Guadarrama;* but you shall pay for the horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so transcendent a beauty!" So saying, with his lance couched he ran at him who had spoken, with so much fury and rage that, if good fortune had not so ordered that Rozinante stumbled and fell in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the rash merchant. Rozinante fell, and his master lay rolling about the field for some time, endeavoring to rise, but in vain, so encumbered was he with his lance, target, spurs, and helmet, added to the weight of his antiquated armor. And while he was thus struggling to get up he continued calling out, "Fly not, ye dastardly rabble! stay, ye race of slaves! for it is through my horse's fault, and not my own, that I lie here extended." A muleteer of the company, not over good-natured, hearing the arrogant language of the poor fallen gentleman, could not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs; and coming to him, he took the lance, which, having broken to pieces, he applied one of the splinters with so much agility upon Don Quixote, that, in spite of his armor, he was threshed like wheat. His masters called out, desiring him to forbear; but the lad was provoked, and would not quit the game until he had quite spent the remainder of his choler; and, seizing the other pieces of the lance, he completely demolished them upon the unfortunate knight; who, notwithstanding the tempest of blows that rained upon him, never shut his mouth, incessantly threatening heaven and earth, and those who to him appeared to be assassins. At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants

* A small town nine leagues from Madrid, situated at the foot of a mountain, the rocks of which are so perpendicular that they are called "the Spindles." Near it stands the Escorial.—JARVIS.

departed, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse concerning the poor belabored knight, who, when he found himself alone, again endeavored to rise; but, if he could not do it when sound and well, how should he in so bruised and battered a condition? Yet he was consoled in looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to knights-errant, and imputing the blame to his horse; although to raise himself up was impossible, his whole body was so horribly bruised.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE NARRATION
OF OUR KNIGHT'S MISFORTUNE.

Very full of pain, yet, soon as he was able to stir, Don Quixote had recourse to his usual remedy, which was, to recollect some incident in his books, and his frenzy instantly suggested to him that of Valdivinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain: a story familiar to children, not unknown to youth, commended and even credited by old men; yet no more true than the miracles of Mahomet. Now, this seemed to him exactly suited to his case; therefore he began to roll himself on the ground, and to repeat, in a faint voice, what they affirm was said by the wounded Knight of the wood:

"Where art thou, mistress of my heart,
Unconscious of thy lover's smart?
Ah me! thou know'st not my distress,
Or thou art false and pitiless."

In this manner he went on with the romance, until he came to those verses where it is said—"O noble Marquis of Mantua, my uncle and lord by blood!" Just at that instant it so happened that a peasant of his own village, a near neighbor, who had been carrying a load of wheat to the mill, passed by; and, seeing a man lying stretched on the earth, he came up, and asked him who he was, and what was the cause of his doleful lamentation? Don Quixote, firmly believing him to be the Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, returned him no answer, but proceeded with the romance, giving an account of his misfortune, and of the amours of the emperor's son, just as it is there recounted. The peasant was astonished at his extravagant discourse; and taking off his visor, now battered all to pieces, he wiped

the dust from his face; upon which he recognized him, and exclaimed, "Ah, Signor Don Quixana" (for so he was called before he lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober gentleman to a knight-errant), "how came your worship in this condition?" But still he answered out of his romance to whatever question he was asked.

The good man, seeing this, contrived to take off the back and breastpiece of his armor, to examine if he had any wound; but he saw no blood nor sign of any hurt. He then endeavored to raise him from the ground, and with no little trouble, placed him upon his ass, as being the beast of easier carriage. He gathered together all the arms, not excepting the broken pieces of lance, and tied them upon Rozinante; then taking him by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he went on towards his village, full of concern at the wild language of Don Quixote. No less thoughtful was the knight, who was so cruelly beaten and bruised that he could scarcely keep himself upon the ass, and ever and anon he sent forth groans that seemed to pierce the skies, insomuch that the peasant was again forced to ask what ailed him. And surely the devil alone could have furnished his memory with stories so applicable to what had befallen him; for at that instant, forgetting Valdivinos, he recollected the Moor Abindarraez, at the time when the Governor of Antequero, Roderigo of Narvaez, had taken him prisoner and conveyed him to his castle; so when the peasant asked him again how he was and what he felt, he answered him in the very same terms that were used by the prisoner Abindarraez to Roderigo of Narvaez, as he had read in the "Diana" of George Montemayor, applying it so aptly in his own case, that the peasant went on cursing himself to the devil, to hear such a monstrous heap of nonsense, which convinced him that his neighbor had run mad, and he therefore made what haste he could to reach the village, and thereby escape Don Quixote's long speeches; who, still continuing, said, "Be it known to your worship, Signor Don Roderigo de Narvaez, that this beauteous Xarifa, whom I mentioned, is now the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have done, do, and will do, the most famous exploits of chivalry that have been, are, or shall be

seen in the world." To this the peasant answered, "Look you, sir, as I am a sinner, I am not Don Roderigo de Narvaez, nor the Marquis of Mantua; but Pedro Alonso, your neighbor; neither is your worship Valdovinos; nor Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman, Signor Quixana." "I know who I am," answered Don Quixote; "and I know, too, that I am not only capable of being those I have mentioned, but all the twelve peers of France, yea, and the nine worthies, since my exploits will far exceed all that they have jointly or separately achieved."

With this and similar conversation, they reached the village about sunset; but the peasant waited until the night was a little advanced, that the poor battered gentleman might not be seen so scurvily mounted. When he thought it the proper time, he entered the village, and arrived at Don Quixote's house, which he found all in confusion. The priest and the barber of the place, who were Don Quixote's particular friends, happened to be there; and the house-keeper was saying to them aloud, "What do you think, Signor Licentiate Pero Perez" (for that was the priest's name), "of my master's misfortune? For neither he, nor his horse, nor the target, nor the lance, nor the armor, have been seen these six days past. Woe is me! I am verily persuaded, and it is certainly true as I was born to die, that these cursed books of knight-errantry, which he is often reading, have turned his brain; and, now I think of it, I have often heard him say, talking to himself, that he would turn knight-errant, and go about the world in quest of adventures. The devil and Barabbas take all such books, that have spoiled the finest understanding in all La Mancha!" The niece joined with her, adding, "And you must know, Master Nicholas" (for that was the barber's name), "that it has often happened that my honored uncle has continued poring on these wicked books of misadventures two whole days and nights; then, throwing the book out of his hand, he would draw his sword and strike against the walls; and when he was heartily tired, would say he had killed four giants as tall as so many steeples, and that the sweat, which his labor occasioned, was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight; then, after drinking off a large pitcher of

cold water, he would be as quiet as ever, telling us that the water was a most precious liquor, brought him by the sage Esquife, a great enchanter, and his friend. But I take the blame of all this to myself, for not informing you, gentlemen, of my dear uncle's extravagances, that they might have been cured before they had gone so far, by burning all those cursed books, which as justly deserve to be committed to the flames as if they were heretical." "I say the same," quoth the priest; "and, in faith, to-morrow shall not pass without holding a public inquisition upon them, and condemning them to the fire, that they may not occasion others to act as I fear my good friend has done."

All this was overheard by Don Quixote and the peasant; and, as it confirmed the latter in the belief of his neighbor's infirmity, he began to cry aloud, "Open the doors, gentlemen, to Signor Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, who comes dangerously wounded, and to Signor Abindarraez the Moor, whom the valorous Roderigo de Narvaez, Governor of Antequero, brings as his prisoner." Hearing this, they all came out; and, immediately recognizing their friend, they ran to embrace him, although he had not yet alighted from the ass; for, indeed, it was not in his power. "Forbear, all of you!" he cried, "for I am sorely wounded, through my horse's fault; carry me to my bed; and, if it be possible, send for the sage Urganda, to search and heal my wounds." "Look ye!" said the house-keeper immediately, "if my heart did not tell me truly on which leg my master halted. Get up-stairs in God's name; for without the help of the same Urganda we shall find a way to cure you ourselves. Cursed say I again, and a hundred times cursed, be those books of knight-errantry, that have brought your worship to this pass!" They carried him directly to his chamber, where, on searching for his wounds, they could discover none. He then told them, "he was only bruised by a great fall he got with his horse Rozinante, as he was fighting with ten of the most prodigious and audacious giants on the face of the earth." "Ho, ho!" says the priest, "what! there are giants too in the dance? By my faith, I shall set fire to them all before to-morrow night." They asked Don Quixote a thousand

questions, to which he would return no answer. He only desired that they would give him some food, and allow him to sleep, that being what he most required. Having done this, the priest inquired particularly of the countryman in what condition Don Quixote had been found. The countryman gave him an account of the whole, with the extravagances he had uttered, both at the time of finding him and during their journey home; which made the licentiate impatient to carry into execution what he had determined to do the following day; when, for that purpose calling upon his friend Master Nicholas the barber, they proceeded together to Don Quixote's house.

Long and heavy was the sleep of Don Quixote; meanwhile, the priest having asked the niece for the key of the chamber containing the books, those authors of the mischief, which she delivered with a very good will, they entered, attended by the housekeeper, and found above a hundred large volumes, well bound, besides a great number of smaller size. No sooner did the housekeeper see them than she ran out of the room in great haste, and immediately returned with a pot of holy water and a bunch of hyssop, saying, "Signor Licentiate, take this and sprinkle the room, lest some enchanter of the many that these books abound with should enchant us, as a punishment for our intention to banish them out of the world." The priest smiled at the housekeeper's simplicity, and ordered the barber to reach him the books one by one, that they might see what they treated of, as they might perhaps find some that deserved not to be chastised by fire. "No," said the niece, "there is no reason why any of them should be spared, for they have all been mischief-makers; so let them all be thrown out of the window into the courtyard, and, having made a pile of them, set fire to it; or else make a bonfire of them in the back yard, where the smoke will offend nobody." The housekeeper said the same, so eagerly did they both thirst for the death of those innocents. But the priest would not consent to it without first reading the titles at least.

The same night the housekeeper set fire to and burnt all the books that were in the yard and in the house. Some must have perished that deserved to be

treasured up in perpetual archives; but their destiny, or the indolence of the scrutineer forbade it; and in them was fulfilled the saying that "the just sometimes suffers for the unjust." One of the remedies which the priest and the barber prescribed at that time for their friend's malady, was to wall up the chamber which had contained his books, hoping that, when the cause was removed, the effect might cease, and that they should pretend that an enchanter had carried room and all away. This was speedily executed; and two days after, when Don Quixote left his bed, the first thing that occurred to him was to visit his books; and not finding the room, he went up and down looking for it, when, coming to the former situation of the door, he felt with his hands and stared about on all sides without speaking a word for some time; at length he asked the housekeeper where the chamber was in which he kept his books. She, who was already well tutored what to answer, said to him, "What room, or what nothing, does your worship look for? There is neither room nor books in this house, for the devil himself has carried all away." "It was not the devil," said the niece, "but an enchanter, who came one night upon a cloud, after the day of your departure, and, alighting from a serpent on which he rode, entered the room: what he did there I know not; but, after some little time, out he came, flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had been doing, we saw neither books nor room; only we very well remember, both I and Mistress Housekeeper here, that when the wicked old thief went away he said, with a loud voice, that, from a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief in this house which would soon be manifest: he told us also that he was called the sage Munniaton." "Freston he meant to say," quoth Don Quixote. "I know not," answered the housekeeper, "whether his name be Freston or Friton; all I know is that it ended in *ton*." "It doth so," replied Don Quixote. "He is a sage enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me malice because, by his skill and learning, he knows that, in process of time, I shall engage in single combat

with a knight whom he favors, and shall vanquish him, in spite of his protection. On this account, he endeavors as much as he can to molest me; but let him know from me he cannot withstand or avoid what is decreed by Heaven." "Who doubts of that?" said the niece; "but, dear uncle, what have you to do with these broils? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home, and not ramble about the world, seeking for better bread than wheaten, without considering that many go out for wool and return shorn?" "O niece," answered Don Quixote, "how little dost thou know of the matter! Before they shall shear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those who dare think of touching the tip of a single hair of mine." Neither of them would make any further reply, for they saw his choler began to rise. Fifteen days he remained at home very tranquil, discovering no symptom of an inclination to repeat his late frolics, during which time much pleasant conversation passed between him and his two neighbors, the priest and the barber: he always affirming that the world stood in need of nothing so much as knights-errant and the revival of chivalry. The priest sometimes contradicted him, and at other times acquiesced; for, had he not been thus cautious, there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

HE SECURES SANCHE PANZA AS HIS SQUIRE.

In the meantime, Don Quixote tampered with a laborer, a neighbor of his and an honest man (if such an epithet can be given to one that is poor), but shallow-brained; in short, he said so much, used so many arguments and made so many promises, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him and serve him in the capacity of a squire. Among other things, Don Quixote told him that he ought to be very glad to accompany him, for such an adventure might, some time or the other, occur that by one stroke an island might be won, where he might leave him governor. With this and other promises, Sancho Panza (for that was the laborer's name) left his wife and children and engaged himself as

squire to his neighbor. Don Quixote now set about raising money; and, by selling one thing, pawning another, and losing by all, he collected a tolerable sum. He fitted himself likewise with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend, and, patching up his broken helmet in the best manner he could, he acquainted his squire Sancho of the day and hour he intended to set out, that he might provide himself with what he thought would be most needful. Above all, he charged him not to forget a wallet, which Sancho assured him he would not neglect; he said also that he thought of taking an ass with him, as he had a very good one, and he was not used to travel much on foot. With regard to the ass, Don Quixote paused a little, endeavoring to recollect whether any knight-errant had ever carried a squire mounted on ass-back, but no instance of the kind occurred to his memory. However, he consented that he should take his ass, resolving to accommodate him more honorably, at the earliest opportunity, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet. He provided himself also with shirts, and other things, conformably to the advice given him by the innkeeper.

All this being accomplished, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, without taking leave, the one of his wife and children, or the other of his housekeeper and niece, one night sallied out of the village unperceived; and they travelled so hard that by break of day they believed themselves secure, even if search were made after them. Sancho Panza proceeded upon his ass like a patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement desire to find himself governor of the island which his master had promised him. Don Quixote happened to take the same route as on his first expedition, over the plain of Montiel, which he passed with less inconvenience than before; for it was early in the morning, and the rays of the sun, darting on them horizontally, did not annoy them. Sancho Panza now said to his master, "I beseech your worship, good Sir Knight-errant, not to forget your promise concerning that same island, for I shall know how to govern it, be it ever so large." To which Don Quixote answered: "Thou must know, friend

Sancho Panza, that it was a custom much in use among the knights-errant of old to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered; and I am determined that so laudable a custom shall not be lost through my neglect; on the contrary, I resolve to outdo them in it, for they, sometimes, and perhaps most times, waited till their squires were grown old; and when they were worn out in their service, and had endured many bad days and worse nights, they conferred on them some title, such as count, or at least marquis, of some valley or province of more or less account; but if you live and I live, before six days have passed I may probably win such a kingdom as may have others depending on it, just fit for thee to be crowned king of one of them. And do not think this any extraordinary matter, for things fall out to knights by such unforeseen and unexpected ways, that I may easily give thee more than I promise." "So, then," answered Sancho Panza, "if I were a king, by some of those miracles your worship mentions, Joan Gutierrez, my duck, would come to be a queen, and my children infants!" "Who doubts it?" answered Don Quixote. "I doubt it," replied Sancho Panza; "for I am verily persuaded that, if God were to rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would set well upon the head of Mary Gutierrez; for you must know, sir, she is not worth two farthings for a queen. The title of countess would sit better upon her, with the help of Heaven and good friends." "Recommend her to God, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and He will do what is best for her; but do thou have a care not to debase thy mind so low as to content thyself with being less than a viceroy." "Sir, I will not," answered Sancho; "especially having so great a man for my master as your worship, who will know how to give me whatever is most fitting for me and what I am best able to bear."

in sight of thirty or forty windmills which are in that plain; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire, "Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired; look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where thou mayest discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, whom I intend to encounter and slay, and with their spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war, and doing God good service, to remove so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth." "What giants?" said Sancho Panza. "Those thou seest yonder," answered his master, "with their long arms; for some are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues." "Look, sir," answered Sancho, "those which appear yonder are not giants, but windmills, and what seem to be arms are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the mill-stone go." "It is very evident," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art not versed in the business of adventures. They are giants; and if thou art afraid, get thee aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in fierce and unequal combat." So saying, he clapped spurs to his steed, notwithstanding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that they were certainly windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on, crying out aloud, "Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs! for it is a single knight who assaults you." The wind now rising a little, the great sails began to move, upon which Don Quixote called out, "Although ye should have more arms than the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for it."

Thus recommending himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succor him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop and attacked the first mill before him, when, running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance

OF THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE'S SUCCESS IN THE DREADFUL AND NEVER-BEFORE-IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS.

Engaged in this discourse, they came

VOL. V.—W. H.

2

as fast as the ass could carry him; and when he came up to his master he found him unable to stir, so violent was the blow which he and Rozinante had received in their fall. "God save me!" quoth Sancho, "did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills? And nobody could mistake them but one that had the like in his head." "Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual change. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly the fact, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me! But his wicked arts will finally avail but little against the goodness of my sword." "God grant it!" answered Sancho Panza; then helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon his steed, which was almost disjoined.

OF HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE MONKS AND
HIS STUPENDOUS BATTLE WITH THE
BISCAYAN.

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared on the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, apparently mounted upon dromedaries, for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling-masks and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, accompanied by four or five men on horseback and two muleteers on foot. Within the coach, as it afterwards appeared, was a Biscayan lady on her way to join her husband at Seville, who was there waiting to embark for India, where he was appointed to a very honorable post. The monks were not in her company, but were only travelling the same road. Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he said to his squire, "Either I am deceived, or this will prove the most famous adventure that ever happened; for those black figures that appear yonder must undoubtedly be enchanters, who are carrying off in that coach some princess whom they have stolen, which wrong I am bound to use my utmost endeavors to redress." "This may prove a worse

business than the windmills," said Sancho; "pray, sir, take notice that those are Benedictine monks, sir; have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you." "I have already told thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that thou knowest little concerning adventures; what I say is true, as thou wilt presently see." So saying, he advanced forward and planted himself in the midst of the highway by which the monks were to pass; and when they were so near that he supposed they could hear what he said, he cried out with a loud voice, "Diabolical and monstrous race! either instantly release the high-born princesses whom ye are carrying away perforce in that coach, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds." The monks stopped their mules and stood amazed, as much at the figure of Don Quixote as at his expressions: to which they answered, "Signor cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but monks of the Benedictine order, travelling on our own business, and entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away in that coach by force or not." "No fair speeches to me, for I know ye, treacherous scoundrels!" and without waiting for a reply, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and, with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk with such fury and resolution that, if he had not slid down from his mule, he would certainly have been thrown to the ground, and wounded too, if not killed outright. The second monk, on observing how his comrade was treated, clapped spurs to the side of his good mule and began to scour along the plain lighter than the wind itself.

Sancho Panza, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and, running up to him, began to disrobe him. While he was thus employed, the two lackeys came up and asked him why he was stripping their master. Sancho told them that they were his lawful perquisites, being the spoils of the battle which his lord Don Quixote had just won. The lackeys, who did not understand the jest, nor what was meant by spoils of battles, seeing that Don Quixote was at a distance speaking with those in the coach, fell upon Sancho, threw him down, and, besides leaving him not a hair on his beard, gave him a hearty kicking and left

him stretched on the ground, deprived of sense and motion. Without losing a moment, the monk now got upon his mule again, trembling, terrified and as pale as death, and was no sooner mounted than he spurred after his companion, who stood at some distance to observe the issue of this strange encounter; but, being unable to wait, they pursued their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been at their heels. In the meantime, Don Quixote, as it hath been already mentioned, addressing the lady in the coach, "Your beauteous ladyship may now," said he, "dispose of your person as pleaseth you best, for the pride of your ravishers lies humbled in the dust, overthrown by an invincible arm; and that you may be at no trouble to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso; and in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, all I desire is that you would return to Toboso, and in my name present yourselves before that lady and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty."

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire who accompanied the coach, a Biscayan, who, finding he would not let it proceed, but talked of their immediate returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and, taking hold of his lance, addressed him, in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan, after this manner: "Cavalier, begone, and the devil go with thee! I swear, by the Power that made me, if thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a Biscayan." Don Quixote understood him very well, and with great calmness answered, "If thou wert a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave." "I am no gentleman!" said the Biscayan; "I swear by the great God thou liest, as I am a Christian. If thou wilt throw away thy lance and draw thy sword, thou shalt see how soon the cat will get into the water.* Biscayan by land, gentleman

by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou liest! Now what hast thou to say?" "Thou shalt see that presently, as said Agrages," answered Don Quixote; then, throwing down his lance, he drew his sword, grasped his buckler, and set upon the Biscayan with a resolution to take his life. The Biscayan, seeing him come on in that manner, would fain have alighted, knowing that his mule, a wretched hack, was not to be trusted; but he had only time to draw his sword. Fortunately for him, he was so near the coach as to be able to snatch from it a cushion, that served him for a shield; whereupon they immediately fell to, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would have made peace between them, but it was impossible; for the Biscayan swore, in his jargon, that if they would not let him finish the combat, he would murder his mistress, or whoever attempted to prevent him. The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what she saw, ordered the coachman to remove a little out of the way, and sat at a distance beholding the fierce conflict; in the progress of which the Biscayan gave Don Quixote so mighty a stroke on one of his shoulders, and above his buckler, that, had it not been for his armor, he had cleft him down to the girdle. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud, saying, "O lady of my soul! Dulcinea, flower of all beauty! succor this thy knight, who, to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this perilous extremity!" This invocation, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler and rushing with fury on the Biscayan, was the work of an instant—resolving to venture all on the fortune of a single blow. The Biscayan, perceiving his intention, resolved to do the same, and therefore waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion; but he was unable to turn his mule either to the right or left, for, being already jaded, and unaccustomed to such sport, the creature would not move a step.

Don Quixote, as we before said, now advanced towards the wary Biscayan, with his uplifted sword, fully determined to cleave him asunder; and the Biscayan awaited him with his sword also raised and guarded by his cushion. All the bystanders were in fearful suspense as to

* "To carry the cat to the water" is a saying applied to one who is victorious in any contest; and it is taken from a game in which two cats are tied together by the tail, then carried near a pit or well (having the water between them), and the cat which first pulls the other in is declared conqueror.

the event of those prodigious blows with which they threatened each other; and the lady of the coach and her attendants were making a thousand vows and promises of offerings to all the images, and places of devotion in Spain that God might deliver them and their squire from this great peril.

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and enraged combatants, being brandished aloft, seemed to stand threatening heaven and earth and the deep abyss, such was the courage and gallantry of their deportment. The first who discharged his blow was the choleric Biscayan, which fell with such force and fury that, if the edge of his sword had not turned aslant by the way, that single blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our knight. But good fortune, preserving him for greater things, so turned his adversary's sword, that, though it alighted on the left shoulder, it did him no other harm than to disarm that side, carrying off by the way a great part of his helmet, with half an ear; all which with hideous ruin fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

Good Heaven! who is he that can worthily describe the rage that entered into the breast of our Manchegan at seeing himself thus treated! Let it suffice that it was such that, raising himself afresh in his stirrups, and grasping his sword faster in both hands, he discharged it with such fury upon the Biscayan, directly over the cushion and upon his head, which was unprotected, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to gush out of his nostrils, his mouth, and his ears; and he seemed as if he was just falling from his mule, which doubtless he must have done, had not he laid fast hold of his neck; but, notwithstanding that, he lost his stirrups and then let go his hold; while the mule, frightened at the terrible stroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three plunges laid her master flat on the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on with great calmness; and, seeing him fall, he leaped from his horse with much agility, ran up to him, and clapping the point of his sword to his eyes, bade him yield, or he would cut off his head. The Biscayan was so stunned that he could not answer a word; and it would have gone hard with him (so blinded

with rage was Don Quixote) had not the ladies of the coach, who till now had been witnessing the combat in great dismay, approached him, and earnestly entreated that he would do them the great kindness and favor to spare the life of their squire. Don Quixote answered, with much solemnity and gravity, "Assuredly, fair ladies, I am most willing to grant you your request, but it must be upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this knight shall promise to repair to the town of Toboso, and present himself from me before the peerless Donna Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him according to her pleasure." The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what Don Quixote required or inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him that her squire should perform whatever he commanded. "Then, on the faith of this promise," said Don Quixote, "I will do him no further hurt, though he well deserves it at my hands."

Before this time Sancho Panza had got upon his legs, somewhat roughly handled by the servants of the monks, and stood an attentive spectator during the combat of his master, Don Quixote, beseeching God, in his heart, that He would be pleased to give him the victory, and that he might hereby win some island of which he might make him governor, according to his promise. Now, seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was ready to mount again upon Rozinante, he came up to hold his stirrup; but before he had mounted, fell upon his knees before him, then, taking hold of his hand and kissing it, said to him, "Be pleased, my lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island which you have won in this dreadful battle; for, be it ever so big, I feel in myself ability sufficient to govern it as well as the best that ever governed island in the world." To which Don Quixote answered, "Consider, brother Sancho, that this adventure, and others of this nature, are not adventures of islands, but of cross-ways, in which nothing is to be gained but a broken head or the loss of an ear. Have patience; for adventures will offer whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something yet greater." Sancho returned him abundance of thanks; and, kissing his hand again and the skirt of his armor, he helped him to get upon Rozinante; then mounting his ass, he followed his master,

who, going off at a round pace, without taking his leave or speaking to those in the coach, immediately entered into an adjoining wood.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN MEETING WITH CERTAIN UNMERCIFUL YANGUESIANS.*

Leave having been taken, as the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, by Don Quixote, of all those who were present at Chrysostom's funeral, he and his squire entered the same wood into which they had seen the shepherdess Marcela enter. And having ranged through it for above two hours in search of her without success, they stopped in a meadow full of fresh grass, near which ran a pleasant and refreshing brook; insomuch that it invited and compelled them to pass the sultry hours of mid-day, which now became very oppressive. Don Quixote and Sancho alighted, and, leaving the ass and Rozinante at large to feed upon the abundant grass, they ransacked the wallet; and, without any ceremony, in friendly and social wise, master and man shared what it contained. Sancho had taken no care to fetter Rozinante, being well assured his disposition was so correct that all the mares of the pastures of Cordova would not provoke him to any indecorum. But fortune, or the devil, who is not always asleep, so ordered it that there were grazing in the same valley a number of Galician mares belonging to certain Yanguesian carriers, whose custom it is to pass the noon, with their drove, in places where there is grass and water; and that where Don Quixote then reposed suited their purpose. Now it so happened that Rozinante conceived a wish to pay his respects to the females, and, having them in the wind, he changed his natural and sober pace to a brisk trot, and without asking his master's leave departed to indulge in his inclination. But they being, as it seemed, more disposed to feed than anything else, received him with their heels and their teeth, in such a manner that in a little time his girths broke and he lost his saddle. But what must have

affected him more sensibly was, that the carriers, having witnessed his intrusion, set upon him with their pack-staves, and so belabored him that they laid him along on the ground in wretched plight.

By this time the knight and squire having seen the drubbing of Rozinante, came up in great haste; and Don Quixote said, "By what I see, friend Sancho, these are no knights, but low people of a scoundrel race. I tell thee this because thou art on that account justified in assisting me to take ample revenge for the outrage they have done to Rozinante before our eyes." "What the devil of revenge can we take," answered Sancho, "since they are about twenty, and we no more than two, and perhaps but one and a half?" "I am equal to a hundred!" replied Don Quixote; and, without saying more, he laid his hands on his sword, and flew at the Yanguesians; and Sancho did the same, incited by the example of his master. At the first blow, Don Quixote gave one of them a terrible wound on the shoulder, through a leathern doublet. The Yanguesians, seeing themselves assaulted in this manner by two men only, seized their staves, and, surrounding them, began to dispense their blows with great vehemence and animosity; and true it is that at the second blow they brought Sancho to the ground. The same fate befell Don Quixote, his courage and dexterity availing him nothing; and, as fate would have it, he fell just at Rozinante's feet, who had not yet been able to rise. Whence we may learn how unmercifully pack-staves will bruise, when put into rustic and wrathful hands. The Yanguesians, perceiving the mischief they had done, loaded their beasts with all speed, and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers in evil plight.

The first who came to his senses was Sancho Panza, who, finding himself close to his master, with a feeble and plaintive voice cried, "Signor Don Quixote! ah, Signor Don Quixote!" "What wouldst thou, brother Sancho?" answered the knight, in the same feeble and lamentable tone. "I could wish, if it were possible," said Sancho Panza, "your worship would give me two draughts of that drink of Feo Blass, if you have it here at hand. Perhaps it may do as well for broken bones as it does for wounds." "Unhappy I, that we have it not!" answered Don

* Carriers of Galicia, and inhabitants of the district of Yanguas in the Rioja.

Quixote. "But I swear to thee, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a knight-errant, that, before two days pass (if fortune decree not otherwise), I will have it in my possession, or my hands shall fail me much." "But in how many days," said the squire, "does your worship think we shall recover the use of our feet?" "For my part," answered the battered knight, Don Quixote, "I cannot ascertain the precise term; but I alone am to blame, for having laid hand on my sword against men who are not knights like myself; and therefore I believe the God of battles has permitted this chastisement to fall upon me, as a punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry. On this account, brother Sancho, it is requisite thou shouldst be forewarned of what I shall now tell thee, for it highly concerns the welfare of us both; and it is this: that when we are insulted by low people of this kind, do not stay still till I take up my sword against them, for I will by no means do it; but do thou draw thy sword and chastise them to thy satisfaction. If any knight shall come up to their assistance, I shall then know how to defend thee and offend them with all my might; for thou hast already had a thousand proofs how far the valor of this strong arm of mine extends;"—so arrogant was the poor gentleman become by his victory over the valiant Biscayan!

But Sancho Panza did not so entirely approve his master's instructions as to forbear saying, in reply, "Sir, I am a peaceable, tame, and quiet man, and can forgive any injury whatsoever; for I have a wife and children to maintain and bring up; so that, give me leave to tell your worship by way of hint, since it is not for me to command, that I will upon no account draw my sword, either against peasant or against knight; and that, from this time forward, in the presence of God, I forgive all injuries any one has done or shall do me, or that any person is now doing or may hereafter do me, whether he be high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without excepting any state or condition whatever." Upon which his master said, "I wish I had breath to talk a little at my ease, and that the pain I feel in this rib would cease long enough for me to convince thee, Panza, of thy error. Hark ye, sinner: should the gale of fortune, now so adverse, change in our favor, fill-

ing the sails of our desires, so that we may securely and without opposition make the port of some one of those islands which I have promised thee, what would become of thee, if, when I had gained it and made thee lord thereof, thou shouldst render all ineffectual by not being a knight, nor desiring to be one, and by having neither valor nor resolution to revenge the injuries done thee, or to defend thy dominions? For thou must know that, in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of the natives are at no time so quiet, nor so much in the interest of their new master, but there is still ground to fear that they will endeavor to effect a change of things, and once more, as they call it, try their fortune: therefore the new possessor ought to have understanding to know how to conduct himself, and courage to act offensively and defensively, on every occasion." "In this that hath now befallen us," answered Sancho, "I wish I had been furnished with that understanding and valor your lordship speaks of; but I swear, on the faith of a poor man, I am at this time more fit for plasters than discourses. Try, sir, whether you are able to rise, and we will help up Rozinante, though he does not deserve it, for he was the principal cause of all this mauling. I never believed the like of Rozinante, whom I took to be chaste, and as peaceable as myself. But it is a true saying that 'much time is necessary to know people thoroughly;' and that 'we are sure of nothing in this life.'" "But let us leave this, Sancho, and hasten before such another misfortune happens to thy beast as hath befallen Rozinante." "That would be the devil, indeed," quoth Sancho; and sending forth thirty "alases," and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses on those who had brought him into that situation, he endeavored to raise himself, but stopped half-way, bent like a Turkish bow, being wholly unable to stand upright: notwithstanding this, he managed to saddle his ass, who had also taken advantage of that day's excessive liberty to go a little astray. He then heaved up Rozinante, who, had he had a tongue wherewithal to complain, most certainly would not have been outdone either by Sancho or his master. Sancho at length settled Don Quixote upon the ass, to whose tail he then tied Rozinante, and, taking hold of the halter of

Dapple, he led them, now faster, now slower, towards the place where he thought the high-road might lie; and had scarcely gone a short league when fortune, that was conducting his affairs from good to better, discovered to him the road, where he also espied an inn; which, much to his sorrow and Don Quixote's joy, must needs be a castle. Sancho positively maintained it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle, and the dispute lasted so long that they arrived there before it was determined: and Sancho, without further expostulation, entered it with his string of cattle.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE IN THE INN WHICH HE IMAGINED TO BE A CASTLE.

Looking at Don Quixote laid across the ass, the innkeeper inquired of Sancho what ailed him. Sancho answered him that it was nothing but a fall from the rock, by which his ribs were somewhat bruised. The innkeeper had a wife of a disposition uncommon among those of the like occupation, for she was naturally charitable, and felt for the misfortunes of her neighbors; so that she immediately prepared to relieve Don Quixote, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, assist in the cure of her guest. There was also a servant at the inn, an Asturian wench, broad-faced, flat-headed, with a little nose, one eye squinting, and the other not much better. It is true, the elegance of her form made amends for other defects. She was not seven hands high: and her shoulders, which burdened her a little too much, made her look down to the ground more than she would willingly have done. This agreeable lass now assisted the damsel to prepare for Don Quixote a very sorry bed in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having formerly served many years as a hay-loft. In this room lodged also a carrier, whose bed was a little distance from that of our knight; and though it was composed of panels, and other trappings of his mules, it had much the advantage over that of Don Quixote, which consisted of four not very smooth boards upon two unequal trestles, and a mattress no thicker than a quilt, and full of knots, which from their hardness might have been taken for peb-

bles, had not the wool appeared through some fractures; with two sheets like the leather of an old target, and a rug, the threads of which you might count, if you chose, without losing one of the number.

In this wretched bed was Don Quixote laid; after which the hostess and her daughter plastered him from head to foot, Maritornes (for so the Asturian wench was called) at the same time holding the light. And as the hostess was thus employed, perceiving Don Quixote to be mauled in every part, she said that his bruises seemed the effect of hard drubbing, rather than of a fall. "Not a drubbing," said Sancho, "but the knobs and sharp points of the rock, every one of which has left its mark. And now I think of it," added he, "pray contrive to spare a morsel of that tow, as somebody may find it useful—indeed, I suspect that my sides would be glad of a little of it."

"What, you have had a fall too, have you?" said the hostess. "No," replied Sancho, "not a fall, but a fright on seeing my master tumble, which so affected my whole body that I feel as if I had received a thousand blows myself." "That may very well be," said the damsel; "for I have often dreamed that I was falling down from some high tower, and could never come to the ground; and when I have awoke, I have found myself as much bruised and battered as if I had really fallen." "But here is the point, mistress," answered Sancho Panza, "that I, without dreaming at all, and more awake than I am now, find myself with almost as many bruises as my master, Don Quixote."

"What do you say is the name of this gentleman?" quoth the Asturian. "Don Quixote de la Mancha," answered Sancho Panza: "he is a knight-errant, and one of the best and most valiant that has been seen for this long time in the world."

"What is a knight-errant?" said the wench. "Are you such a novice as not to know that?" answered Sancho Panza.

"You must know, then, that a knight-errant is a thing that, in two words, is cudgelled and made an emperor: to-day he is the most unfortunate wretch in the world, and to-morrow will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire."

"How comes it then to pass that you, being squire to this worthy gentleman," said the hostess, "have not yet, as it seems, got so much as an earldom?"

"It is early days yet," answered Sancho, "for it is but a month since we set out in quest of adventures, and hitherto we have met with none that deserve the name. And sometimes we look for one thing and find another. But the truth is, if my master Don Quixote recovers of this wound or fall, and I am not disabled thereby, I would not truck my hopes for the best title in Spain."

To all this conversation Don Quixote had listened very attentively; and now, raising himself up in the bed as well as he could, and taking the hand of his hostess, he said to her, "Believe me, beauteous lady, you may esteem yourself fortunate in having entertained me in this your castle, being such a person, that, if I say little of myself it is because, as the proverb declares, self-praise depreciates; but my squire will inform you who I am. I only say that I shall retain the service you have done me eternally engraven on my memory, and be grateful to you as long as my life shall endure. And, had it pleased the high heavens that Love had not held me so enthralled and subject to his laws, and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate, whose name I silently pronounce, those of this lovely virgin had become enslavers of my liberty."

The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritornes stood confounded at this harangue of our knight-errant, which they understood just as much as if he had spoken Greek, although they guessed that it all tended to compliments and offers of service; and not being accustomed to such kind of language, they gazed at him with surprise, and thought him another sort of man than those now in fashion; and, after thanking him in their inn-like phrase for his offers, they left him. The Asturian Maritornes doctored Sancho, who stood in no less need of plasters than his master. The carrier and she, it appeared, had agreed to sup that night together; and she had given him her word that, when the guests were all quiet and her master and mistress asleep, she would repair to him. And it is said of the honest Maritornes that she never made a promise but she performed it, even though she had made it on a mountain, without any witness; for she valued herself upon her gentility, and thought it no disgrace to be employed in service at an inn, since misfortunes and unhappy accidents, as

she affirmed, had brought her to that state.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, crazy bed, stood first in the middle of the cock-loft; and close by it Sancho had placed his own, which consisted only of a rush mat, and a rug that seemed to be rather of beaten hemp than of wool. Next to the squire's stood that of the carrier, made up, as has been said, of panels, and the whole furniture of two of his best mules; for he possessed twelve in number, sleek, fat, and stately—being one of the richest carriers of Arevalo, according to the author of this history, who makes particular mention of this carrier, for he knew him well: nay, some go so far as to say he was related to him. Besides, Cid Hamet Benengeli was a very minute and very accurate historian in all things; and this is very evident from the circumstances already related, which, though apparently mean and trivial, he would not pass over unnoticed. This may serve as an example to those grave historians who relate facts so briefly and succinctly that we have scarcely a taste of them: omitting, either through neglect, malice, or ignorance, things the most pithy and substantial. A thousand blessings upon the author of *Tablante*, of *Ricamonte*, and on him who wrote the exploits of the Count de Tomilas! With what punctuality do they describe everything!

I say, then, that after the carrier had visited his mules, and given them their second course, he laid himself down upon his panels, in expectation of his most punctual Maritornes. Sancho was already plastered and in bed; and, though he endeavored to sleep, the pain of his ribs would not allow him; and Don Quixote, from the same cause, kept his eyes as wide open as those of a hare. The whole inn was in profound silence, and contained no other light than what proceeded from a lamp which hung in the middle of the entry. This marvellous stillness, and the thoughts of our knight, which incessantly recurred to those adventures so common in the annals of chivalry, brought to his imagination one of the strangest whims that can well be conceived; for he imagined that he was now in some famous castle, and that the daughter of its lord, captivated by his fine appearance, had become enamoured of him, and had promised to steal that night privately to him, and

pass some time with him. Then taking all this chimera formed by himself for reality, he began to feel some alarm, reflecting on the dangerous trial to which his fidelity was on the point of being exposed; but resolved in his heart not to commit disloyalty against his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, though Queen Guinevra herself, with the Lady Quintaniana, should present themselves before him.

Whilst his thoughts were occupied by these extravagances, the hour—an unlucky one to him—arrived when the gentle Asturian, mindful of her promise, entered the room, and, with silent and cautious step, advanced towards the couch of the carrier. But scarcely had she passed the threshold of the door when Don Quixote heard her; and sitting up in his bed, in spite of plasters and the pain of his ribs, stretched out his arms to receive his beauteous damsel, who, crouching, and holding her breath as she went, with hands extended feeling for her lover, encountered the arms of Don Quixote, who caught first hold of her by the wrist, and drawing her towards him (she not daring to speak a word), made her sit down on the bed. On touching her garment, though it was of canvas, it seemed to him to be of the finest and softest lawn; the glass beads that encircled her wrists to his fancy were precious oriental pearls; her hairs, not unlike those of a horse's mane, he took for threads of the brightest gold of Arabia, whose splendor obscures that of the sun itself; and though her breath, doubtless, smelt powerfully of the last night's stale salt fish, he fancied himself inhaling a delicious and aromatic odor. In short, his imagination painted her to him in the very form and manner of some princess described in his books, who comes thus adorned to visit the wounded knight with whom she is in love; and so great was the poor gentleman's infatuation, that neither the touch, nor the breath, nor other things she had about her, could undeceive him. So far from this, he imagined he had the goddess of beauty in his arms; and, clasping her fast, in a low and amorous voice he said to her, "Oh, that I were in a state, beautiful and exalted lady, to return so vast a favor as this you confer upon me by your charming presence! but fortune, never weary of persecuting the good, is pleased to lay me on this bed, so bruised and disabled that,

how much soever I may be inclined to convince you of my devotion, it is impossible; to which is added another still greater impossibility—the plighted faith I have sworn to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my most recon-dite thoughts! Had not these articles intervened, I should not have been so insensible a knight as to let slip the happy opportunity with which your great goodness has favored me."

Maritornes was in the utmost vexation at being thus confined by Don Quixote; and, not hearing or attending to what he said, she struggled, without speaking a word, to release herself. The good carrier, whom busy thoughts had kept awake, having heard his fair one from the first moment she entered the door, listened attentively to all that Don Quixote said; and suspecting that the Asturian nymph had played false with him, he advanced towards Don Quixote's bed, and stood still, in order to discover the tendency of his discourse, which, however, he could not understand; but seeing that she struggled to get from him, and that Don Quixote labored to hold her, and also not liking the jest, he lifted up his arm, and discharged so terrible a blow on the lantern jaws of the enamoured knight, that his mouth was bathed in blood; and, not content with this, he mounted upon his ribs, and paced them somewhat above a trot from one end to the other. The bed, which was crazy, and its foundations none of the strongest, being unable to bear the additional weight of the carrier, came down to the ground with such a crash that the innkeeper awoke; and having called aloud to Maritornes without receiving an answer, he immediately conjectured it was an affair in which she was concerned. With this suspicion he arose, and lighting a candle, went to the place where he had heard the bustle. The Asturian, seeing her master coming, and knowing his furious disposition, retreated in terror to Sancho Panza's bed, who was now asleep, and there rolled herself into a ball.

The innkeeper entered, calling out, "Where are you, Maritornes? for these are some of your doings." Sancho was now disturbed, and feeling such a mass upon him, fancied he had got the nightmare, and began to lay about him on every side; and not a few of his blows

reached Maritornes, who, provoked by the smart, cast aside all decorum, and made Sancho such a return in kind that she effectually roused him from sleep, in spite of his drowsiness. The squire, finding himself thus treated, and without knowing by whom, raised himself up as well as he could and grappled with Maritornes; and there began between them the most obstinate and delightful skirmish in the world. The carrier, perceiving by the light of the host's candle how it fared with her, quitted Don Quixote and ran to her assistance. The landlord followed him, but with a different intention; for it was to chastise the wench, concluding that she was the sole occasion of all this harmony. And so, as the proverb says, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, the rope to the post; the carrier belabored Sancho, Sancho Maritornes, Maritornes Sancho, and the innkeeper Maritornes; all redoubling their blows without intermission; and the best of it was, the landlord's candle went out; when, being left in the dark, they indiscriminately thrashed each other, and with so little mercy that every blow left its mark.

It happened that there lodged that night at the inn, an officer belonging to the Holy Brotherhood of Toledo; who, hearing the strange noise of the scuffle, seized his wand and the tin box which held his commission, and entered the room in the dark, calling out, "Forbear, in the name of justice; forbear, in the name of the Holy Brotherhood." And the first he encountered was the battered Don Quixote, who lay senseless on his demolished bed, stretched upon his back; and, laying hold of his beard as he was groping about, he cried out repeatedly, "I charge you to aid and assist me;" but finding that the person whom he held was motionless, he concluded that he was dead, and that the people in the room were his murderers. Upon which he raised his voice still louder, crying, "Shut the inn-door, and let none escape, for here is a man murdered!" These words startled them all, and the conflict instantly ceased. The landlord withdrew to his chamber, the carrier to his panels, and the lass to her straw: the unfortunate Don Quixote and Sancho alone were incapable of moving. The officer now let go the beard of Don Quixote, and, in order to search after and secure the delinquents, he went out for a

light, but could not find one, for the innkeeper had purposely extinguished the lamp when he retired to his chamber; and therefore he was obliged to have recourse to the chimney, where, after much time and trouble, he lighted another lamp.

WHEREIN ARE CONTINUED THE INNUMERABLE DISASTERS THAT BEFELL THE BRAVE DON QUIXOTE AND HIS GOOD SQUIRE SANCHE PANZA IN THE INN WHICH HE UNHAPPILY TOOK FOR A CASTLE.

Don Quixote by this time had come to himself, and in the same dolorous tone in which the day before he had called to his squire, when he lay extended in the valley of pack-staves, he now called to him, saying, "Sancho, friend, art thou asleep? art thou asleep, friend Sancho?" "How should I sleep? woe is me!" answered Sancho, full of trouble and vexation; "for I think all the devils in hell have been with me to-night." "Well mayest thou believe so," answered Don Quixote; "for either I know nothing, or this castle is enchanted. Listen to me, Sancho—but what I am now going to disclose thou must swear to keep secret until after my death." "Yes, I swear," answered Sancho. "I require this," said Don Quixote, "because I would not injure the reputation of any one." "I tell you I do swear," replied Sancho, "and will keep it secret until your worship's death: and Heaven grant I may discover it to-morrow." "Have I done thee so much evil, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that thou shouldst wish for my decease so very soon?" "It is not for that," answered Sancho; "but I am an enemy to holding things long, and would not have them rot in my keeping." "Be it for what it will," said Don Quixote, "I confide in thy love and courtesy, and therefore I inform thee that this night a most extraordinary adventure has befallen me; and, to tell it briefly, thou must know that, a little while since, I was visited by the daughter of the lord of this castle, who is the most accomplished and beautiful damsel to be found over a great part of the habitable earth. How I could describe the graces of her person, the sprightliness of her wit, and the many

other hidden charms which, from the respect I owe to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I shall pass over undescribed! All that I am permitted to say is that Heaven, jealous of the great happiness that fortune had put in my possession, or, what is more probable, this castle being enchanted, just as we were engaged in most sweet and delightful conversation, an invisible hand, affixed to the arm of some monstrous giant, gave me so violent a blow that my mouth was bathed in blood, and afterwards so bruised me that I am now in a worse state than that wherein the carriers left us yesterday, owing to the indiscretion of Rozinante. Whence I conjecture that the treasure of this damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and therefore not to be approached by me." "Nor by me neither," answered Sancho; "for more than four hundred Moors have buffeted me in such a manner that the basting of the pack-staves was tarts and cheese-cakes to it. But tell me, pray, sir, call you this an excellent and rare adventure, which has left us in such a pickle? Not that it was quite so bad with your worship, who had in your arms that incomparable beauty whom you speak of. As for me, what had I but the heaviest blows that I hope I shall ever feel in all my life? Woe is me, and the mother that bore me! for I am no knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one; yet, of all our mishaps, the greater part still falls to my share." "What, hast thou likewise been beaten?" said Don Quixote. "Have not I told you so? evil befall my lineage!" quoth Sancho. "Console thyself, my friend," said Don Quixote, "for I will now make that precious balsam which will cure us in the twinkling of an eye." At this moment the officer, having lighted his lamp, entered to examine the person whom he conceived to have been murdered: and Sancho, seeing him enter, in his shirt, with a nightcap on his head, a lamp in his hand, and a countenance far from well-favored, asked his master if it was the enchanted Moor coming to finish the correction he had bestowed upon them. "It cannot be the Moor," answered Don Quixote, "for the enchanted suffer not themselves to be visible." "If they do not choose to be seen, they will be felt," said Sancho: "witness my shoulders." "Mine might speak too," answered Don Quixote; "but this is not sufficient evi-

dence to convince us that he whom we see is the enchanted Moor."

The officer, finding them communing in so calm a manner, stood in astonishment; although it is true that Don Quixote still lay flat on his back, unable to stir, from bruises and plasters. The officer approached him, and said, "Well, my good fellow, how are you?" "I would speak more respectfully," answered Don Quixote, "were I in your place. Is it the fashion of this country, blockhead! thus to address knights-errant?" The officer, not disposed to bear this language from one of so scurvy an aspect, lifted up his lamp, and dashed it, with all its contents, at the head of Don Quixote, and then made his retreat in the dark. "Surely," quoth Sancho Panza, "this must be the enchanted Moor; and he reserves the treasure for others, and for us only fisticuffs and lamp-shots."* "It is even so," answered Don Quixote; "and it is to no purpose to regard these affairs of enchantments, or to be out of humor or angry with them; for, being invisible, and mere phantoms, all endeavors to seek revenge would be fruitless. Rise, Sancho, if thou canst, and call the governor of this fortress, and procure me some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the healing balsam; for in truth I want it much at this time, as the wound this phantom has given me bleeds very fast."

Sancho got up with aching bones; and, as he was proceeding in the dark towards the landlord's chamber, he met the officer, who was watching the movements of his enemy, and said to him, "Sir, whoever you are, do us the favor and kindness to help us to a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine; for they are wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant in the world, who lies there sorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted Moor who is in this inn." The officer, hearing this, took him for a maniac; and, as the day now began to dawn, he opened the inn-door, and calling the host, told him what Sancho wanted. The innkeeper furnished him with what he desired, and Sancho carried them to Don Quixote, who lay with his hands on his head, complaining of the pain caused by the lamp, which, however, had done him no other hurt than raising a couple of tolerable large tumors; what he took

* In the original, *Candilazos*, a new coined word.

for blood being only moisture, occasioned by the pelting of the storm which had just blown over. In fine, he took his simples, and made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them some time, until he thought the mixture had arrived at the exact point. He then asked for a phial to hold it; but, as there was no such thing in the inn, he resolved to put it in a cruse, or tin oil-flask, of which the host made him a present. This being done, he pronounced over the cruse above four-score *paternosters*, and as many *Ave Marias*, *salves*, and *credos*, accompanying every word with a cross, by way of benediction; all which was performed in the presence of Sancho, the innkeeper, and the officer: as for the carrier, he had gone soberly about the business of tending his mules. Having completed the operation, Don Quixote resolved to make trial immediately of the virtue of that precious balsam, and therefore drank about a pint and a half of what remained in the pot wherein it was boiled after the cruse was filled; and scarcely had he swallowed the potion when it was rejected, and followed by so violent a retching that nothing was left on his stomach. To the pain and exertion of the vomit, a copious perspiration succeeding, he desired to be covered up warm, and left alone. They did so, and he continued asleep above three hours, when he awoke and found himself greatly relieved in his body, and his battered and bruised members so much restored that he considered himself as perfectly recovered, and was thoroughly persuaded that he was in possession of the true balsam of Fierabras; and, consequently, with such a remedy he might thenceforward encounter, without fear, all dangers, battles and conflicts, however hazardous.

Sancho Panza, who likewise took his master's amendment for a miracle, desired he would give him what remained in the pot, which was no small quantity. This request being granted, he took it in both hands, and, with good faith and better will, swallowed down very little less than his master had done. Now the case was, that poor Sancho's stomach was not so delicate as that of his master; and therefore, before he could reject it he endured such pangs and loathings, with such cold sweats and faintings, that he verily thought his last hour was come; and finding himself so afflicted and tormented,

he cursed the balsam and the thief that had given it to him. Don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, said, "I believe, Sancho, that all this mischief hath befallen thee because thou art not dubbed a knight; for I am of opinion this liquor can do good only to those who are of that order." "If your worship knew that," replied Sancho, "evil betide me and all my generation! why did you suffer me to drink it?" By this time the beverage commenced its operation, and he sweated and sweated again, with such faintings and shivering-fits, that not only himself, but all present, thought he was expiring. These pangs lasted nearly two hours; and left him, not sound like his master, but so exhausted and shattered that he was unable to stand. Don Quixote, feeling, as we said before, quite renovated, was moved to take his departure immediately in quest of adventures, thinking that by every moment's delay he was depriving the world of his aid and protection; and more especially as he felt secure and confident in the virtues of the balsam. Thus stimulated, he saddled Rozinante with his own hands, and panelled the ass of his squire, whom he also helped to dress, and afterwards to mount. He then mounted himself, and having observed a pike in a corner of the inn-yard, he took possession of it to serve him for a lance. All the people in the inn, above twenty in number, stood gazing at him, and among the rest, the host's daughter, while he, on his part, removed not his eyes from her, and ever and anon sent forth a sigh which seemed torn from the bottom of his bowels: all believing it to proceed from pain in his ribs—at least those who the night before had seen how he was plastered.

Being now both mounted and at the door of the inn, he called to the host, and, in a grave and solemn tone of voice, said to him, "Many and great are the favors, Signor Governor, which in this your castle I have received, and I am bound to be grateful to you all the days of my life. If I can make you some compensation, by taking vengeance on any proud miscreant who hath insulted you, know that the duty of my profession is no other than to strengthen the weak, to revenge the injured, and to chastise the perfidious. Consider, and if your memory recalls anything of this nature to recommend to me,

you need only declare it; for I promise you, by the order of knighthood I have received, to procure you satisfaction and amends to your heart's desire!" The host answered with the same gravity, "Sir Knight, I have no need of your worship's avenging any wrong for me; I know how to take the proper revenge when any injury is done me: all I desire of your worship is to pay me for what you have had in the inn, as well as for the straw and barley for your two beasts, as for your supper and lodging." "What! is this an inn?" exclaimed Don Quixote. "Aye, and a very creditable one," answered the host. "Hitherto, then, I have been in an error," answered Don Quixote; "for in truth, I took it for a castle; but since it is indeed no castle, but an inn, all that you have now to do is to excuse the payment; for I cannot act contrary to the law of knights-errant, of whom I certainly know (having hitherto read nothing to the contrary) that they never paid for lodging, or anything else, in the inns where they reposed; because every accommodation is legally and justly due to them in return for the insufferable hardships they endure while in quest of adventures, by night and by day, in winter and in summer, on foot and on horseback, with thirst and with hunger, with heat and with cold; subject to all the inclemencies of heaven, and to all the inconveniences upon earth." "I see little to my purpose in all this," answered the host; "pay me what is my due, and let me have none of your stories and knight-errantries; all I want is to get my own." "Thou art a blockhead, and a pitiful innkeeper!" answered Don Quixote; so, clapping spurs to Rozinante and brandishing his lance, he sallied out of the inn without opposition, and never turning to see whether his squire followed him, was soon a good way off.

The host, seeing him go without paying, ran to seize on Sancho Panza, who said that, since his master would not pay, neither would he pay; for, being squire to a knight-errant, the same rule and reason held as good for him as for his master. The innkeeper, irritated on hearing this, threatened, if he did not pay him, he should repent his obstinacy. Sancho swore by the order of chivalry which his master had received, that he would not pay a single farthing, though

it should cost him his life; for the laudable and ancient usage of knights-errant should not be lost for him, nor should the squires of future knights have cause to reproach him for not maintaining so just a right.

Poor Sancho's ill luck would have it, that among the people in the inn there were four cloth-workers of Segovia, three needle-makers from the fountain of Cordova, and two neighbors from the marketplace of Seville, all merry, good-humored, frolicsome fellows; who, instigated and moved, as it appeared, by the self-same spirit, came up to Sancho, and having dismounted him, one of them produced a blanket from the landlord's bed, into which he was immediately thrown; but, perceiving that the ceiling was too low, they determined to execute their purpose in the yard, which was bounded upwards only by the sky. Thither Sancho was carried; and, being placed in the middle of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and divert themselves with him as with a dog at Shrovetide. The cries which the poor blanketed squire sent forth were so many and so loud, that they reached his master's ears; who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was at hand, until he plainly recognized the voice of the squire; then turning the reins, he galloped back to the inn-door, and finding it closed, he rode round in search of some other entrance; but had no sooner reached the yard-wall, which was not very high, when he perceived the wicked sport they were making with his squire. He saw him ascend and descend through the air with so much grace and agility that, if his indignation would have suffered him, he certainly would have laughed outright. He made an effort to get from his horse upon the pales, but was so maimed and bruised that he was unable to alight; and therefore, remaining on horseback, he proceeded to vent his rage, by uttering so many reproaches and invectives against those who were tossing Sancho, that it is impossible to commit them to writing. But they suspended neither their laughter nor their labor; nor did the flying Sancho cease to pour forth lamentations, mingled now with threats, now with entreaties; yet all were of no avail, and they desisted at last only from pure fatigue. They then brought him his ass, and wrapping him

in his cloak, mounted him thereon. The compassionate Maritornes, seeing him so exhausted, bethought of helping him to a jug of water, and that it might be the cooler, she fetched it from the well. Sancho took it, and as he was lifting it to his mouth, stopped on hearing the voice of his master, who called to him aloud, saying, "Son Sancho, drink not water; do not drink it, son; it will kill thee; behold here the most holy balsam" (showing him the cruse of liquor), "two drops of which will infallibly restore thee." At these words, Sancho, turning his eyes askance, said in a louder voice, "Perhaps you have forgot, sir, that I am no knight, or you would not have me vomit up what remains of my inside after last night's work. Keep your liquor in the devil's name, and let me alone." He then instantly began to drink; but at the first sip, finding it was water, he could proceed no further, and besought Maritornes to bring him some wine: which she did willingly, and paid for it with her own money; for it is indeed said of her that, although in that station, she had some faint traces of a Christian. When Sancho had ceased drinking, he clapped heels to his ass; and, the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went, satisfied that he had paid nothing, and had carried his point, though at the expense of the usual pledge, namely, his back. The landlord, it is true, retained his wallets in payment of what was due to him, but Sancho never missed them in the hurry of his departure. The innkeeper would have fastened the door well after him as soon as he saw him out; but the blanketeers would not let him, being persons of that sort that, though Don Quixote had really been one of the knights of the Round Table, they would not have cared two farthings for him.

THE SUBSEQUENT DISCOURSE WHICH SANCHO PANZA HELD WITH HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE.

Sancho came up to his master, so faint and dispirited that he was not able to urge his ass forward. Don Quixote, perceiving him in that condition, said, "Honest Sancho, that castle, or inn, I am now convinced, is enchanted; for they who so cruelly sported with thee, what could they

be but phantoms and inhabitants of another world? And I am confirmed in this, from having found that, when I stood at the pales of the yard, beholding the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not possibly get over them, nor even alight from Rozinante; so that they must certainly have held me enchanted: for I swear to thee, by the faith of what I am, that, if I could have got over or alighted, I would have avenged thee in such a manner as would have made those poltroons and assassins remember the jest as long as they lived, even though I would have thereby transgressed the laws of chivalry; for, as I have often told thee, they do not allow a knight to lay hand on his sword against any one who is not so, unless it be in defence of his own life and person, and in cases of urgent and extreme necessity." "And I too," quoth Sancho, "would have revenged myself if I had been able, knight or no knight, but I could not, though, in my opinion, they who diverted themselves at my expense were no hobgoblins, but men of flesh and bones, as we are; and each of them, as I heard while they were tossing me, had his proper name: one was called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Hernandez; and the landlord's name is John Palomeque, the left-handed: so that, sir, as to your not being able to leap over the pales nor to alight from your horse, the fault lay not in enchantment, but in something else. And what I gather clearly from all this is, that these adventures we are in quest of will in the long run bring us into so many misadventures that we shall not know which is our right foot. So that, in my poor opinion, the better and surer way would be to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time, and look after our business; nor go rambling from Ceca to Mecca, and out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"How little dost thou know, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "of what appertains to chivalry! Peace, and have patience, for the day will come when thine eyes shall witness how honorable a thing it is to follow this profession: for tell me, what greater satisfaction can the world afford, or what pleasure can be compared with that of winning a battle, and triumphing over an adversary? Undoubtedly none." "It may be so," answered Sancho, "though I do not know it. I

only know that, since we have been knights-errant, or since you have been one, sir (for I have no right to reckon myself of that honorable number), we have never won any battle, except that of the Biscayan; and even there your worship came off with half an ear and half a helmet; and from that day to this we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, with my blanket-tossing into the bargain, and that by persons enchanted, on whom I cannot revenge myself, and thereby know what that pleasure of overcoming an enemy is which your worship talks of." "That is what troubles me, and ought to trouble thee also, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "but henceforward I will endeavor to have ready at hand a sword made with such art that no kind of enchantment can touch him that wears it; and perhaps fortune may put me in possession of that of Amadis, when he called himself Knight of the Burning Sword, which was one of the best weapons that ever was worn by knight; for, besides the virtue aforesaid, it cut like a razor; and no armor, however strong or enchanted, could withstand it." "Such is my luck," quoth Sancho, "that though this were so, and your worship should find such a sword, it would be of service only to those who are dubbed knights—like the balsam: as for the poor squires, they may sing sorrow." "Fear not, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "Heaven will yet deal more kindly by thee."

OF HIS ADVENTURE WITH TWO FLOCKS OF SHEEP.

The knight and his squire went on conferring thus together, when Don Quixote perceived in the road on which they were travelling a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them; upon which he turned to Sancho and said, "This is the day, O Sancho, that shall manifest the good that fortune hath in store for me. This is the day, I say, on which shall be proved, as at all times, the valor of my arm, and on which I shall perform exploits that will be recorded and written in the book of fame, and there remain to all succeeding ages. Seest thou that cloud of dust, Sancho? It is raised by a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations, who are on the march this way."

"If so, there must be armies," said Sancho; "for here, on this side, arises just such another cloud of dust." Don Quixote turned, and seeing that it really was so he rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted there were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain; for at all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagances, amours and challenges detailed in his favorite books; and in every thought, word and action he reverted to them. Now, the cloud of dust he saw was raised by two great flocks of sheep going the same road from different parts, and, as the dust concealed them until they came near, and Don Quixote affirmed so positively that they were armies, Sancho began to believe it, and said, "Sir, what then must we do?" "What?" replied Don Quixote; "favor and assist the weaker side! Thou must know, Sancho, that the army which marches toward us in front is led and commanded by the great Emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Taprobana; this other, which marches behind us, is that of his enemy, the King of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, for he always enters into battle with his right arm bare." "But why do these two princes bear one another so much ill-will?" demanded Sancho. "They hate one another," answered Don Quixote, "because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a most beautiful and superlatively graceful lady, and also a Christian; but her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and turn Christian." "By my beard," said Sancho, "Pentapolin is in the right; and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power." "Therein thou wilt do thy duty, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for in order to engage in such contests it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight." "I easily comprehend that," answered Sancho. "But where shall we dispose of this ass, that we may be sure to find him when the fray is over? for I believe it was never yet the fashion to go to battle on a beast of this kind." "Thou art in the right," said Don Quixote; "and thou mayest let him take his chance whether he be lost or not, for we shall have such choice of horses

after the victory, that Rozinante himself will run a risk of being exchanged. But listen with attention whilst I give thee an account of the principal knights in the two approaching armies; and, that thou mayest observe them the better, let us retire to that rising ground, whence both armies may be distinctly seen." They did so, and placed themselves for that purpose on a hillock, from which the two flocks which Don Quixote mistook for armies might easily have been discerned, had not their view been obstructed by the clouds of dust. Seeing, however, in his imagination what did not exist, he began with a loud voice to say: "The knight thou seest yonder with the gilded armor, who bears on his shield a lion crowned, *couchant* at a damsel's feet, is the valorous Launcelot, Lord of the Silver Bridge. The other, with the armor flowered with gold, who bears the three crowns *argent* in a field *azure*, is the formidable Micocolembo, Grand Duke of Quiracia. The third, with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarban of Boliche, lord of the three Arabias. He is armed with a serpent's skin, and bears instead of a shield, a gate, which fame says is one of those belonging to the temple which Samson pulled down when with his death he avenged himself upon his enemies. But turn thine eyes on this other side, and there thou wilt see, in front of this other army, the ever-victorious and never-vanquished Timonel de Carajona, Prince of the New Biscay, who comes clad in armor quartered *azure*, *vert*, *argent*, and *or*; bearing on his shield a car *or* in a field *gules*, with a scroll inscribed MIAU, being the beginning of his mistress's name: who, it is reported, is the peerless Miaulina, daughter of Alpheniquen, Duke of Algarve. That other who burdens and oppresses the back of yon powerful steed, whose armor is as white as snow, and his shield also white, without any device, he is a new knight, by birth a Frenchman, called Peter Papin, lord of the baronies of Utrique. The other whom thou seest, with his armed heels pricking the flanks of that fleet piebald courser, and his armor of pure *azure*, is the mighty Duke of Nerbia, Espartafilaro of the Wood, whose device is an asparagus-bed, with this motto in Castilian, '*Rastrea mi suerte*' ('Thus drags my fortune')."

In this manner he went on naming sundry knights of each squadron, as his fancy dictated, and giving to each their arms, colors, devices and mottoes extempore; and, without pausing, he continued thus:—"That squadron in the front is formed and composed of people of different nations. Here stand those who drink the sweet waters of the famous Xanthus; the mountaineers who tread the Massilian fields; those who sift the pure and fine gold-dust of Arabia Felix; those who dwell along the famous and refreshing banks of the clear Thermodon; those who drain, by divers and sundry ways, the golden veins of Pactolus; the Numidians, unfaithful in their promises; the Persians, famous for bows and arrows; the Parthians and Medes, who fight flying; the Arabians, perpetually changing their habitations; the Scythians, as cruel as fair; the broad-lipped Ethiopians; and an infinity of other nations, whose countenances I see and know, although I cannot recollect their names. In that other squadron come those who drink the crystal streams of olive-bearing Betis; those who brighten and polish their faces with the liquor of the ever rich and golden Tagus; those who enjoy the beneficial waters of the divine Genil; those who tread the Tartesian fields, abounding in pasture; those who recreate themselves in the Elysian meads of Xereza; the rich Manchegans, crowned with yellow ears of corn; those clad in iron, the antique remains of the Gothic race; those who bathe themselves in Pisuerga, famous for the gentleness of its current; those who feed their flocks on the spacious pastures of the winding Guardiola, celebrated for its hidden source; those who shiver on the cold brow of the woody Pyreneus and the snowy tops of lofty Appeninus; in a word, all that Europe contains and includes."

Good heaven, how many provinces did he name! how many nations did he enumerate! giving to each, with wonderful readiness, its peculiar attributes. Sancho Panza stood confounded at his discourse, without speaking a word; and now and then he turned his head about to see whether he could discover the knights and giants his master named. But, seeing none, he said, "Sir, the devil a man, or giant, or knight, of all you have named, can I see anywhere:

perhaps all may be enchantment, like last night's goblins." "How sayest thou, Sancho?" answered Don Quixote. "Hearst thou not the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets and the rattling of the drums?" "I hear nothing," answered Sancho, "but the bleating of sheep and lambs." And so it was, for now the two flocks were come very near them. "Thy fears, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "prevent thee from hearing or seeing aright; for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses and make things not to appear what they really are; and if thou art so much afraid, retire and leave me alone, for with my single arm I shall insure victory to that side which I favor with my assistance;" then clapping spurs to Rozinante and setting his lance in rest, he darted down the hillock like lightning. Sancho cried out to him, "Hold, Signor Don Quixote, come back! As God shall save me, they are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter! Pray come back. Woe to the father that begot me! what madness is this! Look; there is neither giant nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered nor entire, nor true azures nor bedevilled! Sinner that I am! what are you doing?" Notwithstanding all this, Don Quixote turned not again, but still went on, crying aloud, "Ho, knights! you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant Emperor Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge him on his enemy Alifanfaron of Taprobana." With these words he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and began to attack them with his lance as courageously and intrepidly as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen who came with the flocks called out to him to desist; but, seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings and began to salute his ears with a shower of stones. Don Quixote cared not for the stones, but, galloping about on all sides, cried out, "Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? Present thyself before me: I am a single knight, desirous to prove thy valor hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life for the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta." At that instant a large stone struck him with such violence on the side that it buried a couple of ribs in his body;

insomuch that he believed himself either slain or sorely wounded; and therefore, remembering his balsam, he pulled out the cruse, and, applying it to his mouth, began to swallow some of the liquor; but, before he could take what he thought sufficient, another of those almonds hit him full on the hand and dashed the cruse to pieces, carrying off three or four of his teeth, by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow, and such the second, that the poor knight fell from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed they had killed him; whereupon in all haste they collected their flock, took up their dead, which were about seven, and marched off without further inquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's extravagances; tearing his beard and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew him. But seeing him fallen to the ground, and the shepherds gone off, he descended from the hillock, and, running to him, found him in a very ill plight, though not quite bereaved of sense, and said to him, "Did I not beg you, Signor Don Quixote, to come back, for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men?" "How easily," replied Don Quixote, "can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, transform things or make them invisible! Thou must know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for such men to give things what semblance they please; and this malignant persecutor of mine, envious of the glory that he saw I should acquire in this battle, has transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep. However, do one thing, Sancho, for my sake, to undeceive thyself and see the truth of what I tell thee; mount thy ass and follow them fairly and softly, and thou wilt find that, when they are got a little farther off, they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be sheep, will become men, proper and tall as I described them at first. But do not go now, for I want thy assistance: come and see how many of my teeth are deficient, for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head." Sancho came so close to him that he almost thrust his eyes into his mouth: and being precisely at the time that the balsam began to work in Don Quixote's stomach, the contents thereof were at that instant discharged,

with as much violence as if shot out of a demi-culverin, directly upon the beard of the compassionate squire. "Blessed Virgin!" quoth Sancho, "what has befallen me? This poor sinner must be mortally wounded, since he vomits blood at the mouth." But, reflecting a little, he found, by the color, savor and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam which he had seen him drink; and so great was the loathing he then felt, that his stomach turned, and he was grievously sick upon his master, so that they were both in a precious pickle. Sancho ran to his ass, to take something out of his wallets to cleanse himself and cure his master; but, not finding them, he was very near running distracted. He cursed himself again, and resolved in his mind to leave his master and return home, although he should lose his wages for the time past and his hopes of the promised island.

Don Quixote now raised himself up, and, placing his left hand on his mouth, to prevent the remainder of his teeth from falling out, with the other he laid hold on Rozinante's bridle, who had not stirred from his master's side—such was his fidelity—and went towards his squire, who stood leaning with his breast upon the ass, and his cheek reclining upon his hand, in the posture of a man overwhelmed by thought. Don Quixote, seeing him thus, and to all appearance so melancholy, said to him, "Know, Sancho, that one man is no more than another, only inasmuch as he does more than another. All these storms that we have encountered are signs that the weather will soon clear up and things will go smoothly; for it is impossible that either evil or good should be durable; and hence it follows that, the evil having lasted long, the good cannot be far off. So do not afflict thyself for the mischances that befall me, since thou hast no share in them." "How no share in them?" answered Sancho: "peradventure he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was not my father's son; and the wallets I have lost to-day, with all my movables, belong to somebody else." "What, are the wallets lost?" quoth Don Quixote. "Yes, they are," answered Sancho. "Then we have nothing to eat to-day," replied Don Quixote. "It would be so," answered Sancho, "if these fields did not produce those herbs which your worship says you

know, and with which unlucky knights-errant like your worship are used to supply such wants." "Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, "at this time I would rather have a slice of bread and a couple of heads of salt pilehards than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, though commented upon by Doctor Laguna himself. But, good Sancho, get upon thy ass and follow me, for God, who provides for all, will not desert us; more especially being engaged, as we are, in His service; since He neglects neither the gnats of the air, the worms of the earth, nor the spawn of the waters; and so merciful is He, that He maketh His sun to shine upon the good and the bad, and causeth the rain to fall alike upon the just and unjust." "Your worship," said Sancho, "would make a better preacher than a knight-errant." "Sancho," said Don Quixote, "the knowledge of knights-errant must be universal: there have been knights-errant, in times past, who would make sermons or harangues on the king's highway as successfully as if they had taken their degrees in the University of Paris; whence it may be inferred that the lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance." "Well! be it as your worship says," answered Sancho; "but let us be gone hence and endeavor to get a lodging to-night: and pray Heaven it be where there are neither blankets nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor enchanted Moors; for, if there be, the devil take both the flock and the fold."

"Pray to God, my son," said Don Quixote, "and lead me whither thou wilt; for this time I leave our lodging to thy choice. But reach hither thy hand and feel how many teeth are wanting on the right side of my upper jaw, for there I feel the pain." Sancho put his finger into his mouth, and, feeling about, said, "How many teeth had your worship on this side?" "Four," answered Don Quixote, "besides the eye-tooth, all perfect and sound." "Think well what you say, sir," answered Sancho. "I say four, if not five," answered Don Quixote; "for in my whole life I never had a tooth drawn, nor have I lost one by rheum or decay." "Well, then," said Sancho, "on this lower side your worship has but two teeth and a half, and, in the upper, neither half nor whole; all is as smooth and even as the palm of my hand."

"Unfortunate that I am!" said Don Quixote, hearing these sad tidings from his squire; "I had rather they had torn off an arm, provided it were not the sword-arm; for thou must know, Sancho, that a mouth without teeth is like a mill without a stone, and that a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But to all this we who profess the strict order of chivalry are liable. Mount, friend Sancho, and lead on; for I will follow thee at what pace thou wilt." Sancho did so, and proceeded in a direction in which he thought it probable they might find a lodging without going out of the high-road, which in that part was much frequented.

OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE DEAD BODY.

While they were discoursing, night overtook them, and they were still in the high-road, without having found any place of reception; and the worst of it was, they were famished with hunger, for with their wallets they had lost their whole larder of provisions; and to complete their misfortunes, an adventure now befell them which appeared indeed to be truly an adventure. The night came on rather dark; notwithstanding which they proceeded, as Sancho hoped that, being on the king's highway, they might very probably find an inn within a league or two. Thus situated, the night dark, the squire hungry, and the master well disposed to eat, they saw advancing towards them, on the same road, a great number of lights, resembling so many moving stars. Sancho stood aghast at the sight of them, nor was Don Quixote unmoved. The one checked his ass and the other his horse, and both stood looking before them with eager attention. They perceived that the lights were advancing towards them, and that as they approached nearer they appeared larger. Sancho trembled like quicksilver at the sight, and Don Quixote's hair bristled upon his head; but, somewhat recovering himself, he exclaimed, "Sancho, this must be a most perilous adventure, wherein it will be necessary for me to exert my whole might and valor." "Woe is me!" answered Sancho; "should this prove to be an adventure of goblins, as to me it seems to be, where shall I find ribs to endure?" "Whatso-

ever phantoms they may be," said Don Quixote, "I will not suffer them to touch a thread of thy garment; for, if they sported with thee before, it was because I could not get over the wall; but we are now upon even ground, where I can brandish my sword at pleasure." "But, if they should enchant and benumb you, as they did then," quoth Sancho, "what matters it whether we are in the open field or not?" "Notwithstanding that," replied Don Quixote, "I beseech thee, Sancho, to be of good courage, for experience shall give thee sufficient proof of mine." "I will, if it please God," answered Sancho; and, retiring a little on one side of the road, and again endeavoring to discover what those walking lights might be, they soon after perceived a great many persons clothed in white. This dreadful spectacle completely annihilated the courage of Sancho, whose teeth began to chatter, as if seized with a quartan ague; and his trembling and chattering increased as more of it appeared in view: for now they discovered about twenty persons in white robes, all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands; and behind them came a litter covered with black, which was followed by six persons in deep mourning, the mules on which they were mounted being covered likewise with black down to their heels—for that they were mules, and not horses, was evident by the slowness of their pace. Those robed in white were muttering to themselves in a low and plaintive tone.

This strange vision, at such an hour, and in a place so uninhabited, might well strike terror into Sancho's heart, and even into that of his master; and so it would have done had he been any other than Don Quixote. As for Sancho, his whole stock of courage was now exhausted. But it was otherwise with his master, whose lively imagination instantly suggested to him that this must be truly a chivalrous adventure. He conceived that the litter was a bier, whereon was carried some knight sorely wounded or slain, whose revenge was reserved for him alone; he, therefore, without delay, couched his spear, seated himself firmly in his saddle, and with grace and spirit advanced into the middle of the road by which the procession must pass; and when they were near, he raised his voice,

and said, "Ho, knights! whoever ye are, halt, and give me an account to whom ye belong, whence ye come, whither ye are going, and what it is ye carry upon that bier; for in all appearance either ye have done some injury to others, or others to you; and it is expedient and necessary that I be informed of it, either to chastise ye for the evil ye have done, or to revenge ye of wrongs sustained." "We are in haste," answered one in the procession; "the inn is a great way off, and we cannot stay to give so long an account as you require;" then, spurring his mule, he passed forward. Don Quixote, highly resenting this answer, laid hold of his bridle, and said, "Stand, and with more civility give me the account I demand; otherwise I challenge ye all to battle." The mule was timid, and started so much upon his touching the bridle that, rising on her hind legs, she threw her rider over the crupper to the ground. A lackey that came on foot, seeing the man in white fall, began to revile Don Quixote, whose choler being now raised, he couched his spear, and, immediately attacking one of the mourners, laid him on the ground grievously wounded; then, turning about to the rest, it was worth seeing with what agility he attacked and defeated them; and it seemed as if wings at that instant had sprung on Rozinante, so lightly and swiftly he moved! All the white-robed people, being timorous and unarmed, soon quitted the skirmish, and ran over the plain with their lighted torches, looking like so many masqueraders on a carnival or festival night. The mourners were so wrapped up and muffled in their long robes that they could make no exertion; so that Don Quixote with entire safety assailed them all, and, sorely against their will, obliged them to quit the field; for they thought him no man, but the devil from hell broke loose upon them to seize the dead body they were conveying in the litter.

All this Sancho beheld with admiration at his master's intrepidity, and said to himself, "This master of mine is certainly as valiant and magnanimous as he pretends to be." A burning torch lay upon the ground near the first whom the mule had overthrown, by the light of which Don Quixote espied him, and, going up to him, placed the point of his spear to his throat, commanding him to

surrender on pain of death. To which the fallen man answered, "I am surrendered enough already, since I cannot stir; for one of my legs is broken. I beseech you, sir, if you are a Christian gentleman, do not kill me; you would commit a great sacrilege, for I am a licentiate, and have taken the lesser orders." "Who the devil, then," said Don Quixote, "brought you hither, being an ecclesiastic?" "Who, sir?" replied the fallen man; "my evil fortune." "A worse fate now threatens you," said Don Quixote, "unless you reply satisfactorily to all my first questions." "Your worship shall soon be satisfied," answered the licentiate; "and therefore you must know, sir, that though I told you before I was a licentiate, I am in fact only a bachelor of arts, and my name is Alonzo Lopez. I am a native of Alcovendas, and came from the city of Baeza, with eleven more ecclesiastics, the same who fled with the torches: we were attending the corpse in that litter to the city of Segovia. It is that of a gentleman who died in Baeza, where he was deposited till now that, as I said before, we are carrying his bones to their place of burial in Segovia, where he was born." "And who killed him?" demanded Don Quixote. "God," replied the bachelor, "by means of a pestilential fever." "Then," said Don Quixote, "our Lord hath saved me the labor of revenging his death, in case he had been slain by any other hand. But, since he fell by the hand of Heaven, there is nothing expected from us but patience and a silent shrug; for just the same must I have done had it been His pleasure to pronounce the fatal sentence upon me. It is proper that your reverence should know that I am a knight of La Mancha, Don Quixote by name, and that it is my office and profession to go over the world, righting wrongs and redressing grievances." "I do not understand your way of righting wrongs," said the bachelor; "for from right you have set me wrong, having broken my leg, which will never be right again whilst I live; and the grievance you have redressed for me is to leave me so aggrieved that I shall never be otherwise; and to me it was a most unlucky adventure to meet you, who are seeking adventures." "All things," answered Don Quixote, "do not fall out the same way; the mischief, Master Bachelor Alonzo Lopez,

was occasioned by your coming, as you did, by night, arrayed in those surplices, with lighted torches, chanting, and clad in doleful weeds, so that you really resembled something evil and of the other world. I was therefore bound to perform my duty by attacking you: which I certainly should have done although you had really been, as I imagined, devils from hell." "Since my fate ordained it so," said the bachelor, "I beseech you, Signor Knight-errant, who have done me such arrant mischief, to help me to get from under this mule, for my leg is held fast between the stirrup and the saddle." "I might have continued talking until to-morrow," said Don Quixote; "why did you delay acquainting me with your embarrassment?" He then called out to Sancho Panza to assist; but he did not choose to obey, being employed in ransacking a sumpter-mule, which those pious men had brought with them, well stored with eatables. Sancho made a bag of his cloak, and, having crammed into it as much as it would hold, he loaded his beast; after which he attended to his master's call, and helped to disengage the bachelor from the oppression of the mule; and, having mounted him and given him the torch, Don Quixote bade him follow the track of his companions, and beg their pardon, in his name, for the injury which he could not avoid doing them; Sancho likewise said, "If perchance those gentlemen would know who is the champion that routed them, it is the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure."

The bachelor being gone, Don Quixote asked Sancho what induced him to call him the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure at that time more than at any other. "I will tell you," answered Sancho; "it is because I have been viewing you by the light of the torch which that unfortunate man carried; and, in truth, your worship at present very nearly makes the most woeful figure I have ever seen; which must be owing, I suppose, either to the fatigue of this combat or the want of your teeth." "It is owing to neither," replied Don Quixote; "but the sage, who has the charge of writing the history of my achievements, has deemed it proper for me to assume an appellation like the knights of old; one of whom called him-

self the Knight of the Burning Sword; another of the Unicorn; this of the Damselfs; that of the Phoenix; another the Knight of the Griffin; and another the Knight of Death; and by those names and ensigns they were known over the whole surface of the earth. And therefore I say that the sage I just now mentioned has put it into thy thoughts and into thy mouth to call me the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, as I purpose to call myself from this day forward; and that this name may fit me the better, I determine, when an opportunity offers, to have a most sorrowful figure painted on my shield." "You need not spend time and money in getting this figure made," said Sancho; "your worship need only show your own, and, without any other image or shield, they will immediately call you 'him of the sorrowful figure.' And be assured I tell you the truth; for I promise you, sir (mind, I speak not in jest), that hunger and the loss of your grinders makes you look so ruefully that, as I said before, the sorrowful picture may very well be spared."

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's pleasantry; nevertheless, he resolved to call himself by that name, and to have his shield or buckler painted accordingly; and he said, "I conceive, Sancho, that I am liable to excommunication for having laid violent hands on holy things, *Justa illud, Siquis suadente diabolo*, etc.; although I know I did not lay my hands, but my spear, upon them. Besides, I did not know that I was engaging with priests, or things belonging to the church, which I reverence and adore, like a good Catholic and faithful Christian as I am, but with phantoms and spectres of the other world."

WHICH TREATS OF THE GRAND ADVENTURE AND RICH PRIZE OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET.

Soon after Don Quixote discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered as if it had been of gold; and scarcely had he seen it when, turning to Sancho, he said, "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences; especially

that which says, 'Where one door is shut another is opened.' I say this because, if fortune last night shut the door against what we sought, deceiving us without satisfaction, it now opens wide another, for a better and more certain adventure; in which if I am deceived, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my ignorance of locality or to the darkness of night. This I say because, if I mistake not, there comes one towards us who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet, concerning which thou mayest remember I swore the oath." "What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a gray ass like mine, with something on his head that glitters." "Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote. "Retire, and leave me alone to deal with him, and thou shalt see how, in order to save time, I shall conclude this adventure without speaking a word, and the helmet I have so much desired remain my own." "I shall take care to get out of the way," replied Sancho; "but heaven grant, I say again, it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure." "I have already told thee, Sancho, not to mention those fulling-mills, nor even think of them," said Don Quixote: "if thou dost—I say no more, but I vow to mill thy soul for thee!" Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now the truth of the matter, concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight which Don Quixote saw, was this. There were two villages in that neighborhood, one of them so small that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both: therefore the barber of the larger served also the less, wherein one customer now wanted to be let blood, and another to be shaved; to perform which the barber was now on his way, carrying with him his brass basin: and it so happened that while upon the road it began to rain, and to save his hat, which was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, which being lately scoured was seen glittering at the distance of half a league; and he rode on a gray ass, as Sancho had affirmed. Thus Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-gray steed, and his basin for a golden helmet; for whatever he saw was quickly adapted to his knightly extravagances:

and when the poor knight drew near, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rozinante's best speed, and couched his lance, intending to run him through and through; but when close upon him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out, "Defend thyself, caitiff! or instantly surrender what is justly my due." The barber, so unexpectedly seeing this phantom advancing upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance than to slip down from the ass; and no sooner had he touched the ground than, leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he scampered over the plain with such speed that the wind could not overtake him. The basin he left on the ground; with which Don Quixote was satisfied, observing that the pagan had acted discreetly, and in imitation of the beaver, which, when closely pursued by the hunters, tears off with his teeth that which it knows by instinct to be the object of pursuit. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet: who, holding it in his hand, said, "Before heaven, the basin is a special one, and is well worth a piece of eight, if it is worth a farthing." He then gave it to his master, who immediately placed it upon his head, turning it round in search of the visor; but not finding it, he said, "Doubtless the pagan for whom this famous helmet was originally forged must have had a prodigious head—the worst of it is that one-half is wanting." When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; which, however, he instantly checked on recollecting his master's late choler. "What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "I am laughing," answered he, "to think what a huge head the pagan had who owned that helmet, which is for all the world just like a barber's basin." "Knowest thou, Sancho, what I conceive to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident must have fallen into the possession of one who, ignorant of its true value as a helmet, and seeing it to be of the purest gold, hath inconsiderately melted down the one-half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as thou sayest, doth indeed look like a barber's basin: but to me, who know what it really is, its transformation is of no importance, for I will have it so repaired in the first town where there is

a smith, that it shall not be surpassed nor even equalled by that which the god of smiths himself made and forged for the god of battles. In the meantime I will wear it as I best can, for something is better than nothing, and it will be sufficient to defend me from stones." "It will so," said Sancho, "if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chaps, and broke the cruse of that most blessed liquor which made me vomit up my inside." "The loss of that balsam gives me no concern," said Don Quixote; "for knowest thou, Sancho, I have the receipt by heart?" "So have I, too," answered Sancho; "but if ever I make or try it again while I live, may I be fixed and rooted to this place. Besides, I do not intend to put myself in the way of requiring it; for I mean to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding anybody. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing, for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps; and if they do come, there is nothing to be done but wink, hold one's breath, and submit to go whither fortune and the blanket shall please." "Thou art no good Christian, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "since thou dost not forget an injury once done thee; but know, it is inherent in generous and noble minds to disregard trifles. What leg of thine is lamed, or what rib or head broken, that thou canst not forget that jest?—for, properly considered, it was a mere jest and pastime: otherwise, I should long ago have returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging thy quarrel than the Greeks did for the rape of Helen, who, had she lived in these times, or my Dulcinea in those, would never have been so famous for beauty as she is!" and here he heaved a sigh, and sent it to the clouds. "Let it pass, then, for a jest," said Sancho, "since it is not likely to be revenged in earnest; but I know of what kind the jests and the earnest were; and I know also they will no more slip out of my memory than off my shoulders. But, setting this aside, tell me, sir, what shall we do with this dapple-gray steed which looks so much like a gray ass, and which that catiff whom your worship overthrew has left behind here to shift for itself? for, by his scouring off so hastily, he does not

think of ever returning for him; and, by my beard, the beast is a special one." "It is not my custom," said Don Quixote, "to plunder those whom I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from the vanquished their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the victor had lost his own in the conflict; in such a case it is lawful to take that of the enemy, as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or whatever thou wilt have it to be; for when we are gone his owner will return for him." "God knows whether it were best for me to take him," replied Sancho, "or at least to exchange him for mine, which, methinks, is not so good. Verily, the laws of chivalry are very strict if they do not even allow the swopping of one ass for another; but I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I were so inclined?" "I am not very clear as to that point," answered Don Quixote; "and, being a doubtful case, until better information can be had, I think thou mayest make the exchange, if thou art in extreme want of them." "So extreme," replied Sancho, "that I could not want them more if they were for my own proper person." Thus authorized, he proceeded to an exchange of comparisons, and made his own beast three parts in four the better for his new furniture. This done, they breakfasted on the remains of the plunder from the sumpter-mule, and drank of the water belonging to the fulling-mills, but without turning their faces toward them—such was the abhorrence in which they were held, because of the effect they had produced. Being thus refreshed and comforted both in body and mind, they mounted; and, without determining upon what road to follow, according to the custom of knights-errant, they went on as Rozinante's will directed, which was a guide to his master and also to Dapple, who always followed, in love and good-fellowship, wherever he led the way.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH THE BRAVE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS.

At length Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork tree, while Don Quixote slumbered beneath a branching oak. But it

was not long before he was disturbed by a noise near him. He started up, and, looking in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, could discern two men on horseback, one of whom, dismounting, said to the other, "Alight, friend, and unbridle the horses; for this place will afford them pasture, and offers to me that silence and solitude which my serious thoughts require." As he spoke, he threw himself on the ground, and in this motion a rattling of armor was heard, which convinced Don Quixote that this was a knight-errant. Going to Sancho, who was fast asleep, he pulled him by the arm, and having with some difficulty aroused him, he said in a low voice, "Friend Sancho, we have got an adventure here." "Heaven send it be a good one," answered Sancho; "and pray, sir, where may this same adventure be?" "Where, sayest thou, Sancho?" replied Don Quixote; "turn thine eyes that way, and thou wilt see a knight-errant lying extended, who seems to me not over happy in his mind, for I just now saw him dismount and throw himself upon the ground as if much oppressed with grief, and his armor rattled as he fell." "But how do you know," quoth Sancho, "that this is an adventure?" "Though I cannot yet positively call it an adventure, it has the usual signs of one. But listen: he is tuning an instrument, and seems to be preparing to sing." "By my troth, so he is," said Sancho, "and he must be some knight or other in love." "As all knights-errant must be," quoth Don Quixote; "but hearken, and we shall discover his thoughts by his song, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Sancho would have replied, but the Knight of the Wood, whose voice was only moderately good, began to sing, and they both attentively listened to the following words:

SONNET.

"Bright authoress of my good or ill,
Prescribe the law I must observe;
My heart, obedient to thy will,
Shall never from its duty swerve."

With a deep sigh, that seemed to be drawn from the very bottom of his heart, the Knight of the Wood ended his song, and after some pause, in a plaintive and dolorous voice, he exclaimed, "O thou most beautiful and most ungrateful of

womankind! O divine Casildea de Vandalia! wilt thou then suffer this thy captive knight to consume and pine away in continual peregrinations and in severest toils? Is it not enough that I have caused thee to be acknowledged the most consummate beauty in the world by all the knights of Navarre, of Leon, of Tartesia, of Castile, and, in fine, by all the knights of La Mancha?" "Not so," said Don Quixote; "for I am of La Mancha, and never have I made such an acknowledgment, nor ever will admit an assertion so prejudicial to the beauty of my mistress. Thou seest, Sancho, how this knight raves. But let us listen; perhaps he will make some further declaration." "Aye, marry, will he," replied Sancho, "for he seems to be in a humor to complain for a month to come." But they were mistaken; for the knight, hearing voices near them, proceeded no further in his lamentations, but rising up, said aloud in a courteous voice, "Who goes there? What are ye? of the number of the happy, or of the afflicted?" "Of the afflicted," answered Don Quixote. "Come to me, then," replied the Knight of the Wood, "and you will find sorrow and misery itself!" These expressions were uttered in so moving a tone that Don Quixote, followed by Sancho, went up to the mournful knight, who, taking his hand, said to him, "Sit down here, Sir Knight, for to be assured that you profess the order of chivalry, it is sufficient that I find you here, encompassed by solitude and the cold dews of night—the proper station for knights-errant." "A knight I am," replied Don Quixote, "and of the order you name; and although my heart is the mansion of misery and woe, yet can I sympathize in the sorrows of others: from the strain I just now heard from you, I conclude that yours are of the amorous kind—arising, I mean, from a passion for some ungrateful fair."

While thus discoursing, they were seated together on the ground, peaceably and sociably, not as if at daybreak they were to fall upon each other with mortal fury. "Perchance you too are in love, Sir Knight," said he of the wood to Don Quixote. "Such is my cruel destiny," answered Don Quixote; "though the sorrows that may arise from well-placed affections ought rather to be accounted blessings than calamities." "That is true,"

replied the Knight of the Wood, "provided our reason and understanding be not affected by disdain, which, when carried to excess, is more like vengeance." "I never was disdained by my mistress," answered Don Quixote. "No, verily," quoth Sancho, who stood close by, "for my lady is as gentle as a lamb and as soft as butter." "Is this your squire?" demanded the Knight of the Wood. "He is," replied Don Quixote. "I never in my life saw a squire," said the Knight of the Wood, "who durst presume to speak when his lord was conversing; at least there stands mine, as tall as his father, and it cannot be proved that he ever opened his lips when I was speaking." "I faith!" quoth Sancho, "I have talked, and can talk, before one as good as—and perhaps—but let that rest: perhaps the less said the better." The Knight of the Wood's squire now took Sancho by the arm, and said, "Let us two go where we may chat squire-like together, and leave these masters of ours to talk over their loves to each other; for I warrant they will not have done before to-morrow morning." "With all my heart," quoth Sancho; "and I will tell you who I am, that you may judge whether I am not fit to make one among the talking squires." The squires then withdrew, and a dialogue passed between them as lively as that of their masters' was grave.

Thus the good squires went on talking, and eating, and drinking, until it was full time that sleep should give their tongues a respite and allay their thirst, for to quench it seemed impossible; and both of them, still keeping hold of the almost empty bottle, fell fast asleep, in which situation we will leave them at present.

Peaceably and amicably the two knights continued to converse; and, among other things, the history informs us that he of the wood said to Don Quixote, "In fact, Sir Knight, I must confess that by destiny, or rather by choice, I became enamoured of the peerless Casildea de Vandalia: peerless I call her, because she is without her peer, either in rank, beauty, or form. Casildea repaid my honorable and virtuous passion by employing me, as Hercules was employed by his step-mother, in many and various perils: promising, at the end of each of them, that the next should crown my hopes; but, alas! she still goes on, adding link after link to the chain of

my labors, insomuch that they are now countless, nor can I tell when they are to cease, and my tenderness be returned. One time she commanded me to go and challenge Giralda,* the famous giantess of Seville, who is as stout and strong as if she were made of brass, and, though never stirring from one spot, is the most changeable and unsteady woman in the world. I came, I saw, I conquered—I made her stand still, and fixed her to a point; for, during a whole week, no wind blew but from the north. Another time she commanded me to weigh those ancient statues, the fierce bulls of Guisando,† an enterprise better suited to a porter than to a knight. Another time she commanded me to plunge headlong into Cabra's cave (direful mandate!) and bring her a particular detail of all the lies enclosed within its dark abyss. I stopped the motion of Giralda, I weighed the bulls of Guisando, I plunged headlong into the cavern of Cabra, and brought to light its hidden secrets; yet still my hopes are dead—oh, how dead!—and her commands and disdains alive—oh, how alive! In short, she has now commanded me to travel over all the provinces of Spain, and compel every knight whom I meet to confess that in beauty she excels all others now in existence, and that I am the most valiant and the most enamoured knight in the universe. In obedience to this command, I have already traversed the greater part of Spain, and have vanquished divers knights who have had the presumption to contradict me. But what I value myself most upon is having vanquished, in single combat, that renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea: and I reckon that, in this conquest alone, I have vanquished all the knights in the world; for this Don Quixote has conquered them all, and I having overcome him, his glory, his fame, and his honor are consequently transferred to me. All the innumerable exploits of the said Don Quixote I therefore consider as already mine, and placed to my account."

Don Quixote was amazed at the assertions of the Knight of the Wood, and

* A brass statue on a steeple at Seville, which serves for a weathercock.

† Two large statues in that town, supposed to have been placed there by Metallus, in the time of the Romans.

had been every moment on the point of giving him the lie ; but he restrained himself, that he might convict him of falsehood from his own mouth ; and, therefore, he said, very calmly, "That you may have vanquished, Sir Knight, most of the knights-errant of Spain, or even of the whole world, I will not dispute ; but that you have conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha I have much reason to doubt. Some one resembling him, I allow, it might have been, though, in truth, I believe there are not many like him." "How say you?" cried he of the wood : "by the canopy of heaven, I fought with Don Quixote, vanquished him, and made him surrender to me ! He is a man of an erect figure, withered face, long and meagre limbs, grizzled-haired, hawk-nosed, with large, black moustaches, and styles himself the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure. The name of his squire is Sancho Panza : he oppresses the back and governs the reins of a famous steed called Rozinante — in a word, the mistress of his thoughts is one Dulcinea del Toboso, formerly called Aldonza Lorenzo, as my Casildea, being of Andalusia, is now distinguished by the name of Casildea de Vandalia. And now, if I have not sufficiently proved what I have said, here is my sword, which shall make incredulity itself believe !" "Softly, Sir Knight," said Don Quixote, "and hear what I have to say. You must know that this Don Quixote you speak of is the dearest friend I have in the world, inasmuch that he is, as it were, another self ; and, notwithstanding the very accurate description you have given of him, I am convinced, by the evidence of my senses, that you have never subdued him. It is, indeed, possible that, as he is continually persecuted by enchanters, some one of these may have assumed his shape, and suffered himself to be vanquished, in order to defraud him of the fame which his exalted feats of chivalry have acquired him over the whole face of the earth. A proof of their malice occurred but a few days since, when they transformed the face and figure of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into the form of a mean rustic wench. And now, if, after all, you doubt the truth of what I say, behold the true Don Quixote himself before you, ready to convince you of your error by force of arms, on foot or on horseback, or in what-

ever manner you please." He then rose up, and, grasping his sword, awaited the determination of the Knight of the Wood, who very calmly said in reply, "A good paymaster wants no pledge ; he who could vanquish Signor Don Quixote under transformation may well hope to make him yield in his proper person. But as knights-errant should by no means perform their feats in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for daylight, that the sun may witness our exploits ; and let the condition of our combat be, that the conquered shall remain entirely at the mercy and disposal of the conqueror ; provided that he require nothing of him but what a knight may with honor submit to." Don Quixote having expressed himself entirely satisfied with these conditions, they went to seek their squires, whom they found snoring, in the very same posture as that in which sleep had first surprised them. They were soon awakened by their masters, and ordered to prepare the steeds, so that they might be ready, at sunrise, for a bloody single combat. At this intelligence Sancho was thunderstruck, and ready to swoon away with fear for his master, for what he had been told by the Squire of the Wood of his knight's prowess. Both the squires, however, without saying a word, went to seek their cattle ; and the three horses and Dapple, having smelt each other out, were found all very sociable together.

"You must understand, brother," said the Squire of the Wood to Sancho, "that it is not the custom in Andalusia for the seconds to stand idle, with their arms folded, while their godsons* are engaged in combat. So this is to give you notice, that while our masters are at it, we must fight too, and make splinters of one another." "This custom, Signor Squire," answered Sancho, "may pass among ruffians ; but among the squires of knights-errant no such practice is thought of—at least, I have not heard my master talk of any such custom, and he knows by heart all the laws of knight-errantry. But supposing there is any such law, I shall not obey it. I would rather pay the penalty laid upon such peaceable squires, which, I dare say, cannot be above a couple

* In tilts and tournaments the seconds were a kind of godfathers to the principals, and certain ceremonies were performed on those occasions.

of pounds of wax;* and that will cost me less money than plasters to cure a broken head. Besides, how can I fight, when I have got no sword, and never had one in my life?" "I know a remedy for that," said he of the wood: "here are a couple of linen bags of the same size; you shall take one and I the other, and so with equal weapons we will have a bout at bag blows." "With all my heart," answered Sancho; "for such a battle will only dust our jackets." "It must not be quite so, either," replied the other; "for, lest the wind should blow them aside, we must put in them half a dozen clean and smooth pebbles of equal weight; and thus we may brush one another, without much harm or damage." "Body of my father!" answered Sancho, "what sable fur, what bottoms of carded cotton, forsooth, you would put into the bags, that we may not break our bones to powder! But I tell you what, master, though they should be filled with balls of raw silk, I shall not fight. Let our masters fight and take the consequences; but let us drink and live, for time takes care to rid us of our lives, without our seeking ways to go before our appointed time and season." "Nay," replied he of the wood, "do let us fight, if it be but for half an hour." "No, no," answered Sancho, "I shall not be so rude nor ungrateful as to have a quarrel with a gentleman after eating and drinking with him. Besides, who is there can set about dry fighting without being provoked to it?" "If that be all," quoth he of the wood, "I can easily manage it; for before we begin our fight, I will come up, and just give you three or four handsome cuffs, which will lay you flat at my feet and awaken your choler, though it slept sounder than a dormouse." "Against that trick," answered Sancho, "I have another, not a whit behind it; which is, to take a good cudgel, and before you can come near enough to waken my choler, I will bastinado yours into so sound a sleep that it shall never awake but in another world. Let me tell you, I am not a man to suffer my face to be handled, so let every one look to the arrow; though the safest way would be to let that same choler sleep on: for one man knows not

what another can do, and some people go out for wool and come home shorn. In all times God blessed the peace-makers and cursed the peace-breakers. If a baited cat turns into a lion, Heaven knows what I, that am a man, may turn into; and therefore I warn you, Master Squire, that all the damage and mischief that may follow from our quarrel must be placed to your account." "Agreed," replied he of the wood. "God send us daylight, and we shall see what is to be done."

And now a thousand sort of birds, glittering in their gay attire, began to chirp and warble in the trees, and in a variety of joyous notes seemed to hail the blushing Aurora, who now displayed her rising beauties from the bright arcades and balconies of the east, and gently shook from her locks a shower of liquid pearls, sprinkling that reviving treasure over all vegetation. The willows distilled their delicious manna, the fountains smiled, the brooks murmured, the woods and meads rejoiced at her approach. But scarcely had hill and dale received the welcome light of day, and objects become visible, when the first thing that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho Panza was the Squire of the Wood's nose, which was so large that it almost overshadowed his whole body. Its magnitude was indeed extraordinary; it was, moreover, a hawk-nose, full of warts and carbuncles, of the color of a mulberry, and hanging two fingers' breadth below his mouth. The size, the color, the carbuncles, and the crookedness, produced such a countenance of horror, that Sancho, at the sight thereof, began to tremble from head to foot, and he resolved within himself to take two hundred cuffs before he would be provoked to attack such a hobgoblin.

Don Quixote also surveyed his antagonist, but the beaver of his helmet being down, his face was concealed; it was evident, however, that he was a strongly-made man, not very tall, and that over his armor he wore a kind of surtout, or loose coat, apparently of the finest gold cloth, besprinkled with little moons of polished glass, which made a very gay and shining appearance; a large plume of feathers, green, yellow and white, waved above his helmet. His lance, which was leaning against a tree, was very large and thick, and headed with pointed steel above a span long. All these circumstances Don

* Small offences, in Spain, are fined at a pound or two of white wax, for the tapers in the churches, etc., and confessors frequently enjoin it as a penance.

Quixote attentively marked, and inferred from appearances that he was a very potent knight, but he was not therefore daunted, like Sancho Panza : on the contrary, with a gallant spirit, he said to the Knight of the Mirrors, "Sir Knight, if your eagerness for combat has not exhausted your courtesy, I entreat you to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see whether your countenance corresponds with your gallant demeanor." "Whether vanquished or victorious in this enterprise, Sir Knight," answered he of the mirrors, "you will have time and leisure enough for seeing me ; and if I comply not now with your request, it is because I think it would be an indignity to the beauteous Casildea de Vandalia to lose any time in forcing you to make the confession required." "However, while we are mounting our horses," said Don Quixote, "you can tell me whether I resemble that Don Quixote whom you said you had vanquished." "As like as one egg is to another," replied he of the mirrors ; "though, as you say you are persecuted by enchanters, I dare not affirm that you are actually the same person." "I am satisfied that you acknowledge you may be deceived," said Don Quixote ; "however, to remove all doubt, let us to horse, and in less time than you would have spent in raising your beaver, if God, my mistress, and my arm avail me, I will see your face, and you shall be convinced I am not the vanquished Don Quixote."

They now mounted without more words, and Don Quixote wheeled Rozinante about to take sufficient ground for the encounter, while the other knight did the same ; but before Don Quixote had gone twenty paces he heard himself called by his opponent, who, meeting him half way, said, "Remember, Sir Knight, our agreement, which is that the conquered shall remain at the discretion of the conqueror." "I know it," answered Don Quixote, "provided that which is imposed shall not transgress the laws of chivalry." "Certainly," answered he of the mirrors. At this juncture the squire's strange nose presented itself to Don Quixote's sight, who was no less struck than Sancho, insomuch that he looked upon him as a monster, or some creature of a new species. Sancho, seeing his master set forth to take his career, would not stay alone with Long-nose, lest, per-

chance, he should get a fillip from that dreadful snout which would level him to the ground either by force or fright. So he ran after his master, holding by the stirrup-leather ; and when he thought it was nearly time for him to face about, "I beseech your worship," he cried, "before you turn, to help me into yon cork-tree, where I can see better and more to my liking the brave battle you are going to have with that knight." "I rather believe, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "that thou art for mounting a scaffold to see the bull-sports without danger." "To tell you the truth, sir," answered Sancho, "that squire's monstrous nose fills me with dread, and I dare not stand near him." "It is indeed a fearful sight," said Don Quixote, "to any other but myself ; come, therefore, and I will help thee up."

While Don Quixote was engaged in helping Sancho up into the cork-tree, the Knight of the Mirrors took as large a compass as he thought necessary, and, believing that Don Quixote had done the same, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or any other signal, he turned about his horse, who was not a whit more active or more sightly than Rozinante, and at his best speed, though not exceeding a middling trot, he advanced to encounter the enemy ; but, seeing him employed with Sancho, he reined in his steed and stopped in the midst of his career, for which his horse was most thankful, being unable to stir any farther. Don Quixote, thinking his enemy was coming full speed against him, clapped spurs to Rozinante's lean flanks, and made him so bestir himself that, as the history relates, this was the only time in his life that he approached to something like a gallop ; and with this unprecedented fury he soon came up to where his adversary stood, striking his spurs rowl-deep into the sides of his charger, without being able to make him a stir a finger's length from the place where he had been checked in his career. At this fortunate juncture Don Quixote met his adversary embarrassed, not only with his horse, but his lance, which he either knew not how, or had not time, to fix in its rest ; and therefore our knight, who saw not these perplexities, assailed him with perfect security, and with such force that he soon brought him to the ground over his

horse's crupper, leaving him motionless and without any signs of life. Sancho, on seeing this, immediately slid down from the cork-tree, and in all haste ran to his master, who alighted from Rozinante and went up to the vanquished knight, when, unlacing his helmet, to see whether he was dead, or, if yet alive, to give him air, he beheld—but who can relate what he beheld without causing amazement, wonder and terror in all that hear it? He saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigy and semblance of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco! "Come hither, Sancho," cried he aloud; "and see, but believe not; make haste, son, and mark what wizards and enchanters can do!" Sancho approached, and, seeing the face of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, he began to cross and bless himself a thousand times over. All this time the overthrown cavalier showed no signs of life. "My advice is," said Sancho, "that, at all events, your worship should thrust your sword down the throat of this man, who is so like the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, for, in despatching him, you may destroy one of those enchanters, your enemies." "Thou sayest not amiss," quoth Don Quixote, "for the fewer enemies the better." He then drew his sword to put Sancho's advice into execution, when the Squire of the Mirrors came running up, but without the frightful nose, and cried aloud, "Have a care, Signor Don Quixote, what you do: for it is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire." Sancho, seeing his face now shorn of its deformity, exclaimed, "The nose! where is the nose?" "Here it is," said the other, taking from his right-hand pocket a pasteboard nose, formed and painted in the manner already described; and Sancho, now looking earnestly at him, made another exclamation. "Blessed Virgin defend me!" cried he, "is not this Tom Cecial, my neighbor?" "Indeed am I," answered the unnosed squire; "Tom Cecial I am, friend Sancho Panza, and I will tell you presently what tricks brought me hither; but now, good Sancho, entreat, in the meantime, your master not to injure the Knight of the Mirrors at his feet; for he is truly no other than the rash and ill-advised bachelor Sampson Carrasco, our townsman."

By this time the Knight of the Mirrors

began to recover his senses, which Don Quixote perceiving, he clapped the point of his naked sword to his throat, and said, "You are a dead man, Sir Knight, if you confess not that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels in beauty your Casildea de Vandalia; you must promise me also, on my sparing your life, to go to the city of Toboso and present yourself before her from me, that she may dispose of you as she shall think fit; and if she leaves you at liberty, then shall you return to me without delay—the fame of my exploits being your guide—to relate to me the circumstances of your interview; these conditions being strictly conformable to the terms agreed upon before our encounter, and also to the rules of knight-errantry." "I confess," said the fallen knight, "that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso's torn and dirty shoe is preferable to the ill-combed though clean locks of Casildea; and I promise to go and return from her presence to yours, and give you the exact and particular account which you require of me."

"You must likewise confess and believe," added Don Quixote, "that the knight you vanquished was not Don Quixote de la Mancha, but some one resembling him; as I do confess and believe that, though resembling the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, you are not he, but some other whom my enemies have purposely transformed into his likeness, to restrain the impetuosity of my rage and make me use with moderation the glory of my conquest." "I confess, judge and believe everything precisely as you do yourself," answered the disjointed knight; "and now suffer me to rise, I beseech you, if my bruises do not prevent me." Don Quixote raised him, with the assistance of his squire, on whom Sancho still kept his eyes fixed; and though, from some conversation that passed between them, he had much reason to believe it was really his old friend Tom Cecial, he was so prepossessed by all that his master had said about enchanters, that he would not trust his own eyes. In short, both master and man persisted in their error; and the Knight of the Mirrors, with his squire, much out of humor and in ill plight, went in search of some convenient place where he might searchcloth himself and splinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho continued their journey to Sara-

gossa, where the history now leaves them, to give some account of the Knight of the Mirrors and his well-snouted squire.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE KNIGHT OF
THE MIRRORS AND HIS SQUIRE.

Don Quixote was exceedingly happy, elated and vainglorious at his triumph over so valiant a knight as he imagined him of the mirrors to be, and from whose promise he hoped to learn whether his adored mistress still remained in a state of enchantment. But Don Quixote expected one thing, and he of the mirrors intended another—his only care at present being to get, as soon as possible, plasters for his bruises. The history then proceeds to tell us that, when the bachelor Sampson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to resume his functions of knight-errantry, he had previously consulted with the priest and the barber upon the best means of inducing Don Quixote to remain peaceably and quietly at home; and it was agreed by general vote, as well as by the particular advice of Carrasco, that they should let Don Quixote make another sally (since it seemed impossible to detain him), and that the bachelor should then also sally forth, like a knight-errant, and take an opportunity of engaging him to fight; and after vanquishing him, which they held to be an easy matter, he should remain, according to a previous agreement, at the disposal of the conqueror, who should command him to return home, and not quit it for the space of two years, or till he had received further orders from him. They doubted not but that he would readily comply, rather than infringe the laws of chivalry; and they hoped that during this interval he might forget his follies, or that some means might be discovered of curing his malady. Carrasco engaged in the enterprise, and Tom Cecial, Sancho Panza's neighbor, a merry, shallow-brained fellow, proffered his service as squire. Sampson armed himself in the manner already described, and Tom Cecial fitted the counterfeit nose to his face for the purpose of disguising himself; and, following the same road that Don Quixote had taken, they were not far off when the adventure of Death's car took place; but it was in the wood

they overtook him, which was the scene of the late action, and where, had it not been for Don Quixote's extraordinary conceit that the bachelor was not the bachelor, that gentleman, not meeting even so much as nests where he thought to find birds, would have been incapacitated forever from taking the degree of licentiate.

Tom Cecial, after the unlucky issue of their expedition, said to the bachelor, "Most certainly, Signor Carrasco, we have been rightly served. It is easy to plan a thing, but very often difficult to get through with it. Don Quixote is mad, and we are in our senses; he gets off sound and laughing, and your worship remains sore and sorrowful. Now, pray, which is the greater madman, he who is so because he cannot help it, or he who is so on purpose?" "The difference between these two sorts of madmen is," replied Sampson, "that he who cannot help it will remain so, and he who deliberately plays the fool may leave off when he thinks fit." "That being the case," said Tom Cecial, "I was mad when I desired to be your worship's squire, and now I desire to be so no longer, but shall hasten home again." "That you may do," answered Sampson; "but, for myself, I cannot think of returning to mine till I have soundly banged this same Don Quixote. It is not now with the hope of curing him of his madness that I shall seek him, but a desire for revenge: the pain of my ribs will not allow me to entertain a more charitable purpose." In this humor they went on talking till they came to a village, where they luckily met with a bone-setter, who undertook to cure the unfortunate Sampson. Tom Cecial now returned home, leaving his master meditating schemes of revenge; and, though the history will have occasion to mention him again hereafter, it must now attend the motions of our triumphant knight.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS.

Little expecting a fresh adventure, Sancho, as the history carefully relates, was leisurely buying some curds of some shepherds; and, being summoned in such haste to his master, he knew not what to do with them, nor how to carry them; so

that, to prevent their being wasted, he poured them into the helmet; and, satisfied with this excellent device, he hurried away to receive the commands of his lord. "Sancho," said the knight, "give me my helmet; for either I know little of adventures, or that which I deserv yonder is one that will oblige me to have recourse to arms." He of the green riding-coat, hearing this, looked on all sides, and could see nothing but a cart coming towards them, with two or three small flags, by which he thought it probable that it was conveying some of the king's money. He mentioned his conjecture to Don Quixote; but he heeded him not—his imagination was too much possessed by adventures, and his only reply was, "Forewarned, forearmed: to be prepared is half the victory. I know by experience that I have enemies both visible and invisible, and I know not when, nor from what quarter, nor at what time, nor in what shape, they may attack me." He then took his helmet from Sancho's hands before he had discharged its curds, and, without observing the contents, clapped it hastily upon his head. The curds being squeezed and pressed, the whey began to run down the face and beard of the knight, to his great consternation. "What can this mean, Sancho?" said he; "methinks my skull is softening, or my brains melting, or I sweat from head to foot! If so, it is certainly not through fear, though I verily believe that this will prove a terrible adventure. Give me something to wipe myself, Sancho, for this copious sweat blinds me." Sancho said nothing, but gave him a cloth, at the same time thanking Heaven that his master had not found out the truth. Don Quixote wiped himself, and took off his helmet to see what it was so cool to his head; and, observing some white lumps in it, put them to his nose, and smelling them, "By the lady of my soul," he exclaimed, "these are curds which thou hast put here, thou base, unmannerly squire!" Sancho replied, with much coolness and cunning, "If they are curds, sir, give them to me, and I will eat them. No, now I think of it, the devil may eat them for me, for he only could have put them there. What! I offer to foul your worship's helmet! Egad! it seems as if I had my enchanters too, who persecute me as a creature and member of your wor-

ship, and have put that filthiness there to provoke your wrath against me. But, truly, this time they have missed their aim; for I trust to my master's good judgment, who will consider that I have neither curds, nor cream, nor anything like it, and that if I had, I should sooner have put them into my stomach than into your worship's helmet." "Well," said Don Quixote, "there may be something in that." The gentleman, who had been observing all that had passed, was astonished, and still more so at what followed, for Don Quixote, after having wiped his head, face, beard and helmet, again put it on, and fixing himself firm in his stirrups, adjusting his sword, and grasping his lance, he exclaimed, "Now, come what may, I am prepared to encounter Satan himself!"

They were soon overtaken by the cart with flags, which was attended only by the driver, who rode upon one of the mules, and a man sitting upon the fore part of it. Don Quixote planted himself just before them, and said, "Whither go ye, brethren? What carriage is this? What does it contain, and what are those banners?" "The cart is mine," answered the carter, "and in it are two fierce lions, which the General of Oran is sending to court as a present to his majesty; the flags belong to our liege the king, to show that what is in the cart belongs to him." "And are the lions large?" demanded Don Quixote. "Larger never came from Africa to Spain," said the man on the front of the cart: "I am their keeper, and in my time have had charge of many lions, but never of any so large as these. They are a male and a female; the male is in the first cage, and the female is in that behind. Not having eaten to-day, they are now hungry; and therefore, sir, stand aside, for we must make haste to the place where they are to be fed." "What!" said Don Quixote, with a scornful smile, "lion-whelps against me! Against me your puny monsters! and at this time of day! By yon blessed sun! those who sent them hither shall see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Alight, honest friend, and, since you are their keeper, open your cages and turn out your savages of the desert, for in the midst of this field will I make them know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in spite of the enchanters

that sent them hither to me." "So, so," quoth the gentleman to himself; "our good knight has now given us a specimen of what he is; doubtless the curds have softened his skull and made his brains mellow." Sancho now coming up to him, "For Heaven's sake, sir," cried he, hinder my master from meddling with these lions, for if he does they will tear us all to pieces." "What, then, is your master so mad," answered the gentleman, "that you really fear he will attack such fierce animals?" "He is not mad," answered Sancho, "but daring." "I will make him desist," replied the gentleman; and, going up to Don Quixote, who was importuning the keeper to open the cages, "Sir," said he, "knights-errant should engage in adventures that, at least, afford some prospect of success, and not such as are altogether desperate, for the valor which borders on temerity has in it more of madness than courage. Besides, Sir Knight, these lions do not come to assail you; they are going to be presented to his majesty, and it is, therefore, improper to detain them or retard their journey." "Sweet sir," answered Don Quixote, "go hence, and mind your decoy part-ridge and your stout ferret, and leave every one to his functions. This is mine, and I shall see whether these gentlemen lions will come against me or not." Then, turning to the keeper, he said, "I vow to Heaven, Don Rascal, if thou dost not instantly open the cages, with this lance I will pin thee to the cart." The carter seeing that the armed lunatic was resolute, "Good sir," said he, "for charity's sake be pleased to let me take off my mules and get with them out of danger before the lions are let loose; for should my cattle be killed, I am undone for ever, as I have no other means of living than by this cart and these mules." "Incredulous wretch," cried Don Quixote, "unyoke and do as thou wilt; but thou shalt soon see that thy trouble might have been spared."

The carter alighted and unyoked in great haste. The keeper then said aloud, "Bear witness, all here present, that against my will, and by compulsion, I open the cages and let the lions loose. I protest against what this gentleman is doing, and declare all the mischief done by these beasts shall be placed to his account, with my salary and perquisites over and

above. Pray, gentlemen, take care of yourselves before I open the door; for, as to myself, I am sure they will do me no hurt." Again the gentleman pressed Don Quixote to desist from so mad an action, declaring to him that he was thereby provoking God's wrath. Don Quixote replied that he knew what he was doing. The gentleman rejoined, and entreated him to consider well of it, for he was certainly deceived. "Nay, sir," replied Don Quixote, "if you will not be a spectator of what you think will prove a tragedy, spur your flea-bitten mare and save yourself." Sancho too besought him, with tears in his eyes, to desist from an enterprise compared with which that of the windmills, the dreadful one of the fulling-mills, and, in short, all the exploits he had performed in the whole course of his life, were mere tarts and cheese-cakes. "Consider, sir," added Sancho, "here is no enchantment, nor anything like it; for I saw through the gratings and chinks of the cage the paw of a true lion; and I guess, by the size of its claw, that it is bigger than a mountain." "Thy fears," answered Don Quixote, "would make it appear to thee larger than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me; and if I perish here, thou knowest our old agreement: repair to Dulcinea—I say no more." To these he added other expressions, which showed the firmness of his purpose, and that all argument would be fruitless. The gentleman would fain have compelled him to desist, but thought himself unequally matched in weapons and armor, and that it would not be prudent to engage with a madman, whose violence and menaces against the keeper were now redoubled; the gentleman therefore spurred his mare, Sancho his Dapple, and the carter his mules, and all endeavored to get as far off as possible from the cart before the lions were let loose. Sancho bewailed the death of his master, verily believing it would now overtake him between the paws of the lions; he cursed his hard fortune, and the unlucky hour when he again entered into his service. But, notwithstanding his tears and lamentations, he kept urging on his Dapple to get far enough from the cart. The keeper, seeing that the fugitives were at a good distance, repeated his arguments and entreaties, but to no purpose: Don Quixote an-

swered that he heard him, and desired he would trouble himself no more, but immediately obey his commands and open the door.

Whilst the keeper was unbarring the first gate, Don Quixote deliberated within himself whether it would be best to engage on horseback or not; he finally determined it should be on foot, as Rozinante might be terrified at the sight of the lions. He therefore leaped from his horse, flung aside his lance, braced on his shield, and drew his sword; then slowly advancing, with marvellous intrepidity and an undaunted heart, he planted himself before the lion's cage, devoutly commending himself to God, and then to his mistress Dulcinea.

The keeper seeing Don Quixote fixed in his posture, and that he could not avoid letting loose the lion without incurring the resentment of the angry and daring knight, set wide open the door of the first cage, where the monster lay, which appeared to be of an extraordinary size, and of a hideous and frightful aspect. The first thing the creature did was to turn himself round in the cage, reach out a paw, and stretch himself at full length. Then he opened his mouth and yawned very leisurely; after which he threw out some half yard of tongue, wherewith he licked and washed his face. This done, he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared around on all sides with eyes like red-hot coals—a sight to have struck tenderness itself with terror! Don Quixote observed him with fixed attention, impatient for him to leap out of his den, that he might grapple with him and tear him to pieces—to such a height of extravagance was he transported by his unheard-of frenzy! But the generous lion, more gentle than arrogant, taking no notice of his vamping and bravadoes, after having stared about him, turned himself round, and, showing his posteriors to Don Quixote, calmly and quietly laid himself down again in the cage. Upon which Don Quixote ordered the keeper to give him some blows, and provoke him to come forth! “That I will not do,” answered the keeper; “for should I provoke him, I shall be the first whom he will tear to pieces. Be satisfied, Signor Cavalier, with what is done, which is everything in point of courage, and do not tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open to

him and the liberty to come forth; and since he has not yet done so, he will not come out to-day. The greatness of your worship's courage is already sufficiently shown: no brave combatant, as I take it, is bound to do more than to challenge his foe, and await his coming in the field; and if the antagonist does not meet him, the disgrace falls on him, while the challenger is entitled to the crown of victory.”

“That is true,” answered Don Quixote; “shut the door and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have here seen me perform. It should be known that you opened the door to the lion; that I waited for him; that he came not out; again I waited for him; again he came not out; and again he laid himself down. I am bound to no more—enchantments avaunt! So Heaven prosper right and justice, and true chivalry! Shut the door, as I told thee, while I make a signal to the fugitive and absent, that from your own mouth they may have an account of this exploit.”

The keeper closed the door, and Don Quixote, having fixed the linen cloth with which he had wiped the curds from his face upon the point of his lance, began to hail the troop in the distance, who, with the gentleman in green at their head, were still retiring, but looking round at every step, when, suddenly, Sancho observed the signal of the white cloth. “May I be hanged,” cried he, “if my master has not vanquished the wild beasts, for he is calling to us!” They all stopped, and saw that it was Don Quixote that made the sign; their fear in some degree abated, and they ventured to return slowly, till they could distinctly hear the words of Don Quixote, who continued calling to them. When they had reached the cart again, Don Quixote said to the driver, “Now, friend, put on your mules again, and in Heaven's name proceed; and, Sancho, give two crowns to him and the keeper, to make them amends for this delay.” “That I will with all my heart,” answered Sancho; “but what has become of the lions? are they dead or alive?” The keeper then very minutely, and with due pauses, gave an account of the conflict, enlarging, to the best of his skill, on the valor of Don Quixote, at sight of whom the daunted lion would not, or durst not, stir out of the cage, though he had held open the door a good while; and, upon his rep-

resenting to the knight that it was tempting God to provoke the lion, and to force him out, he had at length, very reluctantly, permitted him to close it again. "What sayest thou to this, Sancho?" said Don Quixote; "can any enchantment prevail against true courage? Enchanters may, indeed, deprive me of good fortune, but of courage and resolution they never can." Sancho gave the gold crowns; the carter yoked his mules; the keeper thanked Don Quixote for his present, and promised to relate this valorous exploit to the king himself, when he arrived at court. "If, perchance, his majesty," said Don Quixote, "should inquire who performed it, tell him the Knight of the Lions; for henceforth I resolve that the title I have hitherto borne, of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, shall be thus changed, converted and altered; and herein I follow the ancient practice of knights-errant, who changed their names at pleasure."

OF DON QUIXOTE'S MEETING WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS.

It happened on the following day, near sunset, as they were issuing from a forest, that Don Quixote espied sundry persons at a distance, who, it appeared, as he drew nearer to them, were taking the diversion of hawking; and among them he remarked a gay lady mounted on a palfrey, or milk-white pad, with green furniture and a side-saddle of cloth of silver. Her own attire was also green, and so rich and beautiful that she was elegance itself. On her left hand she carried a hawk; whence Don Quixote conjectured that she must be a lady of high rank, and mistress of the hunting-party (as in truth she was), and therefore he said to his squire, "Hasten, Sancho, and make known to the lady of the palfrey and the hawk that I, the Knight of the Lions, humbly salute her highness, and, with her gracious leave, would be proud to kiss her fair hands and serve her to the utmost of my power and her highness's commands; but take especial care, Sancho, how thou deliverest my message, and be mindful not to interlard thy embassy with any of thy proverbs." "So then," quoth Sancho, "you must quit the interlarder!—but why this to me? as if this, forsooth, were the first

time I had carried messages to high and mighty ladies!" "Excepting that to the Lady Dulcinea!" replied Don Quixote, "I know of none thou hast carried—at least none from me." "That is true," answered Sancho; "but a good paymaster needs no surety; and when there is plenty, dinner is soon dressed: I mean, there is no need of schooling me, for I am prepared for all, and know something of everything." "I believe it, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote: "go, then, and Heaven direct thee."

Sancho set off at a good rate, forcing Dapple out of his usual pace, and went up to the fair huntress; then alighting, and kneeling before her, he said, "Beauteous lady, that knight yonder, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am his squire, Sancho Panza by name. That same Knight of the Lions, lately called the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, sends me to beg your grandeur would be pleased to give leave that, with your liking and good-will, he may approach and accomplish his wishes, which, as he says, and I believe, are no other than to serve your exalted beauty, which, if your ladyship grant, you will do a thing that will redound to the great benefit of your highness, and to him it will be a mighty favor and satisfaction."

"Truly, good squire," answered the lady, "you have delivered your message with all the circumstances which such embassies require. Rise up, I pray, for it is not fit the squire of so renowned a knight as he of the Sorrowful Figure, of whom we have already heard much in these parts, should remain upon his knees. Rise, friend, and desire your master by all means to honor us with his company, that my lord duke and I may pay him our respects at a rural mansion we have here, hard by." Sancho rose up, no less amazed at the lady's beauty than at her affability and courteous deportment, and yet more that her ladyship should have any knowledge of his master, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure! And if she did not give him his true title, he concluded it was because he had assumed it so lately. "Pray," said the duchess (whose title is yet unknown), "is not your master the person of whom there is a history in print, called 'The ingenious gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha,' and who has for the mistress of his affections a certain lady named Dulcinea del Toboso?" "The

very same," answered Sancho; "and that squire of his, called Sancho Panza, who is, or ought to be, spoken of in the same history, am I, unless I was changed in the cradle—I mean in the printing." "I am much delighted by what you tell me," quoth the duchess; "go to your master, good Panza, and give him my invitation and hearty welcome to my house; and tell him that nothing could happen to me which would afford me greater pleasure."

Sancho, overjoyed at this gracious answer, hastened back to his master and repeated to him all that the great lady had said to him; extolling to the skies, in his rustic phrase, her extraordinary beauty and courteous behavior. Don Quixote seated himself handsomely in his saddle, adjusted his vizor, enlivened Rozinante's mettle, and, assuming a polite and stately deportment, advanced to kiss the hand of the duchess. Her grace, in the meantime having called the duke her husband, had already given him an account of the embassy she had just received; and as they had read the first part of this history, and were, therefore, aware of the extravagant humor of Don Quixote, they waited for him with infinite pleasure and the most eager desire to be acquainted with him, determined to indulge his humor to the utmost, and, while he remained with them, to treat him as a knight-errant, with all the ceremonies described in books of chivalry, which they took pleasure in reading.

Don Quixote now arrived, with his beaver up, and signifying his intention to alight, Sancho was hastening to hold his stirrup, but, unfortunately, in dismounting from Dapple, his foot caught in one of the rope-stirrups in such a manner that it was impossible for him to disentangle himself, and he hung by it, with his face and breast on the ground. Don Quixote, who was not accustomed to alight without having his stirrup held, thinking that Sancho was already there to do his office, threw his body off with a swing of his right leg, that brought down Rozinante's saddle; and the girth giving way, both he and the saddle, to his great shame and mortification, came to the ground, where he lay, muttering between his teeth many a heavy execration against the unfortunate Sancho, who was still hanging by the leg. The duke having commanded some of his attendants to relieve the knight and

squire, they raised Don Quixote, who, though much discomposed by his fall, and limping, made an effort to approach and kneel before the lord and lady. The duke, however, would by no means suffer it; on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he immediately went up and embraced him, saying, "I am very sorry, Sir Knight, that such a mischance should happen to you on your first arrival on my domains; but the negligence of squires is often the occasion of even greater disasters." "The moment cannot be unfortunate that introduces me to your highness," replied Don Quixote, "and had my fall been to the centre of the deep abyss, the glory of seeing your highness would have raised me thence. My squire, whom Heaven confound! is better at letting loose his tongue to utter impertinence than at securing a saddle; but whether down or up, on horseback or on foot, I shall always be at the service of your highness, and that of my lady duchess, your worthy consort—the sovereign lady of beauty, and universal princess of all courtesy." "Softly, dear Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha," quoth the duke; "for while the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso exists, no other beauty can be named."

Sancho Panza had now got freed from the noose, and being near, before his master could answer, he said, "It cannot be denied—nay, it must be declared—that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is a rare beauty; but, 'where we are least aware, there starts the hare.' I have heard say that what they call Nature is like a potter who makes earthen vessels, and he who makes one handsome vessel may also make two, and three, and a hundred. This I say, because, by my faith, her highness there comes not a whit behind my mistress, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote here turned to the duchess, and said, "I assure your grace, never any knight-errant in the world had a more conceited and troublesome prater for his squire than I have: of this he will give ample proof, if it please your highness to accept of my service for some days." "I am glad to hear that my friend Sancho is conceited," replied the duchess; "it is a sign he has good sense: for wit and gay conceits, as you well know, Signor Don Quixote, proceed not from dull heads; and, since you acknowledge that Sancho has

wit and pleasantry, I shall henceforth pronounce him to be wise—" "And a prater," added Don Quixote. "So much the better," said the duke; "for many good things cannot be expressed in a few words; and that we may not throw away all our time upon them, come on, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure." "Of the Lions, your highness should say," quoth Sancho; "the Sorrowful Figure is no more." "Of the Lions, then, let it be," continued the duke. "I say, come on, Sir Knight of the Lions, to a castle of mine hard by, where you shall be received in a manner suitable to a person of your distinction, and as the duchess and I are accustomed to receive all knights-errant who honor us with their society."

Sancho having by this time adjusted and well girthed Rozinante's saddle, Don Quixote remounted, and thus he and the duke, who rode a stately courser, with the duchess between them, proceeded towards the castle. The duchess requested Sancho to be near her, being mightily pleased with his arch observations: nor did Sancho require much entreaty, but, joining the other three, made a fourth in the conversation, to the great satisfaction of the duke and duchess, who looked upon themselves as highly fortunate in having to introduce such guests to their castle, and the prospect of enjoying the company of such a knight-errant and such an errant squire.

Now the history relates that, before they came to the rural mansion or castle of the duke, his highness rode on before, and gave directions to his servants in what manner they were to behave to Don Quixote; therefore, when he arrived with the duchess at the castle-gate, there immediately issued out two lacqueys or grooms, clad in a kind of robe or gown of fine crimson satin reaching to their feet; taking Don Quixote in their arms they privately said to him, "Go, great sir, and assist our lady the duchess to alight."

The knight accordingly hastened to offer his services, which, after much ceremony and many compliments, her grace positively declined, saying that she would not alight from her palfrey but into the duke's arms, as she did not think herself worthy to charge so great a knight with so unprofitable a burden. At length the duke came out and lifted her from her horse; and on their entering into a large inner court of the castle, two beautiful

damsels advanced and threw over Don Quixote's shoulders a large mantle of the finest scarlet, and in an instant all the galleries of the court-yard were crowded with men and women, the domestic household of his grace, crying aloud, "Welcome the flower and cream of knights-errant!" Then they sprinkled whole bottles of sweet-scented waters upon the knight, and also upon the duke and duchess: all which Don Quixote observed with surprise and pleasure, being now, for the first time, thoroughly convinced that he was a true knight, and no imaginary one, since he was treated just like the knights-errant of former times.

Don Quixote ascended the great stairs, and was conducted into a spacious hall, sumptuously hung with cloth of gold and rich brocade. Six damsels attended to take off his armor and serve as pages, all tutored by the duke and duchess in their behavior towards him, in order to confirm his delusion. Don Quixote, being now unarmed, remained in his straight breeches and chamois doublet, lean, tall and stiff, with his cheeks shrunk into his head, making such a figure that the damsels who waited on him had much difficulty to restrain their mirth, and observe in his presence that decorum which had been strictly enjoined by their lord and lady. They begged that he would suffer himself to be undressed, for the purpose of changing his linen; but he would by no means consent, saying that modesty was as becoming a knight-errant as courage. However, he bade them give the shirt to Sancho; and, retiring with him to an apartment where there was a rich bed, he pulled off his clothes, and there put it on.

Don Quixote then dressed himself, girded on his sword, threw the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, put on a green satin cap which the damsels had given him, and, thus equipped, marched out into the great saloon, where he found the damsels drawn up on each side in two equal ranks, and all of them provided with an equipage for washing his hands, which they administered with many reverences and much ceremony. Then came twelve pages, with the majordomo, to conduct him to dinner, the lord and lady being now waiting for him; having placed him in the midst of them with great pomp and ceremony, they proceeded to another hall, where a rich table was spread out

with four covers only. The duke and duchess came to the door to receive him, accompanied by a grave ecclesiastic—one of those who govern great men's houses—one of those who, not being nobly born themselves, are unable to direct the conduct of those who are so: who would have the liberality of the great measured by the narrowness of their own souls, making those whom they govern penurious, under the pretence of teaching them to be prudent. One of this species was the grave ecclesiastic who came out with the duke to receive Don Quixote. After a thousand courtly compliments mutually interchanged, Don Quixote advanced towards the table, between the duke and duchess. On preparing to seat themselves, they offered the upper end to Don Quixote, who would have declined it but for the pressing importunities of the duke. The ecclesiastic seated himself opposite to the knight, and the duke and duchess on each side.

Sancho was present all the while, in amazement to see the honor paid by those great people to his master: and whilst the numerous entreaties and ceremonies were passing between the duke and Don Quixote, before he would sit down at the head of the table, he said, "With your honor's leave I will tell you a story of what happened in our town about seats." Don Quixote immediately began to tremble, not doubting that he was going to say something absurd. Sancho observed him, and, understanding his looks, he said, "Be not afraid, sir, of my breaking loose, or saying anything that is not pat to the purpose. I have not forgotten the advice your worship gave me awhile ago about talking much or little, well or ill." "I remember nothing, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "say what thou wilt, so thou sayest it quickly." "What I would say," quoth Sancho, "is very true, for my master Don Quixote, who is present, will not suffer me to lie." "Lie as much as thou wilt for me, Sancho," replied Don Quixote: "I shall not hinder thee; but take heed what thou art going to say." "I have heeded it over and over again, so that it is as safe as if I had the game in my hand, as you shall presently see." "Your graces will do well," said Don Quixote, "to order this blockhead to retire, that you may get rid of his troublesome folly." "By the life of the duke,"

quoth the duchess, "Sancho shall not stir a jot from me: I have a great regard for him, and am assured of his discretion." "Many happy years may your highness live," quoth Sancho, "for the good opinion you have of me, little as I deserve it. But the tale I would tell is this:

"A certain gentleman of our town, very rich, and of a good family—for he was descended from the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married Donna Mencía de Quinones, who was daughter to Don Alonzo de Marañon, knight of the Order of St. James, the same that was drowned in the Herradura, about whom the quarrel happened in our town, in which it was said my master Don Quixote had a hand, and Tommy, the mad-cap son of Balvastro the blacksmith, was hurt—pray, good master of mine, is not all this true? Speak, I beseech you, that their worship may not take me for some lying prater." "As yet," said the ecclesiastic, "I take you rather for a prater than for a liar; but I know not what I shall next take you for." "Thou hast produced so many witnesses and so many proofs," said Don Quixote, "that I cannot say but thou mayest probably be speaking truth; but for heaven's sake shorten thy story, or it will last these two days." "He shall shorten nothing," quoth the duchess: "and, to please me, he shall tell it his own way, although he were not to finish these six days; and, should it last so long, they would be to me days of delight."

"I must tell you, then," proceeded Sancho, "that this same gentleman—whom I know as well as I do my right hand from my left, for it is not a bow-shot from my house to his—invited a husbandman to dine with him—a poor man, but mainly honest." "On, friend," said the chaplain, "for at the rate you proceed, your tale will not reach its end till you reach the other world." "I shall stop," replied Sancho, "before I get half-way thither, if it please Heaven. This same farmer, coming to the house of the gentleman his inviter—God rest his soul! for he is dead and gone; and, moreover, died like an angel, as it is said, for I was not by myself, being at that time gone a reaping to Tembleque—" "Prithee, son," said the ecclesiastic, "come back quickly from Tembleque, and stay not to bury the gentleman, unless you are determined

upon more burials; pray make an end to your tale." "The business, then," quoth Sancho, "was this: they being ready to sit down to table—methinks I see them plainer than ever." The duke and duchess were highly diverted at the impatience of the good ecclesiastic, and at the length and pauses of Sancho's tale; but Don Quixote was almost suffocated with rage and vexation. "I say, then," quoth Sancho, "that as they were both standing before the dinner-table, just ready to sit down, the farmer insisted that the gentleman should take the upper end of the table, and the gentleman as positively pressed the farmer to take it, saying he ought to be master in his own house. But the countryman, piquing himself upon his good breeding, still refused to comply, till the gentleman, losing all patience, laid both his hands upon the farmer's shoulders, and made him sit down by main force, saying, 'Sit thee down, clodpole! for in whatever place I am seated that is the upper end to thee.' This is my tale, and truly I think it comes in here pretty much to the purpose."

The natural brown of Don Quixote's face was flushed with anger and shame at Sancho's insinuations, so that the duke and duchess, seeing his distress, endeavored to restrain their laughter; and to prevent further impertinence from Sancho, the duchess asked Don Quixote what news he had last received of the Lady Dulcinea, and whether he had lately sent her any presents of giants or caitiffs, since he must certainly have vanquished many. "Alas, madam!" answered he, "my misfortunes have had a beginning, but they will never have an end. Giants I have conquered, and robbers, and wicked caitiffs, and many have I sent to the mistress of my soul; but where should they find her, transformed as she now is into the homeliest rustic wench that the imagination ever conceived?" "I know not, sir, how that can be," quoth Sancho, "for to me she appeared the most beautiful creature in the world: at least for nimbleness, or in a kind of spring she has with her, I am sure no stage tumbler can go beyond her. In good faith, my lady duchess, she springs from the ground upon an ass as if she were a cat." "Have you seen her enchanted, Sancho?" quoth the duke. "Seen her!" answered Sancho; "who the devil was it but I that

first hit upon the business of her enchantment? Yes, she is as much enchanted as my father."

The ecclesiastic, when he heard talk of giants, caitiffs, and enchantments, began to suspect that this must be the Don Quixote de la Mancha whose history the duke was often reading; and he had as frequently reproved him for so doing, telling him it was idle to read such fooleries. Being assured of the truth of his suspicion, with much indignation he said to the duke, "Your excellency will be accountable to Heaven for the actions of this poor man; this Don Quixote, or Don Coxcomb, or whatever you are pleased to call him, cannot be quite so mad as your excellency would make him by thus encouraging his extravagant fancies." Then turning to Don Quixote, he said, "And you, Signor Addeplate, who has thrust it into your brain that you are a knight-errant, and that you vanquish giants and robbers? Go, get you home in a good hour, and in such you are now admonished; return to your family, and look to your children, if you have any: mind your affairs, and cease to be a vagabond about the world, sucking the wind, and drawing on yourself the derision of all that know you or know you not. Where, with a murrain, have you ever found that there are, or ever were, in the world such creatures as knights-errant? Where are there giants in Spain, or caitiffs in La Mancha, or enchanted Dulcineas, or all the rabble rout of follies that are told of you?" Don Quixote was very attentive to the words of the reverend gentleman, and finding that he was now silent, regardless of the respect due to the duke and duchess, up he started, with indignation and fury in his looks, and said—but his answer deserves a chapter to itself.

OF THE ANSWER DON QUIXOTE GAVE
TO HIS REPROVER; WITH OTHER GRAVE
AND PLEASING EVENTS.

Springing to his feet, Don Quixote, trembling like quicksilver from head to foot, in an agitated voice said, "The place where I am, and the presence of the noble personages before whom I stand, as well as the respect which I have even entertained for your profession, restrain my just

indignation; for these reasons, and because I know, as all the world knows, that the weapons of gownsmen, like those of women, are their tongues, with the same weapon, in equal combat, I will engage your reverence, from whom good counsel might have been expected, rather than scurrility. Charitable and wholesome reproof requires a different language; at least it must be owned that reproach so public, as well as rude, exceeds the bounds of decent reprehension. Mildness, sir, would have been better than asperity; but was it either just or decent, at once, and without knowledge of the fault, plainly to proclaim the offender madman and idiot? Tell me, I beseech your reverence, for which of the follies you have observed in me do you thus condemn and revile me, desiring me to go home and take care of my house and of my wife and children, without knowing whether I have either! What! is there nothing more to do, then, but to boldly enter into other men's houses, and govern the masters, for a poor pedagogue, who never saw more of the world than twenty or thirty leagues around him, rashly to presume to give laws to chivalry and pass judgments upon knights-errant? Is it, forsooth, idleness, or time misspent, to range the world, not seeking its pleasures, but its hardships, through which good men aspire to the seat of immortality? If men, high born and of liberal minds, were to proclaim me a madman, I should regard it as an irreparable affront; but to be esteemed a fool by pedants who never trod the path of chivalry, I value it not a rush. A knight I am, and a knight I will die, if it be Heaven's good-will. Some choose the spacious field of proud ambition: others the mean path of servile and base flattery; some seek the way of deceitful hypocrisy, and others that of true religion; but I, directed by the star that rules my fate, take the narrow path of knight-errantry, despising wealth, but thirsting for honor. I have redressed grievances, righted wrongs, chastised insolence, vanquished giants, and trampled upon hobgoblins: I am enamored—for knights-errant must be so; but I am conscious of no licentious passion—my love is of the chaste Platonic kind. My intentions are always directed to virtuous ends—to do good to all and injury to none. Whether he who thus means, thus acts, and thus

lives, deserves to be called fool, let your highnesses judge, most excellent duke and duchess."

"Well said, i'faith!" quoth Sancho. "Say no more for yourself, good lord and master, for there is nothing more in the world to be said, thought, or done. And besides, this gentleman denying, as he has denied, that there either are, or ever were, knights-errant, no wonder if he knows nothing of what he has been talking about." "So, then," said the ecclesiastic, "you, I suppose, are the Sancho Panza they talk of, to whom it is said, your master has promised an island?" "I am that Sancho," replied the squire, "and deserve it too, as well as any other whatever. Of such as I it is said, 'Keep company with the good, and thou wilt be one of them;' and 'Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed;' and, 'He that leaneth against a good tree, a good shelter findeth he.' I have leaned and stuck close to a good master these many months, and shall be such another as he, if it be God's good pleasure; and if he lives, and I live, neither shall he want kingdoms to rule, nor I islands to govern."

"That you shall not, friend Sancho," said the duke, "for in the name of Signor Don Quixote I promise you the government of one of mine now vacant, and of no inconsiderable value."

"Kneel, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and kiss his excellency's feet, for the favor he has done thee." Sancho did so, upon which the ecclesiastic got up from the table in great wrath, saying, "By the habit I wear, I could find in my heart to say that your excellency is as simple as these sinners; no wonder they are mad, since wise men authorize their follies! Your excellency may stay with them if you please; but while they are in this house I will remain in my own, and save myself the trouble of reproving where I cannot amend." Then, without saying another word, and leaving his meal unfinished, away he went, in spite of the entreaties of the duke and duchess, though, indeed, the duke could not say much, through laughter at his foolish petulance.

As soon as his laughter would allow him, the duke said to Don Quixote, "Sir Knight of the Lions, you have answered so well for yourself and your profession, that you can require no further satisfac-

tion of the angry clergyman, as it was impossible for him to affront a person of your character." "It is true, my lord," answered Don Quixote; "whoever cannot receive an affront cannot give one. Women, children, and churchmen, as they cannot defend themselves if attacked, so they cannot be affronted, because there is this difference between an injury and an affront: an affront must come from a person who not only gives it, but who can maintain it when it is given; an injury may come from any hand." "Signor Don Quixote," said the duchess, "is the very cream of complaisance and the flower of ceremony. Well may it fare with such a master and such a man!—the one the polar star of knight-errantry, and the other the bright luminary of squire-like fidelity! Friend Sancho, be assured I will reward your courtesy by prevailing with my lord duke to hasten the performance of the promise he has made you of a government."

CONTAINING THE INSTRUCTIONS WHICH DON QUIXOTE GAVE TO SANCHE PANZA BEFORE HE WENT TO HIS GOVERNMENT; AND WITH OTHER WELL-CONSIDERED MATTERS.

The duke and duchess were encouraged to proceed with other projects, seeing that there was nothing too extravagant for the credulity of the knight and squire. The necessary orders were accordingly issued to their servants and vassals with regard to their behavior towards Sancho in his government of the promised island. The day after the flight of Clavileno, the duke bid Sancho prepare and get himself in readiness to assume his office, for his islanders were already wishing for him as for rain in May. Sancho made a low bow, and said, "Ever since my journey to Heaven, when I looked down and saw the earth so very small, my desire to be a governor has partly cooled; for what mighty matter is it to command on a spot no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed? Where is the majesty and pomp of governing half a dozen creatures no bigger than hazel-nuts? If your lordship will be pleased to offer me some small portion of Heaven, though it be but half a league, I would jump at it sooner than for the largest island in the world."

"Look you, friend Sancho," answered the duke, "I can give away no part of Heaven, not even a nail's breadth; for God has reserved to Himself the disposal of such favors; but what it is in my power to give, I give you with all my heart; and the island I now present to you is ready made, round and sound, well proportioned, and above measure fruitful, and where, by good management, you may yourself, with the riches of the earth, purchase an inheritance in Heaven." "Well, then," answered Sancho, "let this island be forthcoming, and it shall go hard with me but I will be such a governor that, in spite of rogues, Heaven will take me in. Nor is it out of covetousness that I forsake my humble cottage and aspire to greater things, but the desire I have to taste what it is to be a governor." "If once you taste it, Sancho," quoth the duke, "you will lick your fingers after it; so sweet it is to command and be obeyed. And certain I am when your master becomes an emperor, of which there is no doubt, as matters proceed so well, it would be impossible to wrest his power from him, and his only regret will be that he had it not sooner." "Faith, sir, you are in the right," quoth Sancho; "it is pleasant to govern, though it be but a flock of sheep." "Let me be buried with you, Sancho," replied the duke, "if you know not something of everything, and I doubt not you will prove a pearl of a governor. But enough of this for the present; to-morrow you surely depart for your island, and this evening you shall be fitted with suitable apparel, and with all things necessary for your appointment." "Clothe me as you will," said Sancho, "I shall still be Sancho Panza." "That is true," said the duke; "but the garb should always be suitable to the office and rank of the wearer. For a lawyer to be habited like a soldier, or a soldier like a priest, would be preposterous; and you, Sancho, must be clad partly like a scholar, and partly like a soldier, as, in the office you will hold, arms and learning are united." "As for learning," replied Sancho, "I have not much of that, for I hardly know my A B C; but to be a good governor it will be enough that I am able to make my Christ-cross; and as to arms, I shall handle such as are given me till I fall, and so God help me." "With so good an inten-

tion," quoth the duke, "Sancho cannot do wrong." At this time Don Quixote came up to them, and hearing how soon Sancho was to depart to his government, he took him by the hand, and, with the duke's leave, led him to his chamber, in order to give him some advice respecting his conduct in office; and, having entered, he shut the door, and, almost by force, made Sancho sit down by him, and with much solemnity addressed him in these words:

"I am thankful to Heaven, friend Sancho, that even before fortune has crowned my hopes prosperity has gone forth to meet thee. I, who had trusted in my own success for the reward of thy services, am still but on the road to advancement, whilst thou, prematurely, and before all reasonable expectation, art come into full possession of thy wishes. Some must bribe, importune, solicit, attend early, pray, persist, and yet do not obtain what they desire; whilst another comes, and, without knowing how, jumps at once into the preferment for which so many had sued in vain. It is truly said that 'merit does much, but fortune more.' Thou, who in respect to me art but a very simpleton, without either early rising or late watching, without labor of body or mind, by the air alone of knight-errantry breathing on thee, findest thyself the governor of an island, as if it were a trifle, a thing of no account!

"All this I say, friend Sancho, that thou mayest not ascribe the favor done thee to thine own merit, but give thanks, first to Heaven, which disposeth things so kindly; and, in the next place, acknowledge with gratitude the inherent grandeur of the profession of knight-errantry. Thy heart being disposed to believe what I have now said to thee, be attentive, my son, to me, thy Cato, who will be thy counsellor, thy north star, and thy guide, to conduct thee safe into port, out of that tempestuous sea upon which thou art going to embark, and where thou wilt be in danger of being swallowed up in the gulf of confusion.

"First, my son, fear God, for to fear Him is wisdom; and, being wise, thou canst not err.

"Secondly, consider what thou art, and endeavor to know thyself, which is the most difficult study of all others. The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee

from vanity, and the fate of the frog that foolishly vied with the ox will serve thee as a caution; the recollection, too, of having been formerly a swineherd in thine own country will be to thee, in the loftiness of thy pride, like the ugly feet of the peacock." "It is true," said Sancho, "that I once kept swine; but I was only a boy then: when I grew towards man I looked after geese, and not hogs. But this, methinks, is nothing to the purpose; for all governors are not descended from kings." "That I grant," replied Don Quixote; "and therefore those who have not the advantage of noble descent should fail not to grace the dignity of the office they bear with gentleness and modesty, which, when accompanied with discretion, will silence those murmurs which few situations in life can escape.

"Conceal not the meanness of thy family, nor think it disgraceful to be descended from peasants; for, when it is seen that thou art not thyself ashamed, none will endeavor to make thee so; and deem it more meritorious to be a virtuous humble man than a lofty sinner. Infinite is the number of those who, born of low extraction, have risen to the highest dignities, both in church and state; and of this truth I could tire thee with examples.

"Remember, Sancho, if thou takest virtue for the rule of life, and valuest thyself upon acting in all things conformably thereto, thou wilt have no cause to envy lords and princes; for blood is inherited, but virtue is a common property, and may be acquired by all; it has, moreover, an intrinsic worth which blood has not. This being so, if peradventure any one of thy kindred visit thee in thy government, do not slight or affront him; but receive, cherish and make much of him; for in so doing thou wilt please God, who allows none of his creatures to be despised; and thou wilt also manifest therein a well-disposed nature.

"If thou takest thy wife with thee (and it is not well for those who are appointed to governments to be long separated from their families), teach, instruct and polish her from her natural rudeness; for it often happens that all the consideration a wise governor can acquire is lost by an ill-bred and foolish woman.

"If thou shouldst become a widower (an event which is possible), and thy sta-

tion entitles thee to a better match, seek not one to serve thee for a hook and angling-rod, or a friar's hood to receive alms in;* for, believe me, whatever the judge's wife receives, the husband must account for at the general judgment, and shall be made to pay fourfold for all that of which he has rendered no account during his life.

"Be not under the dominion of thine own will: it is the vice of the ignorant, who vainly presume on their own understanding.

"Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, but not more justice, from thee than the applications of the wealthy.

"Be equally solicitous to sift out the truth amidst the presents and promises of the rich, and the sighs and entreaties of the poor.

"Whenever equity may justly temper the rigor of the law, let not the whole force of it bear upon the delinquent; for it is better that a judge should lean on the side of compassion than severity.

"If perchance the scales of justice be not correctly balanced, let the error be imputable to pity, not to gold.

"If perchance the cause of thine enemy come before thee, forget thy injuries, and think only on the merits of the case.

"Let not private affection blind thee in another man's cause; for the errors thou shalt thereby commit are often without remedy, and at the expense both of thy reputation and fortune.

"When a beautiful woman comes before thee to demand justice, consider maturely the nature of her claim, without regarding either her tears or her sighs, unless thou wouldst expose thy judgment to the danger of being lost in the one, and thy integrity in the other.

"Reville not with words him whom thou hast to correct with deeds: the punishment which the unhappy wretch is doomed to suffer is sufficient, without the addition of abusive language.

"When the criminal stands before thee, recollect the frail and depraved nature of man, and, as much as thou canst, without injustice to the suffering party, show

pity and clemency; for though the attributes of God are all equally adorable, yet His mercy is more shining and attractive in our eyes than His justice.

"If, Sancho, thou observest these precepts, thy days will be long and thy fame eternal, thy recompense full, and thy felicity unspeakable. Thou shalt marry thy children to thy heart's content, and they and thy grandchildren shall want neither honors nor titles. Beloved by all men, thy days shall pass in peace and tranquillity; and when the inevitable period comes, death shall steal on thee in a good and venerable old age, and thy grandchildren's children, with their tender and pious hands, shall close thine eyes.

"The advice I have just given thee, Sancho, regards the good and ornament of thy mind; now listen to the directions I have to give concerning thy person and deportment."

OF THE SECOND SERIES OF INSTRUCTIONS DON QUIXOTE GAVE TO SANCHE PANZA.

Who that has duly considered Don Quixote's instructions to his squire would not have taken him for a person of singular intelligence and discretion? But, in truth, as it has often been said in the progress of this great history, he raved only on the subject of chivalry; on all others he manifested a sound and discriminating understanding; wherefore his judgment and his actions appeared continually at variance. But, in these second instructions given to Sancho, which showed much ingenuity, his wisdom and frenzy are both singularly conspicuous.

During the whole of this private conference, Sancho listened to his master with great attention, and endeavored so to register his counsel in his mind that he might thereby be enabled to bear the burden of government, and acquit himself honorably. Don Quixote now proceeded:

"As to the regulation of thine own person and domestic concerns," said he, "in the first place, Sancho, I enjoin thee to be cleanly in all things. Keep the nails of thy fingers constantly and neatly pared, nor suffer them to grow as some do, who ignorantly imagine that long nails beautify the hand, and account the excess of that excrement simply a finger-nail,

*An allusion to the proverb, "*No quiero, mas echad-melo en mi capilla*;" that is, "I will not, but throw it into my hood." It is applied to the begging friars, who refuse to take money, but suffer it to be thrown into their hoods.

whereas it is rather the talon of the lizard-hunting kestrel—a foul and unsightly object.

“Go not loose and unbuttoned, Sancho; for a slovenly dress betokens a careless mind; or, as in the case of Julius Cæsar, it may be attributed to cunning.

“Examine prudently the income of thy office, and, if it will afford thee to give liveries to thy servants, give them such as are decent and lasting, rather than gaudy and modish; and what thou shalt thus save in thy servants bestow on the poor; so shalt thou have attendants both in Heaven and earth—a provision which our vainglorious great never think of.

“Eat neither garlic nor onions, lest the smell betray thy rusticity. Walk with gravity, and speak deliberately, but not so as to seem to be listening to thyself; for affectation is odious.

“Eat little at dinner and less at supper; for the health of the whole body is tempered in the laboratory of the stomach.

“Drink with moderation; for inebriety never keeps a secret nor performs a promise.

“Take heed, Sancho, not to chew on both sides of thy mouth at once, and by no means to eruct before company.” “I know not what you mean by *eruct*,” quoth Sancho. “To eruct,” said Don Quixote, “means to belch—a filthy, though very significant word; and therefore the polite, instead of saying ‘belch,’ make use of the word ‘eruct,’ which is borrowed from the Latin; and from belchings they say ‘eructations;’ and though it is true that some do not yet understand these terms, it matters not much, for in time, by use and custom, their meaning will be known to all; and it is by such innovations that languages are enriched.” “By my faith, sir,” quoth Sancho, “I shall bear in mind this counsel about not belching, for, in truth, I am hugely given to it.” “*Eructing*, Sancho, not belching,” said Don Quixote. “Eructing it shall be henceforward,” quoth Sancho, “and, egad, I shall never forget it.”

“In the next place, Sancho, do not intermix in thy discourse such a multitude of proverbs as thou wert wont to do; for, though proverbs are concise and pithy sentences, thou dost so often drag them in by the head and shoulders, that they seem rather the maxims of folly than of wisdom.” “Heaven alone can remedy

that,” quoth Sancho; “for I know more than a handful of proverbs, and when I talk they crowd so thick into my mouth that they quarrel which shall get out first; so out they come hap-hazard, and no wonder if they should sometimes not be very pat to the purpose. But I will take heed in future to utter only such as become the gravity of my place; for ‘in a plentiful house supper is soon dressed;’ ‘he that cuts does not deal;’ and, ‘with the repique in hand the game is sure;’ ‘he is no fool who can both spend and spare.’”

“So, so! there, out with them, Sancho,” quoth Don Quixote; “spare them not;—my mother whips me and I still tear on. While I am warning thee from the prodigal use of proverbs, thou pourest upon me a whole litany of them, as fitting to the present purpose as if thou hadst sung, ‘Hey down derry!’ Attend to me, Sancho. I do not say a proverb is amiss when aptly and seasonably applied; but to be forever discharging them, right or wrong, hit or miss, renders conversation insipid and vulgar.

“When thou art on horseback, do not throw thy body backward over the crupper, nor stretch thy legs out stiff and straddling from the horse’s belly; neither let them hang dangling, as if thou wert still upon Dapple; for by their deportment and air on horseback gentlemen are distinguished from grooms.

“Let thy sleep be moderate; for he who rises not with the sun enjoys not the day; and remember, Sancho, that diligence is the mother of good fortune, and that sloth, her adversary, never arrived at the attainment of a good wish.

“At this time I have but one more admonition to give thee, which, though it concerns not thy person, it is well worthy of thy careful remembrance. It is this—never undertake to decide contests concerning lineage, or the pre-eminence of families; since, in the comparison, one must of necessity have the advantage, and he whom thou hast humbled will hate thee, and he who is preferred will not reward thee.

“As for thy dress, wear breeches and hose, a long coat, and a cloak somewhat longer; but for trousers or trunk-hose, think not of them: they are not becoming either gentlemen or governors.

“This is all the advice, friend Sancho, that occurs to me at present; hereafter

as occasions offer, my instructions will be ready, provided thou art mindful to inform me of the state of thy affairs."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "I see very well that all your worship has told me is wholesome and profitable; but what shall I be the better for it if I cannot keep it in my head? It is true I shall not easily forget what you said about paring my nails, and marrying again if the opportunity offered; but as for your other quirks and quillies, I protest they have already gone out of my head as clean as last year's clouds; and therefore let me have them in writing; for, though I cannot read them myself, I will give them to my confessor, that he may repeat and drive them into me in time of need."

"Heaven defend me!" said Don Quixote, "How scurvy doth it look in a governor to be unable to read or write! Indeed, Sancho, I must needs tell thee that when a man has not been taught to read, or is left-handed, it argues that his parentage was very low, or that in early life he was so indocile and perverse that his teachers could beat nothing good into him. Truly, this is a great defect in thee, and therefore I would have thee learn to write, if it were only thy name." "That I can do already," quoth Sancho; "for when I was steward of the Brotherhood in our village, I learned to make certain marks like those upon wool-packs, which, they told me, stood for my name. But, at the worst, I can feign a lameness in my right hand, and get another to sign for me: there is a remedy for everything but death; and, having the staff in my hand, I can do what I please. Besides, as your worship knows, he whose father is mayor*—and I, being governor, am, I trow, something more than mayor. Aye, aye, let them come that list, and play at bo-peep—aye, flier and backbite me; but they may come for wool, and go back shorn; 'his home is savory whom God loves';—besides, 'the rich man's blunders pass current for wise maxims'; so that I being a governor, and therefore wealthy, and bountiful to boot—as I intend to be—nobody will see any blemish in me. No, no, 'let the clown daub himself with honey, and he will never want flies.' 'As much as you have, just so much are you worth,' said my grandam; 'revenge your-

self upon the rich who can.' " Heaven confound thee!" exclaimed Don Quixote; "sixty thousand devils take thee and thy proverbs! This hour or more thou hast been stringing thy musty wares, poisoning and torturing me without mercy. Take my word for it, these proverbs will one day bring thee to the gallows; they will surely provoke thy people to rebellion! Where dost thou find them? How shouldst thou apply them, idiot? for I toil and sweat as if I were delving the ground to utter but one, and apply it properly."

"Before Heaven, master of mine," replied Sancho, "your worship complains of very trifles. Why, in the devil's name, are you angry that I make use of my own goods? for other stock I have none, nor any stock but proverbs upon proverbs: and just now I have four ready to pop out, all pat and fitting as pears in a panner—but I am dumb; Silence is my name."* "Then art thou vilely mis-called," quoth Don Quixote, "being an eternal blabber. Nevertheless, I would fain know these four proverbs that come so pat to the purpose; for I have been rummaging my own memory, which is no bad one, but for the soul of me can find none." "Can there be better," quoth Sancho, "than—'Never venture your fingers between two eye-teeth'; and with 'Get out of my house—what would you have with my wife?' there is no arguing; and, 'Whether the pitcher hits the stone, or the stone hits the pitcher, it goes ill with the pitcher.' All these, your worship must see, fit to a hair. Let no one meddle with the governor or his deputy, or he will come off the worst, like him who claps his finger between two eye-teeth, and, though they are not eye-teeth, 'tis enough if they be but teeth. To what a governor says there is no replying, any more than to 'Get out of my house—what business have you with my wife?' Then as to the stone and the pitcher—a blind man may see that. So he who points to the mote in another man's eye should first look to the beam in his own, that it may not be said of him, 'The dead woman was afraid of her that was flayed.' Besides, your worship knows well that the fool knows more in his own house than the wise in that of another."

"Not so, Sancho," answered Don

* The entire proverb is, "He whose father is mayor goes safe to his trial."

* The proverb is, "To keep silence well is called *Santo*."

Quixote; "the fool knows nothing, either in his own or any other house; for knowledge is not to be erected upon so bad a foundation as folly. But here let it rest, Sancho, for if thou governest ill, though the fault will be thine, the shame will be mine. However, I am comforted in having given thee the best counsel in my power; and therein having done my duty, I am acquitted both of my obligation and promise: so God speed thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from the fears I entertain that thou wilt turn the whole island topsy-turvy!—which, indeed, I might prevent by letting the duke know what thou art, and telling him that all that paunch-gut and little carcass of thine is nothing but a sack full of proverbs and impertinence."

"Look you, sir," replied Sancho, "if your worship thinks I am not fit for this government I renounce it from this time; for I have more regard for a single nail's-breadth of my soul than for my whole body; and plain Sancho can live as well upon bread and onions as governor Sancho upon capon and partridge. Besides, sleep makes us all alike, great and small, rich and poor. Call to mind, too, who first put this whim of governor into my head—who was it but yourself? for, alack! I know no more about governing islands than a bustard; and if you fancy that, in case I should be a governor, the devil will have me—in God's name, let me rather go to Heaven plain Sancho than a governor to the other place." "Before Heaven, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "for those last words of thine I think that thou deservest to be governor of a thousand islands. Thou hast a good disposition, without which knowledge is of no value. Pray to God, and endeavor not to err in thy intention; I mean, let it ever be thy unshaken purpose and design to do right in whatever business occurs; for Heaven constantly favors a good intention. And now let us go to dinner, for I believe their highnesses wait for us."

Don Quixote, in the evening of the day in which Sancho had received his admonitions, gave him a copy of them in writing, that he might get them read to him occasionally; but they were no sooner delivered to Sancho than he dropped them, and they fell into the duke's hands, who communicated them to the duchess,

and both were again surprised at the good sense and madness of Don Quixote. That very evening, in prosecution of their merry project, they despatched Sancho, with a large retinue, to the place which to him was to be an island. The person who had the management of the business was steward to the duke; a man of much humor, and who had, besides, a good understanding—indeed, without that there can be no true pleasantry. He it was who had already personated the Countess Trifaldi in the manner before related; and, being so well qualified, and likewise so well tutored by his lord and lady as to his behavior towards Sancho, no wonder he performed his part to admiration. Now, it so happened that the moment Sancho cast his eyes upon the same steward, he fancied he saw the very face of the Trifaldi; and, on turning to his master, "The devil fetch me for an honest man and a true believer," said he, "if your worship will not own that the face of this steward is the very same as that of the afflicted lady."

Don Quixote looked at the steward very earnestly, and, after having reviewed him from head to foot, he said, "There is no need, Sancho, of giving thyself to the devil either for thy honesty or faith; for, though I know not thy meaning, I plainly see the steward's face is similar to that of the afflicted lady; yet is the steward not the afflicted lady, for that would imply a palpable contradiction, which, were we now to examine and inquire into, would only involve us in doubts and difficulties that might be still more inexplicable. Believe me, friend, it is our duty earnestly to pray that we may be protected from the wicked wizards and enchanters that infest us." "Egad, sir, it is no jesting matter," quoth Sancho, "for I heard him speak just now, and methought the very voice of Madam Trifaldi sounded in my ears. But I say nothing—only I shall keep my eye upon him, and time will show whether I am right or wrong." "Do so, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "and fail not to give me advice of all thou mayest discover in this affair, and of all that happens to thee in thy government."

At length Sancho set out with a numerous train. He was dressed like one of the long robe, wearing a loose gown of sad-colored camlet, and a cap of the same. He was mounted upon a mule, which he

rode ginetà fashion, and behind him, by the duke's order, was led his Dapple adorned with shining trappings of silk ; which so delighted Sancho that every now and then he turned his head to look upon him, and thought himself so happy that he would not have changed conditions with the Emperor of Germany. On taking leave of the duke and duchess, he kissed their hands ; at the same time he received his master's blessing, not without tears on both sides.

HOW THE GREAT SANCHE PANZA TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS ISLAND, AND OF THE MANNER OF HIS BEGINNING TO GOVERN IT.

O thou ceaseless discoverer of the antipodes, torch of the world, eye of Heaven, and sweet cause of earthen wine-coolers ; * here Thymbrus, there Phœbus ; here archer, there physician, father of poesy, inventor of music ; thou who always risest, and, though thou seemest to do so, never settest : to thee I speak, O sun ! thee I invoke to favor and enlighten the obscurity of my genius, that I may be able punctually to describe the government of the great Sancho Panza ; without thee I find myself indolent, dispirited and confused !

Sancho, then, with all his attendants, arrived at a town containing about a thousand inhabitants, which was one of the largest and best the duke had. They gave him to understand that it was called the island of Barataria, either because Barataria was really the name of the place, or because he obtained the government of it at so cheap a rate. On his arrival near the gates of the town, which was walled about, the municipal officers came out to receive him. The bells rung, and, with all the demonstrations of a general joy, and a great deal of pomp, the people conducted him to the great church to give thanks to God. Presently after, with certain ridiculous ceremonies, they presented him the keys of the town, and constituted him perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. The garb, the

beard, the thickness and shortness of the new governor, surprised all who were not in the secret, and, indeed, those who were, who were not a few. In fine, as soon as they had brought him out of the church, they carried him to the tribunal of justice and placed him in the chair. The duke's steward then said to him, "It is an ancient custom here, my lord governor, that he who comes to take possession of this famous island is obliged to answer a question put to him, which is to be somewhat intricate and difficult. By his answer the people are enabled to feel the pulse of their new governor's understanding, and, accordingly, are either glad or sorry for his coming."

While the steward was saying this, Sancho was staring at some capital letters written on the wall opposite to his chair, and, being unable to read, he asked what that writing was on the wall. He was answered, "Sir, it is there written on what day your honor took possession of this island. The inscription runs thus : 'This day, such a day of the month and year, Signor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island. Long may he enjoy it.' " "Pray who is it they call Don Sancho Panza ?" demanded Sancho. "Your lordship," answered the steward ; "for no other Panza, besides him now in the chair, ever came into this island." "Take notice, then, brother," returned Sancho, "that the *Don* does not belong to me, nor ever did to any of my family. I am called plain Sancho Panza : my father was a Sancho, and my grandfather was a Sancho, and they were all Panzas, without any addition of *Dons*, or any other title whatever. I fancy there are more *Dons* than stones in this island. But enough ; God knows my meaning ; and, perhaps, if my government lasts four days, I may weed out these *Dons* that overrun the country, and, by their numbers, are as troublesome as mosquitos and cousins.* On with your question, Master Steward, and I will answer the best I can, let the people be sorry or rejoice."

About this time two men came into the court, the one clad like a country fellow, and the other like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand ; and the tailor said, "My lord governor, I and this country-

* In Spain they call *cantinploras* small glass decanters or very small earthen pitchers, which, to cool the water in the summer, are hung in a current of air. Hence the odd epithet Cervantes applies to the sun.

* Many plebeians in Cervantes' time already arrogated to themselves the title of *Don*, which was, until then, reserved exclusively for the nobility.

man come before your worship by reason this honest man came yesterday to my shop (saving your presence, I am a tailor, and have passed my examination, God be thanked), and putting a piece of cloth into my hands, asked me, 'Sir, is there enough of this to make me a cap?' I, measuring the piece, answered 'Yes.' Now he, thinking that doubtless I had a mind to cabbage some of the cloth, grounding his conceit upon his own knavery, and upon the common ill opinion of tailors, bade me view it again, and see if there was not enough for two. I guessed his drift, and told him there was. Persisting in his knavish intentions, my customer went on increasing the number of caps, and I still saying 'Yes,' till we came to five caps. A little time ago he came to claim them. I offered them to him, but he refuses to pay me for the making, and insists I shall either return him his cloth or pay him for it." "Is all this so, brother?" demanded Sancho. "Yes," answered the man; "but pray, my lord, make him produce the five caps he has made me." "With all my heart," answered the tailor; and pulling his hand from under his cloak, he showed the five caps on the ends of his finger and thumb, saying, "Here are the five caps this honest man would have me make, and on my soul and conscience, not a shred of the cloth is left, and I submit the work to be viewed by any inspectors of the trade." All present laughed at the number of the caps and the novelty of the suit. Sancho reflected a moment, and then said, "I am of opinion there needs no great delay in this suit, and it may be decided very equitably off-hand. Therefore I pronounce that the tailor lose the making, and the countryman the stuff, and that the caps be confiscated to the use of the poor; and there is an end of that."

If the sentence Sancho afterwards passed on the purse of the herdsman caused the admiration of all the bystanders, this excited their laughter. However, what the governor commanded was executed, and two old men next presented themselves before him. One of them carried a cane in his hand for a staff; and the other, who had no staff, said to Sancho, "My lord, some time ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold to oblige and serve him, upon condition that he should return them on demand. I let some time pass without

asking for them, being loath to put him to a greater strait to pay me than he was in when I lent them. But at length, thinking it full time to be repaid, I asked him for my money more than once, but to no purpose: he not only refuses payment, but denies the debt, and says I never lent him any such sum, or, if I did, that he had already paid me. I have no witnesses to the loan, nor has he of the payment which he pretends to have made, but which I deny; yet if he will swear before your worship that he has returned the money, I from this minute acquit him before God and the world." "What say you to this, old gentleman?" quoth Sancho. "I confess, my lord," replied the old fellow, "that he did lend me the money; and if your worship pleases to hold down your wand of justice, since he leaves it to my oath, I will swear I have really and truly returned it to him." The governor accordingly held down his wand, and the old fellow, seeming encumbered with his staff, gave it to his creditor to hold while he was swearing; and then taking hold of the cross of the wand, he said it was true indeed the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had restored them to him into his own hand; but having, he supposed, forgotten it, he was continually dunning him for them. Upon which his lordship the governor demanded of the creditor what he had to say in reply to the solemn declaration he had heard. He said that he submitted, and could not doubt that his debtor had sworn to the truth; for he believed him to be an honest man and a good Christian; and that, as the fault must have been in his own memory, he would thenceforth ask him no more for his money. The debtor now took his staff again, and, bowing to the governor, went out of court.

Sancho having observed the defendant take his staff and walk away, and noticing also the resignation of the plaintiff, he began to meditate, and laying the forefinger of his right hand upon his forehead, he continued a short time apparently full of thought; and then, raising his head, he ordered the old man with the staff to be called back; and when he had returned, "Honest friend," said the governor, "give me that staff, for I have occasion for it." "With all my heart," answered the old fellow, and delivered it into his hand. Sancho took it, and im-

mediately giving it to the other old man, he said, "There, take that, and go about your business, in God's name, for you are now paid." "I paid, my lord!" answered the old man; "what! is this cane worth ten golden crowns?" "Yes," quoth the governor, "or I am the greatest dunce in the world, and it shall now appear whether or not I have a head to govern a whole kingdom." He then ordered the cane to be broken in court; which being done, ten crowns of gold were found within it. All the spectators were struck with admiration, and began to look upon their new governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he had discovered that the ten crowns were in the cane. He told them that, having observed the defendant give it to the plaintiff to hold, while he took his oath that he had truly restored the money into his own hands, and that being done, he took his staff again, it came into his head that the money in dispute must be inclosed within it. From this, he added, they might see that it sometimes pleased God to direct the judgments of those who govern, though otherwise little better than blockheads. Besides, he had heard the curate of his parish tell of such another business, which was still in his mind; indeed, he had so special a memory, that were it not that he was so unlucky as to forget all that he chiefly wanted to remember, there would not have been a better in the whole island. The cause being ended, the two old men went away, the one abashed and the other satisfied; and the secretary, who minuted down the words, actions and behavior of Sancho Panza, could not yet determine in his own mind whether he should set him down for wise or simple.

This cause was no sooner ended than there came into court a woman, keeping fast hold of a man clad like a rich herdsman. She came, crying aloud, "Justice, my lord governor, justice! If I cannot find it on earth, I will seek it in Heaven! Lord governor of my soul, this wicked man surprised me in the middle of a field, and used me as if I had been a dish-clout! Woe is me! he has robbed me of what I have kept above these three and twenty years. Have I been as hard as a cork tree, and preserved myself as entire as a salamander in the fire, or as wool among briars, that this honest man should come

with his clean hands to harm me!" "That remains to be inquired into," said Sancho; "let us now proceed to see whether this gallant's hands are clean or not;" and, turning to the man, he asked him what he had to say in answer to this woman's complaint. The man, all in confusion, replied: "Sir, I am a poor herdsman, and deal in swine; and this morning I went out of this town, after having sold, under correction be it spoken, four hogs, and what between dues and exactations, the officers took from me little less than they were worth. As I was returning home, by the way I lighted upon this good dame, and the author of all mischief brought us together. I gave her money, but she, not contented, laid hold of me, and has never let me go till she has dragged me to this place. She says I wronged her; but, by the oath I have taken, or am to take, she lies. This is the whole truth."

Then the governor asked him if he had any silver money about him. The man answered that he had about twenty ducats in a leathern purse in his bosom. Sancho ordered him to produce it and deliver it just as it was to the plaintiff. He did so, trembling. The woman took the purse, and making a thousand courtesies, and praying to God for the life and health of the lord governor, who took such care of poor orphans and maidens, out of the court she went, holding the purse with both hands, taking care first to see that the money that was in it was silver.

She had no sooner left the room than Sancho said to the herdsman, who was in tears, and whose heart and eyes were gone after his purse: "Honest man, follow that woman, and take away the purse from her, whether she will or not, and come back hither with it." This was not said to one deaf or stupid, for the man instantly flew after her like lightning, and went about doing what he was bidden.

All present were in great suspense, expecting the issue of this suit. In a few minutes came in the man and the woman, clinging together closer than the first time, she with her petticoat tucked up, and the purse lapped up in it, and the man struggling to take it from her, but in vain, she defended it so stoutly. "Justice from God and the world!" cried she, at the top of her lungs: "see, my lord governor, the impudence and want of fear

of this varlet, who, in the midst of the town and of the street, would take from me the purse your worship commanded to be given to me," "And has he got it?" demanded the governor. "Got it!" answered the woman; "I would sooner let him take away my life than my purse. A pretty baby I should be, indeed! Other-guise cats must claw my beard, and not such pitiful, sneaking fools as this. Pincers and hammers, crows and chisels, shall not get it out of my clutches, nor even the paws of a lion. My soul and body shall sooner part." "She is in the right," added the man; "I yield myself worsted and spent, and confess I have not strength enough to take it from her." That said, he left her.

Then said the governor to the woman, "Give me that purse, chaste and valiant heroine." She presently delivered it, and the governor returned it to the man, and said to the violent damsel, "Sister of mine, had you shown the same, or but half as much, courage and resolution in defending yourself as you have done in defending your purse, the strength of Hercules could not have harmed you. Begone, in God's name, and in an ill hour, and be not found in all this island, nor in six leagues round about it, upon pain of two hundred stripes. Begone instantly, I say, thou prating, shameless, cheating hussy!" The woman was confounded, and went away hanging down her head and not very well pleased. "Now, friend," said the governor to the man, "in Heaven's name get you home with your money, and henceforward, if you would avoid worse luck, yoke not with such cattle." The countryman thanked him in the best manner he could, and went his way, leaving all the court in admiration at the acuteness and wisdom of their new governor; all of whose sentences and decrees being noted down by the appointed historiographer, were immediately transmitted to the duke, who waited for these accounts with the utmost impatience. Here let us leave honest Sancho, and return to his master, who earnestly requires our attendance, Altisidora's serenade having strangely discomposed his mind.

GIVING A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF SANCHO'S BEHAVIOR IN HIS GOVERNMENT.

The history relates that Sancho Panza was conducted from the court of justice to a sumptuous palace, where in a great hall he found a magnificent entertainment prepared. He had no sooner entered than his ears were saluted by the sound of many instruments, and four pages served him with water to wash his hands, which the governor received with becoming gravity. The music having ceased, Sancho now sat down to dinner in a chair of state placed at the upper end of the table; for there was but one seat, and only one plate and napkin. A personage who, as it afterwards appeared, was a physician, took his stand at one side of his chair with a whalebone rod in his hand. They then removed the beautiful white cloth, which covered a variety of fruits and other eatables. Grace was said by one in a student's dress, and a laced bib was placed by a page under Sancho's chin. Another, who performed the office of sewer, now set a plate of fruit before him; but he had scarcely tasted it, when, on being touched by the wand-bearer, it was snatched away, and another, containing meat, instantly supplied its place. Yet, before Sancho could make a beginning, it vanished, like the former, on a signal of the wand.

The governor was surprised at this proceeding, and, looking around him, asked if this dinner was only to show off their sleight-of-hand. "My lord," said the wand-bearer, "your lordship's food must here be watched with the same care as is customary with the governors of other islands. I am a doctor of physic, sir, and my duty, for which I receive a salary, is to watch over the governor's health, whereof I am more careful than of my own. I study his constitution night and day, that I may know how to restore him when sick; and therefore think it incumbent on me to pay especial regard to his meals, at which I constantly preside, to see that he eats what is good and salutary, and prevent his touching whatever I may imagine may be prejudicial to his health or offensive to his stomach. It was for that reason, my lord," continued he, "I ordered the dish of fruit to be taken away, as being too watery, and that other dish as being too hot, and over-seasoned

with spices, which are apt to provoke thirst; and he that drinks much destroys and consumes the radical moisture which is the fuel of life."

"Well, then," quoth Sancho, "that plate of roasted partridges, which seem to me to be very well seasoned, I suppose will do me no manner of harm?" "Hold," said the doctor; "my lord governor shall not eat them while I live to prevent it." "Pray, why not?" quoth Sancho. "Because," answered the doctor, "our great master Hippocrates, the north star and luminary of medicine, says, in one of his aphorisms, '*Omnis saturatio mala, perdis autem pessima*;' which means, 'All repletion is bad, but that from partridges the worst.'" "If it be so," quoth Sancho, "pray cast your eye, Signor Doctor, over all these dishes here on the table and see which will do me the most good or the least harm, and let me eat of it, without whisking it away with your conjuring stick; for by my soul, and as Heaven shall give me life to enjoy this government, I am dying with hunger; and to deny me food—let Signor Doctor say what he will—is not the way to lengthen my life, but to cut it short."

"Your worship is in the right, my lord governor," answered the physician, "and therefore I am of opinion you should not eat of these stewed rabbits, as being a food that is tough and acute; of that veal, indeed, you might have taken a little, had it been neither roasted nor stewed; but, as it is, not a morsel." "What think you, then," said Sancho, "of that huge dish there, smoking hot, which I take to be an olla-podrida?—for, among the many things contained in it, I may surely light upon something both wholesome and toothsome." "*Absit!*" quoth the doctor; "far be such a thought from us. Olla-podrida! there is no worse dish in the world;—leave them to prebends and rectors of colleges, or lusty feeders at country weddings; but let them not be seen on the tables of governors, where nothing contrary to health and delicacy should be tolerated. Simple medicines are always more estimable and safe, for in them there can be no mistake; whereas, in such as are compounded, all is hazard and uncertainty. Therefore, what I would at present advise my lord governor to eat, in order to corroborate

and preserve his health, is about a hundred small rolled-up wafers, with some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit upon the stomach and help digestion."

Sancho, hearing this, threw himself backward in his chair, and, looking at the doctor from head to foot very seriously, asked him his name, and where he had studied. To which he answered, "My lord governor, my name is Doctor Pedro Rezio de Agüero; I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera, lying between Caraque! and Almoddobar del Campo, on the right hand, and I have taken my doctor's degrees at the university of Ossuna." "Then, hark you," said Sancho, in a rage, "Signor Doctor Pedro Rezio de Agüero, native of Tirteafuera, lying on the right hand as we go from Caraque! to Almoddobar del Campo, graduate in Ossuna, get out of my sight this instant! or, by the light of heaven, I will take a cudgel, and, beginning with your carcass, will so belabor all the physic-mongers in the island that not one of the tribe shall be left!—I mean of those like yourself, who are ignorant quacks; for those who are learned and wise, I shall make much of, and honor as so many angels. I say again, Signor Pedro Rezio, begone! or I shall take the chair I sit on and comb your head to some tune; and, if I am called to an account for it when I give up my office, I shall prove that I have done a good service in ridding the world of a bad physician, who is a public executioner. Body of me! give me something to eat, or let them take back their government; for an office that will not find a man in victuals is not worth two beans."

On seeing the governor in such a fury, the doctor would have fled out in the hall, had not the sound of a courier's horn at that instant been heard in the street. "A courier from my lord duke," said the sewer (who had looked out of the window), "and he must certainly have brought despatches of importance." The courier entered hastily, foaming with sweat and in great agitation, and, pulling a packet out of his bosom, he delivered it into the governor's hands, and by him it was given to the steward, telling him to read the superscription, which was this: "To Don Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island of Barataria. To be delivered only to himself or to his secre-

tary." "Who is my secretary?" said Sancho. "It is I, my lord," answered one who was present, "for I can read and write, and am, besides, a Biscayan." "With that addition," quoth Sancho, "you may very well be secretary to the emperor himself. Open the packet and see what it holds." The new secretary did so, and, having run his eye over the contents, he said it was a business which required privacy. Accordingly, Sancho commanded all to retire excepting the steward and sewer; and when the hall was cleared the secretary read the following letter:

"It has just come to my knowledge, Signor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine intend very soon to make a desperate attack, by night, upon the island under your command: it is necessary, therefore, to be vigilant and alert, that you may not be taken by surprise. I have also received intelligence, from trusty spies, that four persons in disguise are now in your town, sent thither by the enemy, who, fearful of your great talents, have a design upon your life. Keep a strict watch; be careful who are admitted to you, and eat nothing sent you as a present. I will not fail to send you assistance if you are in want of it. Whatever may be attempted, I have full reliance on your activity and judgment.

"Your friend, the DUKE.

"From this place, the 16th of August, at four in the morning."

Sancho was astonished at this information, and the others appeared to be no less. At length, turning to the steward, "I will tell you," said he, "the first thing to be done, which is, to clap Dr. Rezio into a dungeon; for if anybody has a design to kill me, it is he, and that by the most lingering and the worst of all deaths—starvation." "Be that as it may," said the steward, "it is my opinion your honor would do well to eat none of the meat here upon the table, for it was presented by some nuns, and it is a saying, 'The devil lurks behind the cross.'" "You are in the right," quoth Sancho, "and for the present give me only a piece of bread and some four pounds of grapes—there can be no poison in them; for, in truth, I cannot live without food, and, if we must keep in readiness for these battles that threaten us, it is fit that we should be well fed; for the stomach up-

holds the heart, and the heart the man. Do you, Mr. Secretary, answer the letter of my lord duke, and tell him his commands shall be obeyed throughout most faithfully; and present my dutiful respects to my lady duchess, and beg her not to forget to send a special messenger with my letter and bundle to my wife Teresa Panza, which I shall take as a particular favor, and will be her humble servant to the utmost of my power. And, by the way, you may put in my hearty service to my master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see that I am neither forgetful nor ungrateful; and, as to the rest, I leave it to you, as a good secretary and a true Biscayan, to add whatever you please, or that may turn to the best account. Now away with this cloth, and bring me something that may be eaten, and then let these spies, murderers, and enchanters see how they meddle with me or my island."

A page now entered, saying, "Here is a countryman who would speak with your lordship on business, as he says, of great importance." "It is very strange," quoth Sancho, "that these men of business should be so silly as not to see that this is not a time for such matters. What! we who govern and are judges, belike, are not made of flesh and bone like other men? We are made of marble-stone, forsooth, and have no need of rest or refreshment? Before Heaven, and upon my conscience, if my government lasts, as I have a glimmering it will not, I shall hamper more than one of these men of business! Well, for this once, tell the fellow to come: but first see that he is no spy, nor one of my murderers." "He looks, my lord," answered the page, "like a simple fellow; and I am much mistaken if he be not as harmless as a crust of bread." "Your worship need not fear," quoth the steward, "since we are with you." "But now that Doctor Pedro Rezio is gone," quoth Sancho, "may I not have something to eat of substance and weight, though it were but a luncheon of bread and an onion?" "At night your honor shall have no cause to complain," quoth the sewer; "supper shall make up for the want of dinner." "Heaven grant it may," replied Sancho.

The countryman, who was of a goodly presence, then came in, and it might be seen a thousand leagues off that he was an honest, good soul. "Which among

you is the lord governor?" said he. "Who should it be," answered the secretary, "but he who is seated in the chair?" "I humble myself in his presence," quoth the countryman; and, kneeling down, he begged for his hand to kiss. Sancho refused it, and commanded him to rise and tell his business. The countryman did so, and said, "My lord, I am a husbandman, a native of Miguel Terra, two leagues from Ciudad Real." "What! another Tirteafuera?" quoth Sancho: "say on, brother; for, let me tell you, I know Miguel Terra very well; it is not very far from my own village." "The business is this, sir," continued the peasant: "by the mercy of Heaven I was married in peace and in the face of the holy Roman Catholic Church. I have two sons, bred scholars: the younger studies for bachelor, and the elder for licentiate. I am a widower—for my wife died, or rather a wicked physician killed her by improper medicines when she was pregnant; and if it had been God's will that the child had been born, and had proved a son, I would have put him to study for doctor, that he might not envy his two brothers, the bachelor and the licentiate." "So that, if your wife," quoth Sancho, "had not died, or had not been killed, you would not now be a widower?" "No, certainly, my lord," answered the peasant. "We are much the nearer," replied Sancho; "go on, friend; for this is an hour rather for bed than business."

"I say, then," quoth the countryman, "that my son who is to be the bachelor fell in love with a damsel in the same village, called Clara Perlerino, daughter of Andres Perlerino, a very rich farmer; which name of Perlerino came to them, not by lineal or any other descent, but because all of that race are paralytic; and to mend the name they call them Perlerinos. Indeed, to say the truth, the damsel is like any oriental pearl, and, looked at on the right side, seems a very flower of the field; but on the left not quite so fair, for on that side she wants an eye, which she lost by the small-pox; and though the pits in her face are many and deep, her admirers say they are not pits, but graves in which the hearts of her lovers are buried. So clean and delicate, too, is she, that to prevent defiling her face she carries her nose so

hooked up that it seems to fly from her mouth; yet for all that she looks charmingly; for she has a large mouth, and did she not lack half a score or a dozen front teeth she might pass and make a figure among the fairest. I say nothing of her lips, for they are so thin that, were it the fashion to reel lips, one might make a skein of them; but, being of a different color from what is usual in lips, they have a marvellous appearance; for they are streaked with blue, green and orange-tawny. Pardon me, good my lord governor, if I paint so minutely the parts of her who is about to become my daughter; for in truth I love and admire her more than I can tell." "Paint what you will," quoth Sancho, "for I am mightily taken with the picture; and, had I but dined, I would have desired no better dessert." "It shall be always at your service," replied the peasant, "and the time may come when we may be acquainted, though we are not so now; and I can assure you, my lord, if I could but paint her genteel air, and the tallness of her person, you would be amazed; but that cannot be, because she is doubled and folded up together in such wise that her knees touch her mouth; yet you may see plainly that, could she but stand upright, her head for certain would touch the ceiling. In fine, long ere now would she have given her hand to my bachelor in marriage, but that she cannot stretch it out, it is so shrunk; nevertheless her long guttered nails show the goodness of its make."

"So far, so good," quoth Sancho; "and now, brother, that you have painted her from head to foot, what is it you would be at? come to the point, without so many windings and turnings." "What I desire, my lord," answered the countryman, "is, that your lordship would do me the favor to give me a letter of recommendation to her father, begging his consent to the match, since we are pretty equal in the gifts of fortune and of nature; for, to say the truth, my lord governor, my son is possessed, and scarcely a day passes in which the evil spirits do not torment him three or four times; and, having thereby once fallen into the fire, his face is as shrivelled as a piece of scorched parchment, and his eyes are somewhat bleared and running; but, bless him! he has the temper of an

angel; and, did he not buffet and belabor himself, he would be a very saint for gentleness."

"Would you have anything else, honest friend?" said Sancho. "One thing more I would ask," quoth the peasant, "but that I dare not;—yet out it shall:—come what may, it shall not rot in my breast. I say, then, my lord, I could wish your worship to give me three or six hundred ducats towards mending the fortune of my bachelor—I mean, to assist in furnishing his house; for it is agreed they shall live by themselves, without being subject to the impertinence of their fathers-in-law." "Well," quoth Sancho, "see if there is anything else you would have, and be not squeamish in asking." "No, nothing more," answered the peasant. The governor then rising, and seizing the chair on which he had been seated, exclaimed, "I vow to Heaven, Don Lubberly, saucy bumpkin, if you do not instantly get out of my sight, I will break your head with this chair! Son of a rascal, and the devil's own painter! At this time of day to come and ask me for six hundred ducats! Where should I have them, villain? And if I had them, idiot! why should I give them to thee? What care I for Miguel Terra, or for the whole race of the Perlerinos? Begone, I say! or, by the life of my lord duke, I will be as good as my word. Thou art no native of Miguel Terra, but some scoffer sent from the devil to tempt me. Impudent scoundrel! I have not yet had the government a day and a half, and you expect I should have six hundred ducats!" The sewer made signs to the countryman to go out of the hall, which he did, hanging down his head, and seemingly much afraid lest the governor should put his threat into execution; for the knave knew very well how to play his part.

OF WHAT BEFELL SANCHE PANZA IN GOING THE ROUND OF HIS ISLAND.

Never was the great governor more out of humor than when we left him, from the provocation he had received from the knave of a peasant, who was one of the steward's instruments for executing the duke's projects upon Sancho. Nevertheless, simple, rough, and round as he was,

he held out toughly against them all; and, addressing himself to those about him, among others the doctor, Pedro Rezio (who had returned after the private despatch had been read), "I now plainly perceive," said he, "that judges and governors must or ought to be made of brass, to endure the importunities of your men of business, who, intent upon their own affairs alone, will take no denial, but must needs be heard at all hours and at all times; and if his poor lordship does not think fit to attend to them, either because he cannot, or because it is not a time for business, then, forsooth, they murmur and peck at him, rake up the ashes of his grandfather, and gnaw the very flesh from their bones. Men of business—out upon them: meddling, troublesome fools!—take the proper times and seasons for your affairs, and come not when men should eat and sleep; for judges are made of flesh and blood, and must give to their nature what nature requires; except, indeed, miserable I, who am forbidden to do so by mine—thanks to Signor Pedro Rezio de Tirteafuera, here present, who would have me die of hunger, and swear that this kind of dying is the only way to live. God grant the same life to him, and all those of his tribe!—I mean quacks and impostors; for good physicians deserve palms and laurels." All who knew Sancho Panza were in admiration at his improved oratory, which they could not account for, unless it be that offices and weighty employments quicken and polish some men's minds, as they perplex and stupefy others.

At length the bowels of Doctor Pedro Rezio de Tirteafuera relented, and he promised the governor he should sup that night, although it were in direct opposition to all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this promise his excellency was satisfied, and looked forward with great impatience to the hour of supper; and though time, as he thought, stood stock-still, yet the wished-for moment came at last, when messes of cowbeef, hashed with onions, and boiled calves' feet, somewhat of the stalest, were set before him. Nevertheless, he laid about him with more relish than if they had given him Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, veal of Sorrento, partridges of Moron, or geese of Lavajos; and, in the midst of supper, turning to the doctor, "Look you, Mas-

ter Doctor," said he, "never trouble yourself again to provide me your delicacies or your tit-bits; for they will only unhinge my stomach, which is accustomed to goat's-flesh, cow-beef, and bacon, with turnips and onions; and if you ply me with court kickshaws, it will only make my stomach queasy and loathing. However, if Master Sewer will now and then set before me one of those—how do you call them?—*olla podridas*,* which are a jumble of all sorts of good things, and to my thinking the stronger they are the better they smack—but stuff them as you will, so it be but an eatable—I shall take it kindly, and will one day make you amends. So let nobody play their jests upon me; for either we are or we are not; and let us all live and eat together in peace and good friendship; for when God sends daylight it is morning to all. I will govern this island without either waiving right or pocketing bribe. So let every one keep a good look-out, and each mind his own business; for I would have them to know the devil is in the wind, and if they put me upon it, they shall see wonders. Ay, ay; make yourselves honey, and the wasps will devour you."

"Indeed, my lord governor," quoth the sewer, "your lordship is much in the right in all you have said; and I dare engage, in the name of all the inhabitants of this island, that they will serve your worship with all punctuality, love, and good-will; for your gentle way of governing, from the very first, leaves us no room to do or think anything to the disadvantage of your worship." "I believe as much," replied Sancho, "and they would be little better than fools if they did or thought otherwise; therefore I tell you, once again, it is my pleasure that you look well to me and my Dapple in the article of food; for that is the main point: and when the hour comes, we will go the round, as my intention is to clear this island of all manner of filth and rubbish, especially vagabonds, idlers, and sharpers; for I would have you know, friends, that your idle and lazy people in a commonwealth are like drones in a beehive, which devour the honey that the laboring bees gather. My design is to protect the peasants, maintain the gentry

in their privileges, reward virtue, and above all to have a special regard to religion and the reverence due to holy men. What think you of this, my good friends? Do I say something, or do I crack my brains to no purpose?" "My lord governor speaks so well," replied the steward, "that I am all admiration to hear one devoid of learning, like your worship, utter so many notable things, so far beyond the expectation of your subjects, or those who appointed you. But every day produces something new in the world; jests turn into earnest and the biters are bit."

The governor having supped by license of Signor Doctor Rezio, they prepared for going the round, and he set out with the secretary, the steward, the sewer, and the historiographer, who had the charge of recording his actions, together with sergeants and notaries: altogether forming a little battalion. Sancho, with his rod of office, marched in the midst of them, making a goodly show. After traversing a few streets they heard the clashing of swords, and, hastening to the place, they found two men fighting. On seeing the officers coming they desisted, and one of them said, "Help, in the name of Heaven and the king! Are people to be attacked here, and robbed in the open streets?" "Hold, honest man," quoth Sancho, "and tell me what is the occasion of this fray, for I am the governor."

His antagonist, interposing, said, "My lord governor, I will briefly relate the matter. Your honor must know that this gentleman is just come from the gaming-house over the way, where he has been winning above a thousand reals, and Heaven knows how, except that I, happening to be present, was induced, even against my conscience, to give judgment in his favor in many a doubtful point; and when I expected he would have given me something, though it were but the small matter of a crown, by way of present, as it is usual with gentlemen of character like myself, who stand by ready to back unreasonable demands and to prevent quarrels, up he got, with his pockets filled, and marched out of the house. Surprised and vexed at such conduct, I followed him, civilly reminded him that he could not refuse me the small sum of eight reals, as he knew me to be a man of

* A dish composed of beef, mutton, pork, with sometimes poultry or game, vegetables and a variety of other ingredients.

honor without either office or pension, my parents having brought me up to nothing; yet this knave, who is as great a thief as Cacus and as arrant a sharper as Andradilla, would give me but four reals! Think, my lord governor, what a shameless and unconscionable fellow he is! But, as I live, had it not been for your worship coming, I would have made him disgorge his winnings, and taught him how to balance accounts."

"What say you to this, friend?" quoth Sancho to the other. He acknowledged that what his adversary had said was true: he meant to give him no more than four reals, for he was continually giving him something; and they who expect snacks should be modest, and take cheerfully whatever is given them, and not haggle with the winners, unless they know them to be sharpeners, and their gains unfairly gotten; and that he was no such person was evident from his resisting an unreasonable demand; for cheats are always at the mercy of the accomplices. "That is very true," quoth the steward; "be pleased, my lord governor, to say what shall be done with these men."

"What shall be done," replied Sancho, "is this: you, Master Winner, whether by fair play or foul, instantly give your hackster here a hundred reals, and lay down thirty more for the poor prisoners; and you, sir, who have neither office nor pension, nor honest employment, take the hundred reals, and, some time to-morrow, be sure you get out of this island, nor set foot in it again these ten years, unless you would finish your banishment in the next life; for, if I find you here, I will make you swing on a gibbet—at least the hangman shall do it for me; so let no man reply, or he shall repent it." The decree was immediately executed: the one disbursed, the other received; the one quitted the island, the other went home; and the governor said, "Either my power is small, or I will demolish these gaming-houses; for I strongly suspect that much harm comes of them." "The house here before us," said one of the officers, "I fear your honor cannot put down; being kept by a person of quality, whose losses far exceed his gains. Your worship may exert your authority against petty gaming-houses, which do more harm and shelter more abuses than those of the gentry, where notorious

cheats dare not show their faces; and since the vice of play is become so common, it is better that it should be permitted in the houses of the great than in those of low condition, where night after night unfortunate gulls are taken in, and stripped of their very skins." "Well, Master Notary," quoth Sancho, "I know there is much to be said on the subject."

Just at that moment a sergeant came up to him holding fast a young man. "My lord governor," said he, "this youth was coming towards us, but as soon as he perceived us to be officers of justice, he turned about and ran off like a deer—a sure sign he is after some mischief. I pursued him; and had he not stumbled and fallen, I should never have overtaken him." "Why did you fly from the officer, young man?" quoth Sancho. "My lord," said the youth, "it was to avoid the many questions that officers of justice usually ask." "What is your trade?" asked Sancho. "A weaver," answered the youth. "And what do you weave?" quoth Sancho. "Iron heads for spears, and it please your worship." "So then," returned Sancho, "you are pleased to be jocose with me, and set up for a wit! 'tis mighty well. And pray, may I ask whither you were going?" "To take the air, sir," replied the lad. "And pray, where do people take the air in this island," said Sancho. "Where it blows," answered the youth. "Good," quoth Sancho; "you answer to the purpose: a notable youth, truly! But hark you, sir: I am the air which you seek, and will blow in your poop, and drive you into safe custody. Here, secure him, and carry him straight to prison. I will make him sleep there to-night, without air." "Not so, by my faith," said the youth; "your worship shall as soon make the king, as make me sleep there." "I not make you sleep in prison!" exclaimed Sancho; "have I not power to confine or release you as I please?" "Whatever your worship's power may be, you shall not force me to sleep in prison."

"We shall see that," replied Sancho; "away with him immediately, and let him be convinced to his cost; and should the jailer be found to practise in his favor, and allow him to sleep out of his custody, I will scone him in the penalty of two thousand ducats." "All this is very

pleasant," answered the youth; "but no man living shall make me sleep to-night in prison; in that I am fixed." "Tell me, devil incarnate!" quoth Sancho, "hast thou some angel at thy beck, to come and break the fetters with which I mean to tether thee?" "Good, my lord," said the youngster, with a smile, "let us not trifle, but come to the point. Your worship, I own, may clap me in a dungeon, and load me with chains and fetters, and lay what commands you please upon the jailer; yet if I choose not to sleep, can your worship, with all your power, force me to sleep?" "No, certainly," said the secretary, "and the young man has made out his meaning." "Well, then," quoth Sancho, "if you keep awake, it is from your own liking, and not to cross my will?" "Certainly not, my lord," said the youth. "Then go, get thee home and sleep," quoth Sancho, "and Heaven send thee a good night's rest, for I will not be thy hindrance. But have a care another time how you sport with justice; for you may chance to meet with some man in office who will not relish your jokes but crack your noddle in return." The youth went his way, and thus ended the night's round of the great Sancho: two days after also ended his government, which put an end to his great designs and expectations, as shall hereafter be shown.

OF THE PROGRESS OF SANCHE PANZA'S
GOVERNMENT; WITH OTHER ENTER-
TAINING MATTERS.

Now the morning dawned that succeeded the night of the governor's round; the remainder of which the sewer passed, not in sleep, but in pleasing thoughts of the lovely face and charming air of the disguised damsel; and the steward in writing an account to his lord and lady of the words and actions of the new governor, who appeared to him a marvellous mixture of ignorance and sagacity. His lordship being risen, they gave him, by order of Doctor Pedro Rezio, a little conserve and four draughts of clear spring water, which, however, he would gladly have exchanged for a luncheon of bread and a few grapes. But, seeing it was rather a matter of compulsion than choice, he

submitted, although with much grief of heart and mortification of appetite, being assured by his doctor that spare and delicate food sharpened that acute judgment which was so necessary for persons in authority and high employment, where a brawny strength of body is much less needful than a vigorous understanding. By this sophistry Sancho was induced to struggle with hunger, while inwardly he cursed the government, and even him that gave it.

Nevertheless on this fasting fare did the worthy magistrate attend to the administration of justice; and the first business that occurred on that day was an appeal to his judgment in a case which was thus stated by a stranger—the appellant: "My lord," said he, "there is a river which passes through the domains of a certain lord, dividing it into two parts—I beseech your honor to give me your attention, for it is a case of great importance and some difficulty. I say, then, that upon this river there was a bridge, and at one end of it a gallows, and a kind of court-house, where four judges sit to try and pass sentence upon those who are found to transgress a certain law enacted by the proprietor, which runs thus: 'Whoever would pass over this bridge must first declare upon oath whence he comes, and upon what business he is going; and if he swears the truth, he shall pass over; but if he swears to a falsehood, he shall certainly die upon the gibbet there provided.' After this law was made known many persons ventured over it, and the truth of what they swore being admitted, they were allowed freely to pass. But a man now comes, demanding a passage over the bridge; and, on taking the required oath, he swears that he is going to be executed upon the gibbet before him, and that he has no other business. The judges deliberated, but would not decide. 'If we let this man pass freely,' said they, 'he will have sworn falsely, and by the law he ought to die; and, if we hang him, he will verify his oath, and he, having sworn the truth, ought to have passed unmolested, as the law ordains.' The case, my lord, is yet suspended, for the judges know not how to act; therefore, having heard of your lordship's great wisdom and acuteness, they have sent me humbly to beseech your lordship on their behalf, to give your

opinion in so intricate and perplexing a case." "To deal plainly with you," said Sancho, "these gentlemen judges who sent you to me might have saved themselves and you the labor; for I have more of the blunt than the acute in me. However, let me hear your question once more, that I may understand it the better, and mayhap I may chance to hit the right nail on the head." The man accordingly told his tale once or twice more; and when he had done, the governor thus delivered his opinion: "To my thinking," said he, "this matter may soon be settled; and I will tell you how. The man, you say, swears that he is going to die upon the gallows, and if he is hanged, it would be against the law, because he swore the truth; and if they do not hang him, why then he swore a lie, and ought to have suffered." "It is just as you say, my lord governor," said the messenger, "and nothing more is wanting to a right understanding of the case. 'I say, then,'" continued Sancho, "that they must let that part of the man pass that swore the truth, and hang that part that swore the lie, and thereby the law will be obeyed." "If so, my lord," replied the stranger, "the man must be divided into two parts; and thereby he will certainly die, and thus the law, which we are bound to observe, is in no respect complied with." "Harkee, honest man," said Sancho; "either I have no brains, or there is as much reason to put this passenger to death as to let him live and pass the bridge; for if the truth saves him, the lie also condemns him; and, this being so, you may tell those gentlemen who sent you to me, that since the reasons for condemning and acquitting him are equal, they should let the man pass freely; for it is always more commendable to do good than to do harm; and this advice I would give you under my hand, if I could write. Nor do I speak thus of my own head, but on the authority of my master, Don Quixote, who, on the night before the day I came to govern this island, told me, among many other good things, that when justice was doubtful, I should lean to the side of mercy; and God has been pleased to bring it to my mind in the present case, in which it comes pat to the purpose." "It does so," answered the steward; "and, for my part, I think Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedæ-

monians, could not have decided more wisely than the great Panza has done. And now let the business of the court cease for this morning, and I will give orders that my lord governor shall dine to-day much to his satisfaction." "That," quoth Sancho, "is what I desire: give us fair play, feed us well, and then let cases and questions rain upon me ever so thick, I will despatch them in a trice."

The steward was as good as his word, for it would have gone much against his conscience to starve so excellent a governor; besides, he intended to come to a conclusion with him that very night, and to play off the last trick he had in commission.

Now Sancho, having dined to his heart's content, though against all the rules and aphorisms of Dr. Tirteafuera, when the cloth was removed, a courier arrived with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor. Sancho desired the secretary to read it first to himself, and then, if it contained nothing that required secrecy, to read it aloud. The secretary having done as he was commanded, "My lord," said he, "well may it be read aloud, for what Signor Don Quixote writes to your lordship deserves to be engraven in letters of gold. Pray listen to me.

"DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA TO SANCHE PANZA, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF BARATARIA: When I expected, friend Sancho, to have heard only of thy carelessness and blunders, I have had accounts of thy vigilance and discretion; for which I return particular thanks to Heaven, that can raise up the lowest from their poverty, and convert the fool into a wise man. I am told that as a governor thou art a man; yet as a man thou art scarcely above the brute creature—such is the humility of thy demeanor. But I would observe to thee, Sancho, that it is often expedient and necessary, for the due support of authority, to act in contradiction to the humility of the heart. The personal adornments of one that is raised to a high situation must correspond with his present greatness, and not with his former lowliness: let thy apparel, therefore, be good and becoming; for the hedge-stake, when decorated, no longer appears what it really is. I do not mean that thou shouldst wear jewels or finery; nor, being a judge, would I have thee dress

like a soldier; but adorn thyself in a manner suitable to thy employment. To gain the good-will of thy people, two things, among others, thou must not fail to observe: one is to be courteous to all—that, indeed, I have already told thee; the other is to take especial care that the people be exposed to no scarcity of food; for with the poor, hunger is, of all afflictions, the most insupportable. Publish few edicts, but let those be good; and above all, see they are well observed; for edicts that are not kept are the same as not made, and serve only to show that the prince, though he had wisdom and authority to make them, had not the courage to insist upon their execution. Laws that threaten, and are not enforced, become like King Log, whose croaking subjects first feared, then despised him. Be a father to virtue, and a step-father to vice. Be not always severe, nor always mild; but choose the happy mean between them, which is the true point of discretion. Visit the prisons, the shambles, and the markets; for there the presence of the governor is highly necessary: such attention is a comfort to the prisoner hoping for release; it is a terror to the butchers, who then dare not make use of false weights; and the same effect is produced on all other dealers. Shouldst thou unhappily be secretly inclined to avarice, to gluttony, or women, which I hope thou art not, avoid showing thyself guilty of these vices; for, when those who are concerned with thee discover thy ruling passion, they will assault thee on that quarter, nor leave thee till they have effected thy destruction. View and review, consider and reconsider the counsels and documents I gave thee in writing before thy departure hence to thy government; and in them thou wilt find a choice supply to sustain thee through the toils and difficulties which governors must continually encounter. Write to thy patrons, the duke and duchess, and show thyself grateful; for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins; whereas, he who is grateful to those that have done him service, thereby testifies that he will be grateful also to God, his constant benefactor.

"My lady duchess has despatched a messenger to thy wife Teresa, with thy hunting suit, and also a present from herself. We expect an answer every mo-

ment. I have been a little out of order with a certain cat-clawing which befell me, not much to the advantage of my nose; but it was nothing, for if there are enchanters who persecute me, there are others who defend me. Let me know if the steward who is with thee had any hand in the actions of the Trifaldi, as thou hast suspected; and give me advice from time to time of all that happens to thee, since the distance between us is so short. I think of quitting this idle life very soon, for I was not born for luxury and ease. A circumstance has occurred which may, I believe, tend to deprive me of the favor of the duke and duchess; but, though it afflicts me much, it affects not my determination, for I must comply with the duties of my profession in preference to any other claim; as it is often said, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*. I write this in Latin, being persuaded that thou hast learned that language since thy promotion. Farewell, and God have thee in His keeping: so mayest thou escape the pity of the world.

"Thy friend,

"DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA."

Sancho listened with great attention to the letter, which was praised for its wisdom by all who heard it; and, rising from the table, he took his secretary with him into his private chamber, being desirous to send an immediate answer to his master; and he ordered him to write, without adding or diminishing a tittle, what he should dictate to him. He was obeyed, and the answer was as follows:

"SANCHO PANZA TO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA: "I am so taken up with business, that I have scarcely time either to scratch my head or even to pare my nails, and therefore, Heaven help me! I wear them very long. I tell your worship this that you may not wonder why I have given you no account before of my well or ill being in this government, where I suffer more hunger than when we both wandered about through woods and deserts.

"My lord duke wrote to me the other day, to tell me of certain spies that were come into this island to take away my life; but as yet I have been able to find none, except a certain doctor, hired by the islanders to kill their governors. He calls

himself Doctor Pedro Rezio, and is a native of Tirteafuera; so your worship may see by his name that one is in danger of dying under his hands. The same doctor owns that he does not cure distempers, but prevents them, for which he prescribes nothing but fasting and fasting, till he reduces his patient to bare bones; as if a consumption was not worse than a fever. In short, by this man's help, I am in a fair way to perish by hunger and vexation; and, instead of coming hither, as I expected, to eat hot and drink cool, and lay my body at night between Holland sheets, upon soft beds of down, I come to do penance, like a hermit, and this goes so much against me that I do believe the devil will have me at last.

"Hitherto I have neither touched fee nor bribe, and how I am to fare hereafter I know not; but I have been told that it was the custom with the governors of this island, on taking possession, to receive a good round sum by way of gift or loan from the townspeople, and furthermore, that it is the same in all other governments.

"One night as I was going the round, I met a very comely damsel in man's clothes, and a brother of hers in those of a woman. My sewer fell in love with the girl, and has thoughts of making her his wife, and I have pitched upon the youth for my son-in-law. To-day we both intend to disclose our minds to their father, who is one Diego de la Llana, a gentleman, and as good a Christian as one can desire.

"I visit the markets, as your worship advised me, and yesterday I found a huckster-woman pretending to sell new hazel-nuts, and, finding that she had mixed them with such as were old and rotten, I condemned them all to the use of the hospital boys, who well know how to pick the good from the bad, and forbade her to appear in the market again for fifteen days. The people say I did well in this matter, for it is a common opinion in this town that there is not a worse sort of people than your market women; for they are all shameless, hard-hearted, and impudent; and I verily believe it is so, by those I have seen in other places.

"I am mightily pleased that my lady duchess has written to my wife, Teresa Panza, and sent her the present your worship mentions; I hope one time or another to requite her goodness: pray kiss

her honor's hands in my name, and tell her she has not thrown her favors into a rent sack, as she will find.

"I should be grieved to hear that you had any cross reckoning with my lord and lady; for if your worship quarrels with them, 'tis I must come to the ground; and, since you warn me, of all things, not to be ungrateful, it would ill become your worship to be so towards those who have done you so many kindnesses, and entertained you so nobly in their castle.

"The cat business I don't understand—one of the tricks, mayhap, of your worship's old enemies the enchanters; but I shall know more about it when we meet.

"I would fain send your worship a token, but I cannot tell what, unless it be some little clyster-pipes which they make here very curiously; but, if I continue in office, I shall get fees and other pickings worth sending you. If my wife, Teresa Panza, writes to me, be so kind as to pay the postage and send me the letter; for I have a mighty desire to know how it fares with her, and my house and children. So Heaven protect your worship from evil-minded enchanters, and bring me safe and sound out of this government; which I very much doubt, seeing how I am treated by Doctor Pedro Rezio.

"Your worship's servant,
"SANCHO PANZA, the Governor."

The secretary sealed the letter, and it was forthwith despatched by the courier; and, as it was now judged expedient to release the governor from the troubles of office, measures were concerted by those who had the management of these jests. Sancho passed that afternoon in making divers regulations for the benefit of his people. Among others, he strictly prohibited the monopoly and forestalling of provisions; wines he allowed to be imported from all parts, requiring only the merchant to declare of what growth it was, that a just price might be set upon it; and whoever adulterated it, or gave it a false name, should be punished with death. He moderated the prices of all sorts of hose and shoes, especially the latter, the current price of which he thought exorbitant. He limited the wages of servants, which were mounting fast to an extravagant height. He laid several penalties upon all those who should sing

lewd and immoral songs either by day or by night; and prohibited the vagrant blind from going about singing their miracles in rhyme, unless they could produce unquestionable evidence of their truth; being persuaded that such counterfeit tales brought discredit upon those which were genuine. He appointed an overseer of the poor—not to persecute them, but to examine their true claims; for under the disguise of pretended lameness and counterfeit sores are often found sturdy thieves and hale drunkards. In short, he made many good and wholesome ordinances, which are still observed in that town; and, bearing his name, are called “The Regulations of the great Governor Sancho Panza.”

OF THE TOILSOME END AND CONCLUSION OF SANCHE PANZA'S GOVERNMENT.

It is in vain to expect uniformity in the affairs of this life; the whole seems rather to be in a course of perpetual change. The seasons from year to year run in their appointed circle—spring is succeeded by summer, summer by autumn, and autumn by winter, which is again followed by the season of renovation; and thus they perform their everlasting round. But man's mortal career has no such renewal: from infancy to age it hastens onward to its end, and to the beginning of that state which has neither change nor termination. Such are the reflections of Cid Hamet, the Mohammedan philosopher; for many, by a natural sense, without the light of faith, have discovered the changeable uncertainty of our present condition, and the eternal duration of that which is to come. In this place, however, our author alludes only to the instability of Sancho's fortune, and the brief duration of his government, which so suddenly expired, dissolved, and vanished like a dream.

The governor being in bed on the seventh night of his administration, not sated with bread nor wine, but with sitting in judgment, deciding causes, and making statutes and proclamations; and just at the moment when sleep, in despite of hunger, was closing his eyelids, he heard such a noise of bells and voices that he verily thought the whole island had been sinking. He started up in his bed, and

listened with great attention, to find out, if possible, the cause of so alarming an uproar; but, far from discovering it, his confusion and terror were only augmented by the din of an infinite number of trumpets and drums being added to the former noises. Quitting his bed, he put on his slippers, on account of the damp floor; but, without nightgown or other apparel, he opened his chamber-door, and saw more than twenty persons coming along a gallery with lighted torches in their hands, and their swords drawn, all crying aloud, “Arm, arm, my lord governor, arm!—a world of enemies have got into the island, and we are undone forever, if your conduct and valor do not save us.” Thus advancing, with noise and disorder, they came up to where Sancho stood, astonished and stupefied with what he heard and saw. “Arm yourself quickly, my lord,” said one of them, “unless you would be ruined, and the whole island with you.” “What have I to do with arming,” replied Sancho, “who know nothing of arms or fighting? It were better to leave these matters to my master Don Quixote, who will despatch them and secure us in a trice, for, as I am a sinner to Heaven, I understand nothing at all of these hurly-burries.” “How, Signor Governor!” said another; “what faint-heartedness is this? Here we bring you arms and weapons—harness yourself, my lord, and come forth to the market-place, and be our leader and our captain, which, as governor, you ought to be.” “Why, then, arm me, in God's name,” replied Sancho: and instantly they brought two large old targets, which they had provided for the occasion, and, without allowing him to put on other garments, clapped them over his shirt, the one before and the other behind. They thrust his arms through holes they had made in them, and bound them so fast together with cords, that the poor commander remained cased and boarded up as stiff and straight as a spindle, without power to bend his knees or stir a single step. They then put a lance into his hand, upon which he leaned to keep himself up; and, thus accoutred, they desired him to lead on and animate his people; for he being their north-pole, their lantern, and their morning star, their affairs could not fail to have a prosperous issue. “How should I march—



Sancho Panza and Dapple.

wretch that I am!" said the governor, "when I cannot stir a joint between these boards, that press into my flesh? Your only way is to carry me in your arms and lay me athwart, or set me upright, at some gate, which I will maintain either with my lance or my body." "Fie, Signor Governor!" said another, "it is more fear than the targets that hinders your marching. Hasten and exert yourself, for time advances, the enemy pours in upon us, and every moment increases our danger."

The unfortunate governor, thus urged and upbraided, made efforts to move, and down he fell, with such violence that he thought every bone had been broken; and there he lay, like a tortoise in his shell, or like a fitch of bacon packed between two boards, or like a boat on the sands keel upwards. Though they saw his disaster, those jesting rogues had no compassion: on the contrary, putting out their torches, they renewed the alarm, and, with terrible noise and precipitation, trampled over his body, and bestowed numerous blows upon the targets, inasmuch that, if he had not contrived to shelter his head between the bucklers, it had gone hard with the poor governor, who, pent up within his narrow lodging, and sweating with fear, prayed from the bottom of his heart for deliverance from that horrible situation. Some kicked him, others stumbled and fell over him, and one among them jumped upon his body, and there stood as on a watch-tower, issuing his orders to the troops. "There, boys, there! that way the enemy charges thickest! defend that breach! secure yon gate! down with those scaling ladders! this way with your kettles of melted pitch, resin, and flaming oil; quick! fly!—get wool packs, and barricade the streets!" In short, he called for all the instruments of death, and everything employed in the defence of a city besieged and stormed. All this while Sancho, pressed and battered, lay and heard what was passing, and often said to himself, "Oh, that it would please the Lord that this island were but taken, and I could see myself either dead or delivered out of this devil's den!" Heaven at last heard his prayers, and, when least expecting it, he was cheered with shouts of triumph. "Victory! victory!" they cried: "the enemy is routed. Rise, Signor Governor, enjoy the conquest, and

divide the spoils taken from the foe by the valor of that invincible arm!"

"Raise me up," quoth Sancho, in a woe-ful tone; and when they had placed him upon his legs, he said, "All the enemies I have routed may be nailed to my forehead. I will divide no spoils; but I beg and entreat some friend, if I have any, to give me a draught of wine to keep me from choking with thirst, and help me to dry up this sweat, for I am almost turned into water." They untied the targets, wiped him, and brought him wine, and, when seated upon his bed, such had been his fatigue, agony, and terror, that he fainted away. Those concerned in the joke were now sorry they had laid it on so heavily, but were consoled on seeing him recover. He asked them what time it was, and they told him it was day-break. He said no more, but proceeded in silence to put on his clothes, while the rest looked on, curious to know what were his intentions.

At length, having put on his clothes, which he did slowly and with much difficulty, from his bruises, he bent his way to the stable, followed by all present, and going straight to Dapple, he embraced him, and gave him a kiss of peace on his forehead. "Come hither," said he, with tears in his eyes, "my friend, and the partner of my fatigues and miseries. When I consorted with thee, and had no other care but mending thy furniture, and feeding that little carcass of thine, happy were my hours, my days, and my years; but since I forsook thee, and mounted the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand toils, a thousand torments, and ten thousand tribulations, have seized and worried my soul." While he thus spoke he fixed the panel upon his ass without interruption from anybody, and when he had done, with great difficulty and pain he got upon him, and said to the steward, the secretary, and the doctor, Pedro Rezio, and many others who were present, "Make way, gentlemen, make way, and let me return to my ancient liberty: let me seek the life I have left, that I may rise again from this grave. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands nor cities from enemies that break in upon them. I understand better how to plow and dig, to plant and prune vines, than to make laws and to take care of provinces and kingdoms. Saint Peter is well

at Rome—I mean to say, that nothing becomes a man so well as the employment he was born for. In my hand a sickle is better than a sceptre. I had rather have my bellyful of my own poor porridge, than to be mocked with dainties by an officious doctor who would kill me with hunger; I had rather lay under the shade of an oak in summer, and wrap myself in a jerkin of double sheepskin in winter at my liberty, than lay me down, under the slavery of a government, between Holland sheets, and be robed in fine sables. Heaven be with you, gentlefolks: tell my lord duke that naked was I born, and naked I am; I neither win nor lose; for without a penny came I to this government, and without a penny do I leave it—all governors cannot say the like. Make way, gentlemen, I beseech you, that I may go and plaster myself, for I verily believe all my ribs are broken—thanks to the enemies who have been trampling over me all night long.”

“It must not be so, Signor Governor,” said the doctor. “I will give your lordship a balsamic draught, good against all kinds of bruises, that shall presently restore you to your former health and vigor; and as to your food, my lord, I promise to amend that, and let you eat abundantly of whatever you desire.” “Your promises come too late, Mr. Doctor,” quoth Sancho; “I will as soon turn Turk as remain here. These tricks are not to be played twice. ’Fore Heaven, I will no more hold this nor any other government, though it were served up to me in a covered dish, than I will fly to heaven without wings. I am of the race of the Panzas, who are made of stubborn stuff; and if they once cry, Odd! odds it shall be, come of it what will. Here will I leave the flimsy wings that raised me aloft to be pecked at by martlets and other small birds; and be content to walk upon plain ground, with a plain foot; for though it be not adorned with pink Cordovan shoes, it will not wait for hempen sandals. Every sheep with its like; stretch not your feet beyond your sheet; so let me be gone, for it grows late.” “Signor Governor,” said the steward, “we would not presume to hinder your departure, although we are grieved to lose you, because of your wise and Christian conduct; but your lordship knows that every governor before he lays down

his authority is bound to render an account of his administration. Be pleased, my lord, to do so for the time which you have been among us; then peace be with you.” “Nobody can require that of me,” replied Sancho, “but my lord duke; to him I go, and to him I shall give a fair and square account; though, in going away naked as I do, there needs nothing more to show that I have governed like an angel.” “Before Heaven,” said Doctor Pedro Rezio, “the great Sancho is in the right, and I am of opinion we should let him go; for without doubt his highness will be glad to see him.” They all agreed, therefore, that he should be allowed to depart, and also offered to attend him and provide him with whatever was necessary or convenient for his journey. Sancho told them he wanted only a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself; that, having so short a distance to travel, nothing more would be needful. Hereupon they all embraced him, which kindness he returned with tears in his eyes, and he left them in admiration both of his good sense and unalterable firmness.

OF WHAT BEFELL SANCHE PANZA ON HIS WAY.

It was so late that he could not reach the duke’s castle that day, although he was within half a league of it, when night, somewhat darker than usual, overtook him; but as it was summer-time, this gave him little concern, and therefore he turned out of the road, intending to proceed no farther till the morning. But in seeking a convenient shelter for the night, his ill-luck so ordered it that he and Dapple fell together into a cavity, among the ruins of an old building. The hole was deep, and Sancho, in the course of his descent, devoutly recommended himself to Heaven, not expecting to stop till he came to the utmost depths of the abyss; but therein he was mistaken, for he had not much exceeded three fathoms before Dapple felt the ground, with Sancho still upon his back, without having received the smallest damage. He forthwith examined the condition of his body, held his breath, and felt all about him, and, finding himself whole and in catholic

health, he thought he could never be sufficiently grateful to Heaven for his wonderful preservation; for he verily believed he had been dashed into a thousand pieces. He then groped about the pit, in the hope of discovering some means of getting out, but found that the sides were perpendicular, smooth, and without either hold or footing, which grieved him much, especially when he heard Dapple groan most piteously; nor did he lament without good cause, for in truth he was in a bad plight. "Woe is me!" exclaimed Sancho: "what sudden and unlooked-for mischances perpetually befall us poor wretches who live in this miserable world! Who could have thought that he who but yesterday saw himself on a throne, a governor of an island, with officers and servants at his call, should, to-day, find himself buried in a pit, alone, helpless, and cut off from all relief? Here must I and my ass perish with hunger, unless we die first, he with bruises, and I with grief; for I cannot reckon upon my master's luck in the Cave of Montesinos, where, it seems, he met with better entertainment than in his own house, and where he found the cloth ready laid, and the bed ready made. There he saw beautiful and pleasant visions; and here, if I see anything, it will be toads and snakes. Unfortunate that I am! what are my follies and my fancies come to? Whenever it shall please Heaven that I shall be found, here will my bones be taken up, clean, white and bare, and those of my trusty Dapple with them: by which, peradventure, it will be guessed who we are!—at least by those who know that Sancho Panza never left his ass, nor did his ass ever leave Sancho Panza. Wretches that we are! not to have the comfort of dying among our friends, where at least there would be some to grieve for us, and, at our last gasp, to close our eyes. O my dear companion and friend! how ill have I requited thy faithful services! Forgive me, and pray to fortune, in the best manner thou canst, to bring us out of this miserable pickle; and I here promise thee, besides doubling thy allowance of provender, to set a crown of laurel upon thy head, that thou mayest look like any poet-laureate."

Thus did Sancho Panza bewail his misfortune; and though his ass listened to all he said, yet not a word did he answer: such was the poor beast's anguish and

distress! At length, after having passed all that night in sad complaints and bitter wailings, daylight began to appear, whereby Sancho was soon confirmed in what he so much feared—that it was utterly impossible to escape from that dungeon without help. He therefore had recourse to his voice, and set up a vigorous outcry, in the hope of making somebody hear him; but alas! it was all in vain, for not a human creature was within hearing, and after many trials he gave himself up as dead and buried. Seeing that his dear Dapple was yet lying upon his back, with his mouth upwards, he endeavored to get him upon his legs, which, with much ado, he accomplished, though the poor animal could scarcely stand; he then took a luncheon of bread out of his wallet (which had shared in the disaster), and gave it to his beast, saying to him, "Bread is relief for all kind of grief:" all of which the ass appeared to take very kindly. At last, however, Sancho perceived a crevice on one side of the pit large enough to admit the body of a man. He immediately thrust himself into the hole, and creeping upon all-fours, he found it to enlarge as he proceeded, and that it led into another cavity, which, by a ray of light that glanced through some cranny above, he saw was large and spacious. He saw also that it led into another vault equally capacious; and having made this discovery, he returned for his ass, and by removing the earth about the hole, he soon made it large enough for Dapple to pass. Then laying hold of his halter, he led him along through the several cavities, to try if he could not find a way out on the other side. Thus he went on, sometimes in the dusk, sometimes in the dark, but always in fear and trembling. "Heaven defend me!" said he, "what a chicken-hearted fellow am I! This now, which to me is a sad mishap, to my master Don Quixote would have been a choice adventure. These caves and dungeons, belike, he would have taken for beautiful gardens and stately palaces of Galiana, and would have reckoned upon their ending in some pleasant flowery meadow; while I, poor, helpless, heartless wretch that I am, expect some other pit still deeper to open suddenly under my feet and swallow me up. Oh, welcome the ill luck that comes alone!" Thus he went on, lamenting and despairing; and when he had gone,

as he supposed, somewhat more than half a league, he perceived a kind of glimmering light, like that of day, breaking through some aperture above that seemed to him an entrance to the upper world.

One morning, as the knight was riding out to exercise and prepare himself for the approaching conflict, now urging, now checking the mettle of his steed, it happened that Rozinante, in one of his curvetings, pitched his feet so near the brink of a deep cave, that had not Don Quixote used his reins with all his skill, he must inevitably have fallen into it. But, having escaped that danger, he was curious to examine the chasm, and as he was earnestly surveying it, still sitting on his horse, he thought he heard a noise issuing from below, like a human voice; and listening more attentively, he distinctly heard these words: "Ho! above there! is there any Christian that hears me, or any charitable gentleman to take pity on a sinner buried alive—a poor governor without a government?" Don Quixote thought it was the voice of Sancho Panza; at which he was greatly amazed, and, raising his voice as high as he could, he cried, "Who are you below there? Who is it that complains?" "Who should be here, and who complains," answered the voice, "but the most wretched soul alive, Sancho Panza, governor, for his sins and evil-errantry, of the island of Barataria, and late squire to the famous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha."

On hearing this, Don Quixote's wonder and alarm increased; for he conceived that Sancho Panza was dead, and that his soul was there doing penance; and in this persuasion he said, "I conjure thee, as far as a Catholic Christian may, to tell me who thou art; and if thou art a soul in purgatory, let me know what I can do for thee: for since my profession obliges me to aid and succor all that are afflicted in this world, I shall also be ready to aid and assist the distressed in the world below, where they cannot help themselves." "Surely," answered the voice from below, "it is my master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, who speaks to me—by the sound of the voice it can be no other!" "Don Quixote I am," replied the knight, "he whose profession and duty it is to relieve and succor the living and the dead in their necessities. Tell me, then, who thou art, for I am amazed at

what I hear. If thou art really my squire Sancho Panza, and art dead, since the devils have not got thee, and through God's mercy thou art still in purgatory, our holy mother the Roman Catholic Church has power by her supplications to deliver thee from the pains which afflict thee: and I will myself solicit her in thy behalf, as far as my estate and purse will go: speak, therefore, and tell me quickly who thou art?" "Why, then, I vow to Heaven," said the voice, "and will swear by whatever your worship pleases, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that I am your squire Sancho Panza, and that I never died in the whole course of my life; but that, having left my government for reasons and causes that require more leisure to be told, I fell last night into this cavern, where I now am, and Dapple with me, who will not let me lie; and, as a further proof, here the good creature stands by me."

Now it would seem the ass understood what Sancho said, and willing to add his testimony, at that instant began to bray so lustily that the whole cave resounded. "A credible witness!" quoth Don Quixote: "that bray I know as well as if I myself had brought it forth; and thy voice, too, I know, my dear Sancho—wait a little, and I will go to the duke's castle and bring some people to get thee out of this pit, into which thou hast certainly been cast for thy sins." "Pray go, for the Lord's sake," quoth Sancho, "and return speedily; for I cannot bear any longer to be buried alive, and am dying with fear." Don Quixote left him, and hastened to the castle to tell the duke and duchess what had happened to Sancho Panza; at which they were not a little surprised, though they readily accounted for his being there, and conceived that he might easily have fallen down the pit, which was well known and had been there time out of mind; but they could not imagine how he should have left his government without their having been apprised of it. Ropes and pulleys were, however, immediately sent; and, with much labor and many hands, Dapple and his master were drawn out of that gloomy den, to the welcome light of the sun.

A certain scholar, who was present at Sancho's deliverance, said, "Thus should all bad governors quit their governments; even as this sinner comes out of the

depth of this abyss; pale, hungry, and penniless!" "Harkye, brother," said Sancho, who had overheard him, "it is now eight or ten days since I began to govern the island that was given to me, and in all that time I never had my bellyful but once. Doctors persecuted me, enemies trampled over me and bruised my bones, but no leisure had I either to touch a bribe or receive my dues; and this being the fact, methinks I deserve not to come out of it in this fashion. But, man proposes and God disposes; and he knows what is best and fittest for everybody; and, as is the reason, such is the season; and, let nobody say, I will not drink of this cup, for where one expected to find a flitch, there may not be even a pin to hang it on! Heaven knows my mind, and that is enough. I could say much, but I say nothing." "Be not angry, Sancho, nor concerned at what may be said," quoth Don Quixote, "otherwise thou wilt never be at peace. Keep but a safe conscience, and let people say what they will; for as well mayest thou think to barricade the plain, as to tie up the tongue of slander. If a governor comes rich from his government, they say he has plundered it; and if he leaves it poor, that he has been a fool." "I warrant," answered Sancho, "that for this bout, they will rather take me for a fool than a thief."

In such discourse, amidst a rabblement of boys and other followers, they arrived at the castle, where the duke and duchess were already in a gallery waiting for them. Sancho would not go up to see the duke till he had first taken the necessary care of Dapple in the stable, because the poor creature, he said, had had but an indifferent night's lodging; and, that done, he went up to the duke and duchess, and kneeling before them, he said, "My lord and lady, you made me governor of your island of Barataria; and not from any desert of mine, but because your grand-ears would have it so. Naked I entered it, and naked have I left it: I neither win nor lose. Whether I have governed well or ill, there are witnesses, who may say what they please. I have cleared up doubts, and pronounced sentences, and all the while famished with hunger: so far it was ordered by Pedro Rezio, native of Tirteafuera, doctor in ordinary to the island and its governor. Enemies at-

tacked us by night; and, though they put us in great danger, I heard many say that the island was delivered; and according as they speak the truth, so help them Heaven. In short, I have by this time been able to reckon up the cares and burdens the trade of governing brings with it, and find them, by my own account, too heavy for my shoulders or ribs to bear—they are not arrows for my quiver; and so before the government left me, I even resolved to leave the government; and yesterday morning, turning my back on the island, I left it just as I found it, with the same streets, the same houses, with the self-same roofs to them as they had when I first entered it. I have neither borrowed nor hoarded; and though I intended to make some wholesome laws, I made none, fearing they would not be observed, which is the same as if they were not made. I came away, as I said, from the island without any company but my Dapple. In the dark, I fell headlong into a pit, and crept along underground, till this morning by the light of the sun I discovered a way out, though not so easy a one but that if Heaven had not sent my master Don Quixote, there I might have stayed till the end of the world. So that, my lord duke and my lady duchess, behold here your governor Sancho Panza, who, in the ten days that he held his office, found out by experience that he would not give a single farthing to be governor, not of an island only, but even of the whole world. This, then, being the case, kissing your honors' feet, and imitating the boys at play, who cry, 'Leap and away,' I give a leap out of the government, and pass over to the service of my master, Don Quixote; for, after all, though with him I eat my bread in bodily fear, at least I have my bellyful; and, for my part, so I have but that well stuffed, it is all one to me whether it be with carrots or partridges."

WHICH RELATES HOW DON QUIXOTE TOOK HIS LEAVE OF THE DUKE, HIS VISIT TO BARCELONA AND THERE IS VANQUISHED BY THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON.

Even Don Quixote now thought it full time to quit so inactive a life as that which

he had led in the castle, deeming himself culpable in living thus in indolence, amidst the luxuries prepared for him, as a knight-errant, by the duke and duchess; and he believed he should have to account to Heaven for his neglect of the duties of his profession. He therefore requested permission of their graces to depart, which they granted him, but with every expression of regret. That same evening Don Quixote took leave of the duke and duchess, and early the next morning he sallied forth, completely armed, into the open country.

On finding himself in the open country, unrestrained and free, Don Quixote felt all his chivalric ardor revive within him, and turning to his squire, he said, "Liberty, friend Sancho, is one of the choicest gifts that Heaven hath bestowed upon man, and exceeds in value all the treasures which the earth contains within its bosom, or the sea covers. Liberty, as well as honor, man ought to preserve at the hazard of his life, for without it life is insupportable. Thou knowest, Sancho, the luxury and abundance we enjoyed in the hospitable mansion we have just left; yet, amidst those seasoned banquets, those cool and delicious liquors, I felt as if I had suffered the extremity of hunger and thirst, because I did not enjoy them with the same freedom as if they had been my own. The mind is oppressed and enthralled by favors and benefits to which it can make no return. Happy the man to whom Heaven hath given a morsel of bread without laying him under an obligation to any but Heaven itself!" "For all that," quoth Sancho, "we ought to feel ourselves much bound to the duke's steward for the two hundred crowns in gold which he gave me in a purse I carry here, next my heart, as a cordial and comfort in case of need; for we are not likely to find many castles where we shall be made so much of, but more likely inns, where we shall be rib-roasted."

[Don Quixote and Sancho arrive at Barcelona and there make the acquaintance of Don Antonio Moreno and the Viceroy, who encourage Don Quixote in many extravagances.]

One morning, while at Barcelona, Don Quixote having sallied forth to take the air on the strand, armed at all points—his favorite costume, for arms, he said, were his

ornament, and fighting his recreation—he observed a knight advancing towards him, armed also like himself and bearing a shield, on which was portrayed a resplendent moon. When near enough to be heard, in an elevated voice he addressed himself to Don Quixote, saying, "Illustrious knight, and never-enough-renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, of whose incredible achievements, peradventure, you have heard. I come to engage in combat with you, and try the strength of your arm, in order to make you confess that my mistress, whoever she may be, is beyond comparison more beautiful than your Dulcinea del Toboso. If you fairly confess this truth, you will spare your own life, and me the trouble of taking it. The terms of the combat I require are, that if the victory be mine, you relinquish arms and the search of adventures for the space of one year, and that, returning forthwith to your own dwelling, you there live during that period in a state of profound quiet, which will tend both to your temporal and spiritual welfare; but if, on the contrary, my head shall lie at your mercy, then shall the spoils of my horse and arms be yours, and the fame of my exploits be transferred to you. Consider which is best for you, and determine quickly, for this very day must decide our fate."

Don Quixote was no less surprised at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon than the reason he gave for challenging him; and, with much gravity and composure, he answered, "Knight of the White Moon, whose achievements have not as yet reached my ears, I dare swear you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for, if so, I am confident you would have taken care not to engage in this trial, since the sight of her must have convinced you that there never was, nor never can be, beauty comparable to hers; and, therefore, without giving you the lie, I only affirm that you are mistaken, and accept your challenge, and that, too, upon the spot, even now, this very day, as you desire. Of your conditions, I accept all but the transfer of your exploits, which being unknown to me, I shall remain contented with my own, such as they are. Choose, then, your ground, and expect to meet me; and he whom Heaven favors, may St. Peter bless!"

In the meantime, the viceroy, who had been informed of the appearance of the stranger knight, and that he was holding parley with Don Quixote, hastened to the scene of action, accompanied by Don Antonio and several others, not doubting but that it was some new device of theirs to amuse themselves with the knight. He arrived just as Don Quixote had wheeled Rozinante about to take the necessary ground for his career, and perceiving that they were ready for the onset, he went up and inquired the cause of so sudden an encounter. The Knight of the White Moon told him that it was a question of pre-eminence in beauty, and then briefly repeated what he had said to Don Quixote, mentioning the conditions of the combat. The viceroy, in a whisper to Don Antonio, asked him if he knew the stranger knight, and whether it was some jest upon Don Quixote. Don Antonio assured him in reply that he neither knew who he was nor whether this challenge was in jest or earnest. Puzzled with this answer, the viceroy was in doubt whether or not he should interpose and prevent the encounter; but being assured it could only be some pleasantry, he withdrew, saying, "Valorous knights, if there be no choice between confession and death; if Signor Don Quixote persists in denying, and you, Sir Knight of the White Moon, in affirming—to it, gentlemen, in Heaven's name!"

The knights hereupon made their acknowledgments to the viceroy for his gracious permission; and now Don Quixote, recommending himself to Heaven, and (as usual on such occasions) to his lady Dulcinea, retired again to take a larger compass, seeing his adversary do the like. Without sound of trumpet or other warlike instrument to give signal for the onset, they both turned their horses about at the same instant; but he of the White Moon, being mounted on the fleetest steed, met Don Quixote before he had run half his career, and then, without touching him with his lance, which he seemed purposely to raise, he encountered him with such impetuosity that both horse and rider came to the ground; he then sprang upon him, and clapping his lance to his visor, said, "Knight, you are vanquished and a dead man, if you confess not according to the conditions of our challenge."

Don Quixote, bruised and stunned, without lifting up his visor, and as if speaking from a tomb, said in a feeble and low voice, "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I am the most unfortunate knight on earth, nor is it just that my weakness should discredit this truth; knight, push on your lance, and take away my life, since you have despoiled me of my honor."

"Not so, by my life!" quoth he of the White Moon; "long may the beauty and fame of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso flourish! All I demand of the great Don Quixote is, that he submit to one year's domestic repose and respite from the exercise of arms."

The viceroy, Don Antonio, with many others, were witnesses to all that passed, and now heard Don Quixote promise that, since he required nothing of him to the prejudice of his lady Dulcinea, he should fulfil the terms of their engagement with the punctuality of a true knight.

This declaration being made, he of the White Moon turned about his horse, and, bowing to the viceroy, at a half-gallop entered the city, whither the viceroy ordered Don Antonio to follow him, and by all means to learn who he was. They now raised Don Quixote from the ground, and, uncovering his face, found him pale and bedewed with cold sweat, and Rozinante in such a plight that he was unable to stir.

Sancho, quite sorrowful and cast down, knew not what to do or say; sometimes he fancied he was dreaming, at others that the whole was an affair of witchcraft and enchantment. He saw his master discomfited, and bound by his oath to lay aside arms during a whole year! His glory, therefore, he thought, was forever extinguished, and his hopes of greatness scattered like smoke to the wind. Indeed, he was afraid that both horse and rider were crippled, and hoped that it would prove no worse.

Finally, the vanquished knight was conveyed to the city in a chair, which had been ordered by the viceroy, who returned thither himself, impatient for some information concerning the knight who had left Don Quixote in such evil plight.

Don Antonio Moreno rode into the city after the Knight of the White Moon, who was also pursued to his inn by a swarm of

boys; and he had no sooner entered the chamber where his squire waited to disarm him, than he was greeted by the inquisitive Don Antonio. Conjecturing the object of his visit, he said, "I doubt not, signor, but that your design is to learn who I am, and as there is no cause for concealment, while my servant is unarming me I will inform you without reserve. My name, signor, is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and I am of the same town with Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose madness and folly have excited the pity of all who know him. I have felt, for my own part, particularly concerned, and, believing his recovery to depend upon his remaining quietly at home, my projects have been solely directed to that end. About three months ago I sallied forth on the highway like a knight-errant, styling myself the Knight of the Mirrors, intending to fight and conquer my friend without doing him harm, and making his submission to my will the condition of our combat. Never doubting of success, I expected to send him home for twelve months, and hoped that during that time he might be restored to his senses. But fortune ordained it otherwise, for he was the victor: he tumbled me from my horse, and thereby defeated my design. He pursued his journey, and I returned home, vanquished, abashed, and hurt by my fall. However, I did not relinquish my project, as you have seen this day; and, as he is so exact and punctual in observing the laws of knight-errantry, he will doubtless observe my injunctions. And now, sir, I have only to beg that you will not discover me to Don Quixote, that my good intentions may take effect, and his understanding be restored to him, which, when freed from the follies of chivalry, is excellent."

"O sir!" exclaimed Don Antonio, "what have you to answer for in robbing the world of so diverting a madman? Is it not plain, sir, that no benefit to be derived from his recovery can be set against the pleasure which his extravagances afford? But I fancy, sir, his case is beyond the reach of your art; and, Heaven, forgive me! I cannot forbear wishing you may fail in your endeavors, for by his cure we should lose not only the pleasantries of the knight, but those of his squire, which are enough to transform Melancholy herself into mirth. Nevertheless, I will be

silent, and wait in the full expectation that Signor Carrasco will lose his labor." "Yet, all things considered," said the bachelor, "the business is in a promising way—I have no doubt of success."

Don Antonio then politely took his leave; and that same day the bachelor, after having his armor tied upon the back of a mule, mounted his charger and quitted the city, directing his course homeward, where he arrived without meeting with any adventure on the road worthy of a place in this faithful history. Don Antonio reported his conversation with the bachelor Carrasco to the viceroy, who regretted that such conditions should have been imposed upon Don Quixote, as they might put an end to that diversion which he had so liberally supplied to all who were acquainted with his whimsical turn of mind.

During six days Don Quixote kept his bed, melancholy, thoughtful, and out of humor, still dwelling upon his unfortunate overthrow. Sancho strove hard to comfort him. "Cheer up, my dear master," said he, "pluck up a good heart, sir, and be thankful you have come off without a broken rib. Remember, sir, 'they that give must take;' and 'every hook has not its flitch.' Come, come, sir—a fig for the doctor! you have no need of him. Let us pack up, and be jogging homeward, and leave this rambling up and down to seek adventures the Lord knows where. Odds bodikins! after all I am the greatest loser, though mayhap your worship suffers the most; for though, after a taste of governing, I now loathe it, I have never lost my longing for an earldom, or countship, which I may whistle for if your worship refuses to be a king, by giving up knight-errantry." "Peace, friend Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "and remember that my retirement is not to exceed a year, and then I will resume my honorable profession, and shall not want a kingdom for myself, nor an earldom for thee." "Heaven grant it, and sin be deaf!" quoth Sancho; "for I have always been told that good expectation is better than bad possession."

Two days afterwards, Don Quixote, who had hitherto been unable to travel on account of his bruises, set forward on his journey home, Sancho trudging after him on foot, because Dapple was now employed in bearing his master's armor.

As Don Quixote was leaving the city of Barcelona, he cast his eyes to the spot whereon he had been defeated; and pausing, he cried, "There stood Troy! there my evil destiny, not cowardice, despoiled me of my glory; there I experienced the fickleness of fortune; there the lustre of my exploits was obscured; and, lastly, there fell my happiness, never more to rise!" Upon which Sancho said to him, "Great hearts, dear sir, should be patient under misfortunes, as well as joyful when all goes well; and in that I judge by myself, for when I was made a governor, I was blithe and merry, and now that I am a poor squire on foot, I am not sad. I have heard say that she they call Fortune is a drunken, freakish dame, and withal so blind that she does not see what she is about; neither whom she raises, nor whom she pulls down."

"Thou art much of a philosopher, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and hast spoken very judiciously. Where thou hast learned it I know not; but one thing I must tell thee, which is, that there is no such thing in the world as fortune, nor do the events which fall out, whether good or evil, proceed from chance, but by the particular appointment of Heaven; and hence comes the saying that every man is the maker of his own fortune. I have been so of mine; but, not acting with all the prudence necessary, my presumption has undone me. I ought to have recollected that the feeble Rozinante was not a match for the powerful steed of the Knight of the White Moon. However, I ventured; I did my best: I was overthrown; and, though I lost my glory, I still retain my integrity, and therefore shall not fail in my promise. When I was a knight, daring and valiant, my arms gave credit to my exploits; and now that I am only a dismounted squire, my word at least shall be respected."

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE AND HIS
SQUIRE SANCHO ON THE WAY TO THEIR
VILLAGE.

The vanquished knight pursued his journey homeward, sometimes overcome with grief, and sometimes joyful. So impatient was Don Quixote for night, and so slowly it seemed to approach, that he

concluded the wheels of Apollo's chariot had been broken, and the day thereby extended beyond its usual length; as it is with expecting lovers, who always fancy time to be stationary. At length, however, it grew dark; when, quitting the road, they seated themselves on the grass under some trees, and took their evening's repast on such provisions as the squire's wallet afforded. Don Quixote then took off his cloak, leaving himself in his doublet; the squire, being covered up warm, fell fast asleep, and never stirred until the sun waked him.

The knight and squire now pursued their journey, and, having travelled about three leagues, they alighted at the door of an inn, which, it is to be remarked, Don Quixote did not take for a turreted castle, with its moat and drawbridge: indeed, since his defeat, he was observed at times to discourse with a more steady judgment than usual. He was introduced into a room on the ground-floor, which, instead of tapestry, was hung with painted serge, as is common in country places. In one part of these hangings was represented by some wretched dauber the story of Helen's elopement with Paris, and in another was painted the unfortunate Dido, upon a high tower, making signals with her bed-sheet to her fugitive lover, who was out at sea, crowding all the sail he could to get away from her. Of the first, the knight remarked that Helen seemed not much averse to be taken off, for she had a roguish smile on her countenance; but the beauteous Dido seemed to let fall from her eyes tears as big as walnuts. "These two ladies," said he, "were most unfortunate in not being born in this age, and I above all men unhappy that I was not born in theirs; for had I encountered those gallants, neither had Troy been burnt nor Carthage destroyed:—all these calamities had been prevented simply by my killing Paris."

"I will lay a wager," quoth Sancho, "that, before long, there will not be either victualling-house, tavern, inn, or barber's shop, in which the history of our exploits will not be painted; but I hope they may be done by a better hand than the painter of these." "Thou art in the right, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "for this painter is like Orbaneja of Ubeda, who, when he was asked what he was painting, answered, 'As it may happen,' and if it

chanced to be a cock, he prudently wrote under it, 'This is a cock,' lest it should be mistaken for a fox. Just such a one, methinks, Sancho, the painter or writer (for it is all one) must be who wrote the history of this new Don Quixote, lately published; whatever he painted or wrote was just as it happened. Or he is like a poet some years about the court, called the Mauleon, who answered all questions extempore; and a person asking him the meaning of *Deum de Deo*, he answered '*Dé donde diere.*'"^{*}

HOW DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE ARRIVED AT THEIR VILLAGE.

That day Don Quixote and Sancho remained at the inn, waiting for night. In the evening they quitted the inn, and after proceeding together about half a league, the road branched into two—the one led to Don Quixote's village. Continually hoping and expecting, the knight and squire ascended a little eminence, whence they discovered their village, which Sancho no sooner beheld than, kneeling down, he said, "Open thine eyes, O my beloved country! and behold thy son, Sancho Panza, returning to thee again, if not rich, yet well whipped! Open thine arms, and receive thy son Don Quixote, too! who, though worsted by another, has conquered himself, which, as I have heard say, is the best kind of victory! Money I have gotten, and though I have been soundly banged, I have come off like a gentleman." "Leave these fooleries, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "and let us go directly to our homes, where we will give full scope to our imagination, and settle our intended scheme of a pastoral life." They now descended the hill, and went straight to the village.

At the entrance of the village, as Cid Hamet reports, Don Quixote observed two boys standing on a threshing-floor, disputing with each other. "You need not trouble yourself, Perquillo," said one of them, "for you shall never see it again." Don Quixote hearing these words, said, "Dost thou mark that, Sancho?

Hearst thou what he says? 'You shall never see it again!'" "Well, and what then?" said Sancho. "What!" replied Don Quixote, "dost thou not perceive that, applying these words to myself, I am to understand that I shall never more behold my Dulcinea?"

Sancho would have answered, but was prevented by seeing a hare come running across the field, which, pursued by a number of dogs and sportsmen, took refuge between Dapple's feet. Sancho took up the fugitive animal and presented it to Don Quixote, who immediately cried out, "*Malum signum! Malum signum!*—a hare flies, dogs pursue her, and Dulcinea appears not!" "Your worship," quoth Sancho, "is a strange man; let us suppose, now, that this hare is the Lady Dulcinea, and the dogs that pursue her those wicked enchanters who transformed her into a scurvy wench: she flies, I catch her, and put her into your worship's hands, who have her in your arms, and pray make much of her. Now, where is the harm of all this?"

The two boys who had been quarrelling now came up to look at the hare, when Sancho asked one of them the cause of their dispute, and was told by him, who said, "you shall never see it again," that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, which he intended to keep. Sancho drew four maravedis out of his pocket, and gave them to the boy for his cage, which he also delivered to Don Quixote, and said, "Look here, sir, all your omens and signs of ill-luck are come to nothing; to my thinking, dunce as I am, they have no more to do with our affairs than last year's clouds; and, if I remember right, I have heard our priest say that good Christians and wise people ought not to regard these trumperies; and it was but a few days since that your worship told me yourself that people who minded such signs and tokens were little better than fools. So let us leave these matters as we found them, and get home as fast as we can."

The hunters then came up and demanded their hare, which Don Quixote gave them and passed on. In a field adjoining the village, they met the curate and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco repeating their breviary. The priest and bachelor, immediately recognizing their friends, ran towards them with open

^{*} "Wherever it hits." Cervantes, in his "Dialogue between two Dogs," quotes these words from the same Mauleon, calling him "Foolish Poet," although belonging to the Academy of Imitators.

arms. Don Quixote alighted and embraced them cordially. In the meantime the boys, whose keen eyes nothing can escape, came flocking from all parts. "Ho!" cries one, "here comes Sancho Panza's ass as gay as a parrot, and Don Quixote's old horse, leaner than ever!"

Thus, surrounded by children, and accompanied by the priest and the bachelor, they proceeded through the village till they arrived at Don Quixote's house, where at the door they found the house-keeper and the niece, who had already heard of his arrival. It had likewise reached the ears of Sancho's wife Teresa, who, half naked, with her hair about her ears, and dragging Sanchica after her, ran to meet her husband; and seeing him not so well equipped as she thought a governor ought to be, she said, "What makes you come thus, dear husband? methinks you come afoot and foundered! This, I trow, is not as a governor should look." "Peace, wife," quoth Sancho, "for the bacon is not so easy found as the pin to hang it on. Let us go home, and there you shall hear wonders. I have got money, and honestly too, without wronging anybody." "Hast thou got money, good husband?—nay, then, 'tis well, however it be gotten; for well or ill, it will have brought us no new custom in the world."

Sanchica clung to her father, and asked him what he had brought her home, for she had been wishing for him as they do for showers in May. Teresa then taking him by the hand on one side, and Sanchica laying hold of his belt on the other, and at the same time pulling Dapple by the halter, they went home, leaving Don Quixote to the care of his niece and housekeeper, and in the company of the priest and bachelor.

Don Quixote, without waiting for a more fit occasion, immediately took the priest and bachelor aside, and briefly told them of his having been vanquished, and the obligation he had consequently been laid under to abstain from the exercise of arms for the space of twelve months, which he said it was his intention strictly to observe, as became a true knight-errant. He also told them of his determination to turn shepherd, and during the period of his recess to pass his time in the rural occupations appertaining to that mode of life; that while thus innocently and virtuously employed, he might give free

scope to his thoughts of love. He then besought them, if they were free from engagements of greater moment, to follow his example, and bear him company, adding that it should be his care to provide them with sheep, and whatever was necessary to equip them as shepherds; and moreover, that his project had been so far matured, that he had already chosen names that would suit them exactly. The priest having inquired what they were, he informed him that the name he proposed to take himself was the shepherd Quixotiz; the bachelor should be the shepherd Carraseon; and he, the curate, the shepherd Curiambro; and Sancho Panza, the shepherd Panzino.

This new madness of Don Quixote astonished his friends, but to prevent his rambling as before, and hoping also that a cure might in the meantime be found for his malady, they entered into his new project, and expressed their entire approbation of it, consenting also to be companions of his rural life. "This is excellent!" said the bachelor; "it will suit me to a hair, for, as everybody knows, I am a choice poet, and shall be continually composing love ditties and pastorals to divert us as we range the flowery fields. But there is one important thing to be done, which is, that each of us should choose the name of the shepherdess he intends to celebrate in his verses, and inscribe it on the bark of every tree he comes near, according to the custom of enamoured swains." "Certainly," said the knight, "that should be done: not that I have occasion to look out for a name, having the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these banks, the ornament of these meads, the flower of beauty, the cream of gentleness, and lastly, the worthy subject of all praise, however excessive!"

"That is true," said the priest; "but as for us, we must look out shepherdesses of an inferior stamp, and be content; if they square not with our wishes, they may corner with them; and when our invention fails us in the choice of names, we have only to apply to books, and there we may be accommodated with Phillises, Amarillises, Dianas, Floridas, Galateas and Belisardas in abundance, which, as they are goods for any man's penny, we may pick and choose. If my mistress, or rather, my shepherdess, should be called Anna, I will celebrate her under the name

of Anarda; and if Frances, I will call her Francesina; and if Lucy, Lucinda; and so on: and if Sancho Panza make one of our fraternity, he may celebrate his wife Teresa Panza by the name of Tersona." Don Quixote smiled at the turn given to the names; the priest again commended his laudable resolution, and repeated his offer to join the party whenever the duties of his function would permit. Then they took their leave, entreating him to take care of his health by every means in his power.

No sooner had his friends left him than the housekeeper and niece, who had been listening to their conversation, came to him. "Bless me, uncle!" cried the niece, "what has now got into your head? When we thought you were coming to stay at home, and live a quiet and decent life, you are about to entangle yourself in new mazes, and turn shepherd, forsooth!—in truth, uncle, 'the straw is too hard to make pipes of.'" Here the housekeeper put in her word. "Lord, sir! how is your worship to bear the summer's heat and winter's piercing cold in the open fields? And the howling of the wolves—Heaven bless us! No, good sir, don't think of it; this is the business of stout men, who are born and bred to it;—why, as I live, your worship would find it worse even than being a knight-errant. Look you, sir, take my advice—which is not given by one full of bread and wine, but fasting, and with fifty years over my head—stay at home, look after your estate, go often to confession, and relieve the poor; and if any ill come of it, let it lie at my door."

"Peace, daughters," answered Don Quixote, "for I know my duty; only help me to bed, for methinks I am not very well; and assure yourselves that whether a knight-errant or a shepherd-errant, I will not fail to provide for you, as you shall find by experience." The two good creatures—for they really were so—then carried him to bed, where they brought him food, and attended upon him with all imaginable care.

HOW DON QUIXOTE FELL SICK, MADE HIS WILL, AND DIED.

As all human things, especially the lives of men, are transitory, ever advancing

from their beginning to their decline and final termination, and as Don Quixote was favored by no privilege of exemption from the common fate, the period of his dissolution came—and when he least thought of it. Whether that event was hastened by the melancholy occasioned by the recollection of his defeat, or that his destined hour was come, true it is that he was seized with a fever which, after six days' confinement to his bed, terminated his mortal course. During that time he was often visited by his friends the priest, the bachelor and the barber; and his trusty squire Sancho Panza never quitted his bedside.

Supposing that the mortification of being vanquished and the disappointment of his hopes as to the restoration of Dulcinea were the causes of his present malady, they endeavored by all possible means to revive his spirits. The bachelor bid him be of good courage, and to think soon of beginning their pastoral life, telling him that he had already composed an eclogue on the occasion, which would eclipse all that Sannazarius had written, and that he had also bought of a shepherd of Quintanar two excellent dogs to guard the flock, the one called Barcino and the other Butron. Nevertheless, Don Quixote's dejection still continued; it was therefore thought necessary to send for a physician, who, perceiving some unfavorable symptoms in his pulse, advised his patient to look to his soul's health, for that of his body was in danger. Don Quixote heard this admonition with more tranquillity than those about him; for his housekeeper, his niece and his squire began to weep as bitterly as if he were already dead and laid out before their eyes. Grief and other troublesome cares, the doctor told them, had brought him to this pass.

Don Quixote now feeling an inclination to sleep, desired that he might be left alone. They complied, and he slept full six hours at a stretch (as it is termed), so that the niece and housekeeper thought he would never awake more. At the end of that time, however, he awoke, and immediately exclaimed in an audible voice, "Praised be Almighty God, who has vouchsafed me so great a blessing! Boundless are His mercies; nor can the sins of men either lessen or obstruct them!"

The niece listened attentively to her

uncle's words, for she thought she had perceived in him, especially since his illness, more consistency than usual, and she said to him, "What is it you say, sir? Has anything extraordinary happened? What mercies and what sins do you speak of?" "My good niece," replied Don Quixote, "the mercies I mean are those which God hath, in this instance, been pleased to show me, though my sins are so many. My judgment is now clear and freed from the dark clouds of ignorance with which the continual reading of those detestable books of chivalry had obscured it. I now see their extravagance and folly, and am only grieved that this discovery happens so late as to leave me no time to profit by such books as might improve and enlighten my soul. I feel myself, niece, at the point of death, and I would fain wash away the stain of madness from my character; for though in my life I have been deservedly accounted a lunatic, I earnestly desire that the truth thereof shall not be confirmed at my death. Go, therefore, dear child, and call hither my good friends the priest, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber, for I would fain make my confession and my will."

Fortunately, at that moment his three friends entered. As soon as Don Quixote saw them, he exclaimed, "Give me joy, good gentlemen, that I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quixano, the same whom the world, for his fair and honest life, was pleased to sur-name the Good. I am now an utter enemy to Amadis de Gaul and all his generation. Now the senseless and profane histories of knight-errantry are to me disgusting and odious; I now acknowledge my folly, and perceive the danger into which I was led by reading them; and now, through the mercy of God, and my own dear-bought experience, I abhor them."

When his three friends heard him speak thus, they imagined that some new frenzy had seized him. "What! Signor Don Quixote," said the bachelor, "now that we have news of the Lady Dulcinea being disenchanting, do you talk at this rate? And now that we are just upon the point of becoming shepherds, to sing and live like princes, would you turn hermit? Think not of it—be yourself again, and leave these idle stories." "Such,

indeed," replied Don Quixote, "were the stories that to me have proved so baneful; but my death, with Heaven's assistance, shall convert them to my good. I feel, good sirs, that death advances fast upon me; let us, then, be serious, and bring me a confessor, and a notary to draw up my will; for a man in my state must not trifle with his soul. Let the notary be sent for, I beseech you, while my friend here, the priest, is taking my confession."

They looked at each other in surprise at his expressions, and, though still dubious, they were inclined to believe him, and could not but regard as a fatal symptom this sudden change from madness to sanity. He then conversed again in so rational and Christian a manner, that no doubt remained of the perfect restoration of his intellect. The priest desired all the rest to leave the room, and when alone, he received his confession. The bachelor went for the notary, and presently after returned with him, followed by Sancho Panza, who, having learned from the bachelor the hopeless situation of his master, and seeing the niece and housekeeper in tears, also began to weep like the rest. The priest, having taken his dying friend's confession, came out of the room, and told them that the good Alonzo Quixano was near his end, and certainly in his right senses; he therefore advised them to go in, as it was full time that his will should be made. This sad intelligence opened still wider the sluices of grief, and torrents of tears issued from the swollen eyes of the housekeeper, his niece, and Sancho Panza his trusty squire, and from the bottom of their aggrieved hearts a thousand sighs and groans; for, in truth, as it hath been said before, both while he was plain Alonzo Quixano and while he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of an amiable disposition, and kind and affable in his behavior, so that he was beloved not only by those of his own family, but by all who knew him.

The notary now entered the room with the others, and after the preamble of the will had been written, and Don Quixote had disposed of his soul in the usual Christian forms, coming to the distribution of his worldly goods, he directed the notary to write as follows: namely—*Item*, it is my will that, in regard to certain moneys which Sancho Panza, whom

in the wildness of my folly I called my squire, has in his custody, there being between him and me some reckonings, receipts and disbursements, he shall not be charged with them, nor called to any account for them; but if, after he has paid himself, there should be an overplus, which will be but little, it shall be his own, and much good may it do him; and if, as in my distracted state I procured him the government of an island, I could, now that I am in my senses, procure him that of a kingdom, I would readily do it; for the simplicity of his heart and the fidelity of his dealings well deserve it." Then turning to Sancho, he said, "Forgive me, friend, for perverting thy understanding, and persuading thee to believe that there were, and still are, knights-errant in the world."

"Alas! good sir," replied Sancho, "do not die, I pray you; but take my advice, and live many years; for the greatest folly a man can commit in this world is to give himself up to death without any good cause for it, but only from melancholy. Good your worship, be not idle, but rise and let us be going to the field, dressed like shepherds, as we agreed to do: and who knows but behind some bush or other we may find the Lady Dulcinea disenchanted as fine as heart can wish? If you pine at being vanquished, lay the blame upon me, and say you were unhorsed because I had not duly girthed Rozinante's saddle; and your worship must have seen in your books of chivalry that nothing is more common than for one knight to unhorse another, and that he who is vanquished to-day may be the conqueror to-morrow."

"It is so, indeed," quoth the bachelor; "honest Sancho is very much in the right." "Gentlemen," quoth Don Quixote, "let us proceed fair and softly; look not for this year's birds in last year's nests. I was mad; I am now sane: I was Don Quixote de la Mancha; I am now, as formerly, styled Alonzo Quixano the Good, and may my repentance and sincerity restore me to the esteem you once had for me! Now let the notary proceed."

"Item, I bequeath to Antonia Quixano, my niece, here present, all my estate, real and personal, after the payment of all my debts and legacies; and the first to be discharged shall be the wages due to my

housekeeper for the time she has been in my service, and twenty ducats besides for a suit of mourning.

"I appoint for my executors Signor the priest and Signor Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, here present. *Item*, it is also my will that if Antonia Quixano my niece should be inclined to marry, it shall be only with a man who, upon the strictest inquiry, shall be found to know nothing of books of chivalry; and in case it shall appear that he is acquainted with such books, and that my niece, notwithstanding, will and doth marry him, then shall she forfeit all I have bequeathed her, which my executors may dispose of in pious uses as they think proper. And finally, I beseech the said gentlemen, my executors, that if haply they should come to the knowledge of the author of a certain history, dispersed abroad, entitled, 'The Second Part of the Exploits of Don Quixote de la Mancha,' they will, in my name, most earnestly entreat him to pardon the occasion I have unwittingly given him of writing so many and such gross absurdities as are contained in that book; for I depart this life with a burden upon my conscience, for having caused the publication of so much folly."

The will was then closed; and being seized with a fainting-fit, he stretched himself out at length in the bed, at which all were alarmed and hastened to his assistance; yet he survived three days: often fainting during that time in the same manner, which never failed to cause much confusion in the house; nevertheless, the niece ate, the housekeeper drank and Sancho Panza consoled himself—for legacies tend much to moderate grief that nature claims for the deceased. At last, after receiving the sacrament, and making all such pious preparations, as well as expressing his abhorrence, in strong and pathetic terms, of the wicked books by which he had been led astray, Don Quixote's last moment arrived. The notary was present, and protested that he had never read in any book of chivalry of a knight-errant dying in his bed in so composed and Christian a manner as Don Quixote, who, amidst the complaints and tears of all present, resigned his breath—I mean to say, he died. When the priest saw that he was no more, he desired the notary to draw up a certificate, stating that Alonzo Quixano, commonly called

Don Quixote de la Mancha, had departed this life and died a natural death; which testimonial he required, lest any other authors beside Cid Hamet Benengeli should raise him from the dead, and impose upon the world with their fabulous stories of his exploits.

This was the end of that extraordinary gentleman of La Mancha, whose birth-place Cid Hamet was careful to conceal, that all the towns and villages of that province might contend for the honor of having produced him, as did the seven cities of Greece for the glory of giving birth to Homer. The lamentations of Sancho, the niece and the housekeeper are not here given, nor the new epitaphs on the tomb of the deceased knight, except the following one, composed by Sampson Carrasco :

Here lies the valiant cavalier
Who never had a sense of fear :
So high his matchless courage rose,
He reckoned death among his vanquished foes.

Wrongs to redress his sword he drew,
And many a caitiff giant slew ;
His days of life though madness stained,
In death his sober senses he regained.

THE END OF DON QUIXOTE.

THE LOST SPECTACLES.

A country curate, visiting his flock,
At old Rebecca's cottage gave a knock.
"Good morrow, dame, I mean not any libel,
But in your dwelling have you got a Bible?"
"A Bible, sir?" exclaimed she in a rage,
"D'ye think I've turned a Pagan in my age?"

Here, Judith, and run upstairs, my dear,
'Tis in the drawer, be quick and bring it here."

The girl return'd with Bible in a minute,
Not dreaming for a moment what was in it;
When lo! on opening it at parlor door,
Down fell her spectacles upon the floor.

Amaz'd she stared, was for a moment dumb,
But quick exclaim'd, "Dear sir, I'm glad you're come."

'Tis six years since these glasses first were lost,

And I have miss'd 'em to my poor eyes' cost!"

Then as she glasses to her nose she raised,
She closed the Bible—saying, "God be praised!"

A GOOD ONE.

"Paddy, honey, will you buy my watch now?"

"And is it about selling your watch ye are, Mike?"

"Troth, it is, darlin'!"

"What's the price?"

"Ten shillings and a mutchkin of the crature."

"Is the watch a dacent one?"

"Sure and I've had it twenty years, and it never once desaved me."

"Well, here's your tin; now tell me, does it go well?"

"Bedad, an' it goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster, or Leinster, not barring Dublin."

"Bad luck to ye, Mike, you have taken me in. Didn't you say it never desaved you?"

"Sure an' I did—nor did it—for I *never depinded on it*."

A WARNING TO WIVES.—The police took up a prominent citizen in a sad state of mental aberration the other day, and after restoring him, learned that he probably lost his mind in trying to remember and deliver the parting message of his wife, who, on kissing him good-by in the morning, told him to "go to the dress-maker and tell her that she (the wife) had changed her mind, and would have the watered silk made up instead of the poplin, and be sure and tell her," said the wife, "that if she thinks it would look better with ten bias flounces without puffing, and box-plaiting below the equator, which should be gathered in hem-stitched gudgeons up and down the seams, with gusset-stitch between, she can make it up in that way, instead of fluting the bobinett insertion, and piecing out with point applique, as I suggested yesterday."

A NICE SENSE OF PROPRIETY.—The Teutonic tailor of a Pennsylvania village having married a second wife indecently soon after the funeral of the first, the young men of the place notified their disapproval by a tin-horn serenade during the progress of the wedding feast. The indignant man expostulated in the following style: "I say poys, you ought to be ashamed of yourselfs to be making all dis noise ven der vas a funeral here so soon!"

*TALES FROM THE "DECAMERON" OF BOCCACCIO.

[GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO, born in Paris, 1313, died at Certaldo, Val d'Elsa, 21st December, 1375. He was the son of a merchant of Florence, and in that city he was educated. He may be regarded as the father of Italian prose; and he was the author of the first romantic and chivalrous poem written in the Italian language, *La Teseide*, the subject being the fabulous adventures of Theseus. From the *Teseide* Chaucer borrowed the materials of his *Knight's Tale*. The most important of Boccaccio's prose works is the *Decameron*, which was written at the desire of Queen Joan of Naples. It is a series of one hundred tales, supposed to be narrated by seven ladies and three gentlemen, who have fled to a country house to escape the plague which visited Florence in 1348. The intrigues of lovers form the chief element of the stories, and the details of the greater number display a licentious freedom of manners. Several of the tales, however, are pure and interesting. One of the important labors which Boccaccio accomplished was the collection of a valuable library of Greek and Latin classics. The library was unfortunately destroyed by fire about a century after his death.]

A PLAIN, HONEST MAN, BY A CASUAL JEST, VERY SHREWDLY REPROVES THE HYPOCRISY OF THE CLERGY.

Emilia, whose turn came next (the witty reproof given by the marchioness to the king of France being approved by the whole assembly), began in this manner: I will not conceal a most stinging reproof given by an honest, simple man to a most sordid and avaricious monk, which you will both commend and laugh at.

There was, not long since, a friar belonging to the Inquisition, who, though he labored much to be righteous and zealous for the Christian faith, had yet a much keener eye after those who had full purses than after those who held heterodox opinions. By his great diligence in this way he soon found out a person better stored with money than sense. This man, not so much out of profaneness as want of thought, and perhaps overheated with liquor into the bargain, unluckily said to one of his companions that he had better wine than Christ himself ever drank. This was reported to the inquisitor, and he, understanding that the man's estate was large, and that he was full of money, sent all his myrmidons, had him seized, and began a prosecution, not so much with a design to amend him in matters of faith as to ease him of part of his money, as he soon did. The man being brought

before him, he inquired whether that was true which had been alleged against him. The poor man immediately answered that it was, and told him in what manner the words were spoken. Thereupon the most holy inquisitor (devoted to St. John with the golden beard) retorted: "What! dost thou make Christ a drunkard, and curious in the choice of wines, like common sots and frequenters of taverns? and now wouldst thou excuse it as a small matter? It may seem so to thee; but I tell thee, should I proceed with the rigor of justice, thou wouldst be burnt alive for it." With these and such-like words, as if he had to do with a downright atheist, he so terrified the poor wretch that he was forced to have recourse to a little of St. John's golden grease—a most sovereign remedy (although it be not mentioned by Galen in his book of medicines) against the pestilential avarice of the clergy, especially of the lesser friars, who are forbidden the use of money. With that unguent the poor man anointed the inquisitor's hands to such purpose that the fire and faggot with which he had been threatened were changed into a cross, which, being yellow and black, seemed like a banner designed for the holy land. The money being paid, he was to stay there for some time, being ordered, by way of penance, to hear mass in the church of the holy cross every morning, to visit the inquisitor also at dinner-time, and to do nothing the rest of the day but what he commanded; all which he performed punctually. One morning it happened that, during mass, the gospel was read, wherein were these words: "You shall receive a hundred for one, and so possess eternal life;" words of which he kept fast hold in his memory. That same day he waited on the inquisitor at dinner-time, as he had been commanded, and the latter asked him whether he had heard mass that morning. "Yes, sir," replied the man very readily. "Hast thou heard anything therein," quoth the inquisitor, "as to which thou art doubtful or desirous to ask any questions?" "No, surely," said the honest man, "and I believe all that I have heard most steadfastly; only one thing I remember, which occasions great pity in me for you and the rest of your brethren as to what will become of you in the other world." "And what are those words which make you pity us

* Selected by George Gebbie.

so much?" "O, good sir," said the man, "do you remember the words of the gospel: 'You shall receive a hundred for one'?" "Well, what of them," quoth the inquisitor. "I will tell you, sir. Ever since I have been here have I seen sometimes one and sometimes two great caldrons of broth given out of your great abundance every day to the poor, after you and your brethren have been sufficiently regaled. Now, if for every one of these you are to receive a hundred, you will all of you be drowned in broth." This set the whole table in a roar, and the inquisitor was quite confounded, knowing it to be a satire upon their great hypocrisy; and were it not that he had been much blamed for his former prosecution, he would have given the man more trouble: he ordered him, therefore, in a rage, to go about his business and not come near him any more.

MARTELLINO, FEIGNING TO BE A CRIPPLE, PRETENDS TO BE CURED BY BEING LAID UPON THE BODY OF SAINT ARRIGO; BUT HIS ROGUERY BEING DISCOVERED, HE GETS SOUNDLY BEATEN, AND IS AFTERWARDS APPREHENDED, AND IN DANGER OF BEING HANGED, BUT ESCAPES AT LAST.

There lived, not long since, at Triers a German called Arrigo, who was a poor man and served as a porter, when any one pleased to employ him; yet was he reputed a person of a good life; on which account (whether it be true or false I know not) it was affirmed by the people of Triers that, at the very instant of his death, the bells of the great church rang of their own accord, which was accounted a miracle, and all declared that this Arrigo was a saint. They flocked to the house where the corpse lay and carried it as a sanctified body to the great church; bringing thither the halt, lame and blind, in expectation that, by the touch of it, they would all recover. In so great a concourse of people, it happened that three of our own city arrived there, one of whom was named Stecchi, another Martellino, and the third Marchese; persons that frequented the courts of princes, to divert them as buffoons and mimics. Having none of them ever been there

before, and seeing the great crowd of people running from all parts of the city, they were much surprised; and, hearing the cause, they were very desirous of seeing the corpse. They left their baggage, therefore, at the inn, and Marchese said, "We will see this saint; but I do not know how we shall contrive to get near enough, for the street is full of soldiers and persons in arms, whom the governor has stationed there to prevent any tumult in the city; and, besides, the church is so thronged with people that it will be impossible to get in." Martellino, who was eager to be a spectator, replied, "I will find a way, notwithstanding, to get close to the very body." "How," said Marchese, "is that possible?" "I'll tell you," answered Martellino: "I intend to counterfeit a cripple, whilst thou shalt support me on one side and Stecchi on the other, as if I were unable to walk by myself, bringing me towards the saint to be cured; and you will see everybody make way for us to go on."

The other two were much pleased with the contrivance, and they all went accordingly into a private place, where Martellino distorted his hands, fingers, arms, legs, mouth, eyes, and his whole countenance in such a manner that it was frightful to behold; and nobody that saw him would have imagined but that he was really so lamed and deformed. Being carried in that guise by Marchese and Stecchi, they directed their way to the church, crying out, in a most piteous manner all the way to make room for God's sake! which the people did with great readiness. In a little time they attracted the eyes of every one, and the general cry was, Room! room! till at length they came where the body of St. Arrigo lay. Martellino was then taken from his friends by some persons that stood around and laid all along upon the body, to the end that he might, by that means, receive the benefit of a cure. All the people's eyes were now upon him, expecting the event, when he, who was master of his business, first began to stretch his fingers, then his hands, afterwards his arms, and at last his whole body; which, when the people saw, they set up such shouts in praise of St. Arrigo that a clap of thunder would hardly have been noticed in the din.

Now it happened that a Florentine was not far off, who, knowing Martellino very

well (not while his body was distorted, but after his pretended cure), burst out laughing, and cried, "Good God! who would not have taken him to have been really a cripple?" Some of the bystanders, hearing this, immediately said, "And was he not so?" "No," answered the other, "as God is my judge, he was always as straight as any person here; but he has the art, as you have now seen, of turning his body into what shape he pleases."

There needed nothing more to set them all on fire; they therefore pressed on most violently, crying out to "seize the villain, that blasphemer of God and his saints, who, being no wise disordered, comes here to make a jest of our saint and us." Whereupon they dragged him by the hair of the head and threw him upon the ground, kicking him and tearing the clothes off his back; nor was there one that did not endeavor to give him a blow, whilst Martellino kept crying out for God's sake to have mercy; but all to no purpose, for the blows fell thicker and faster upon him.

Marchese and Stecchi now began to be in some pain for themselves, and, not daring to help him, they cried out with the multitude, "Kill him! kill him!" contriving all the time how to get him out of their hands: nevertheless, he had certainly been murdered but for the following expedient. Marchese, knowing that the officers of justice were at the door, ran to the lieutenant that commanded, crying out, "Help, sir, help! for God's sake; here's a fellow that has picked my pocket of a hundred florins; I beg you will assist me in getting them back again." And immediately twelve of the sergeants ran to where Martellino was in the utmost jeopardy, and with the greatest difficulty got him away, all trodden under foot and bruised as he was, and carried him to the palace, followed by many of the people who had been incensed against him, and who, now hearing that he was taken up for a cut-purse, and seeing no other way of revenging themselves, declared that they had also been robbed by him.

On hearing these complaints, the judge, who was an ill-tempered man, took him aside and examined him; whilst Martellino answered him in a jesting manner, making no account of their accusations.

This so incensed the judge that he ordered him to be tied by the neck and soundly lashed, that he might make him confess the crimes he was charged with, in order to hang him afterwards. Martellino being, therefore, bound down to the ground, and the judge asking him if those things with which he was accused were true, and telling him it would be in vain to deny them, he made answer, "My lord, I am ready to confess the truth; but please first to order all my accusers to say when and where I robbed them, and I will then tell you truly what I am guilty of, and what not." The judge readily consented, and, having summoned some of them before him, one said he had picked his pocket eight days ago, another four days, and some averred that he had robbed them that same day. Martellino replied: "My lord, they are all liars; for I had not been here many hours (and would to God I had never come at all!) before I went to view this saint, where I got abused as you now see. That this is true, the officer who keeps your book of presentations, as also my landlord, will testify for me; therefore, I beseech you not to torture and put me to death at the instance of these people."

When Marchese and Stecchi heard what passed before the judge, and that their friend was severely handled, they began to be in great fear about him, saying to themselves that they had taken him out of the frying-pan to throw him into the fire; and they ran from place to place to find out their landlord, whom they acquainted with what had happened. The landlord, laughing heartily at their story, took them to one Alexander Agolanti, a person of great interest in the city, to whom they related the whole affair, entreating him to have pity on poor Martellino. Alexander, after much laughter, went to the governor of the town and prevailed upon him to have Martellino brought into his presence. The messenger that went for him found him standing before the judge in his shirt, all terrified because his worship would hear nothing in his favor, having an aversion, perhaps, to our country people, and being probably resolved to hang him at all events: and he refused to deliver him up till he was compelled. Martellino, being brought before the governor, told him everything that had hap-

pened, and entreated him, as a special favor, that he would let him go, saying that, till he came to Florence, he should always think he had the rope about his neck. The governor was highly diverted with the story, and, ordering every one of the three a suit of apparel, they escaped, beyond all their hopes, from the most imminent danger and got home safe and sound.

FRIAR ALBERT MAKES A WOMAN BELIEVE THAT AN ANGEL IS IN LOVE WITH HER, AND IN THAT SHAPE DECEIVES HER. AFTERWARDS, FOR FEAR OF HER RELATIONS, HE THROWS HIMSELF OUT OF THE WINDOW, AND TAKES SHELTER IN A POOR MAN'S HOUSE, WHO EXPOSES HIM THE NEXT DAY IN THE PUBLIC MARKET-PLACE, IN THE FORM OF A WILD MAN, WHEN HE IS DISCOVERED BY TWO FRIARS AND PUT INTO PRISON.

The story related by Fiammetta drew tears several times from the eyes of all the company; but it being now finished, the king, looking gravely, said, "I would have given my life willingly to have enjoyed but half the pleasure which those lovers met with. Nor need you wonder at that, because I undergo a thousand deaths daily, without the least pleasure whatever in return. But, letting my fortune alone for the present, it is my will that Pampinea proceed; who, if she goes on as well as Fiammetta has begun, I shall expect to receive some small degree of comfort more to my affliction." Pampinea, finding herself fixed upon for the next novel, and having more regard to the inclination of the company, which she very well knew, than to the king's command, and being more desirous of diverting them than of satisfying his melancholy temper, chose a novel which should make them laugh, though she still kept to the subject proposed: It is a common saying, said she, that a wicked man, who has the reputation of being virtuous and good, may do many things, and nobody believe it. This affords ample matter for discourse, and a fit handle for me to show how great the hypocrisy is of some of the religious, who have their garments long and large; their faces made pale artificially, and on purpose; their language so

meek and humble, to get men's goods from them; yet are sour and harsh enough in reproving them of vices of which they themselves are guilty; whilst they pretend that they merit heaven just as much by receiving, as the others do by giving. Who also, not as if they were to get thither by their own endeavors, but as though they were the possessors and lords of it, portion out to every person that dies a better or a worse place therein, according to the amount of money bequeathed to them; thus deceiving themselves, in the first place, if they really mean what they say, and afterwards those who put their trust in them. Of whom, might I have the liberty of speaking all I know, I could quickly disclose to many simple people, what wickedness is too often concealed under that holy habit. I could wish, however, that the same success might attend the hypocrisy of them all, as befell a certain friar, who was concerned in some of the best families in Venice; the relation of which may prove some diversion to you, after your grief for the death of Ghismond.

There lived at Imola a man of a very bad life, called Berto della Massa, whose evil deeds had gained him such a character there, that nobody could believe him even when he spoke the truth. Finding, therefore, that all his quirks and cunning would stand him in no further stead at Imola, he removed, in a kind of despair, to Venice, the common receptacle of every sort of wickedness, and resolved to manage matters in a quite different manner from what he had done; and, as if he felt some remorse of conscience for his past life, pretending also to be seized with uncommon zeal and devotion, he turned friar, calling himself Father Albert of Imola. In this habit he seemed to lead a mighty sanctified life, highly commending penance and abstinence, and eating no flesh and drinking no wine; but then it was when he could get neither to please him. Besides this, when he was officiating at the altar at any time, if he saw he was taken notice of by many people, he would be sure to weep over our Saviour's passion, having tears enough at command whenever he chose. In short, what with his preaching and crying together, he had so far insinuated himself into the good graces of the people of Venice, that there was scarcely a will made but he was left

executor; he had the care also and disposal of many people's money; and was adviser and confessor to the greatest part both of the men and women; so that from a wolf he became the shepherd, and the fame of his sanctity was greater than ever was that of St. Francis.

Now it happened that a vain, simple lady, named Lisetta da Ca Quirino, wife to a merchant, who was going a voyage to Flanders, came one day, with some other women, to confess to this holy friar; and being asked, as she was confessing, if she had a lover, she replied, putting on an angry countenance, "What! father, have you no eyes in your head? Where do you see a woman so handsome as myself? I could have lovers enough; but my beauty is designed for none of them; it is fit only to appear in heaven itself." And many more things she said of the same sort, enough to give any one a surfeit to hear them. Father Albert immediately saw her blind side and thought her fit game for his net, but deferred using any flattering speeches till a more convenient opportunity. To show himself, however, holy for that time, he began to reprove her, telling her all this was vain-glory, and so forth. The lady, in return, called him a brute, and told him he could not distinguish beauty when he saw it. He then, not to provoke her too far, took her confession, and dismissed her.

A little time after, taking a friend with him whom he could trust to the house, he went with her to one side of the hall, where nobody could see them, and falling down upon his knees, said, "Madame, I must beg, for Heaven's sake, that you will forgive me for blaspheming your beauty, as I did last Sunday; since I was so chastised the following night for it, that I could not rise out of my bed before to-day." "And who," quoth the foolish lady, "chastised you in that manner?" "I will tell you. As I was saying my prayers that night, as usual, suddenly a great light shone around me. I turned about to see what it was, and beheld a beautiful youth, with a staff in his hand, who took hold of my hood, threw me down upon the floor, and beat me in such a manner that I was almost killed. Upon my asking what all that was for, he made answer, 'Because thou didst so saucily presume to reprove the celestial beauty of Madame Lisetta, whom I love above all

things in the world.' 'And who are you?' I demanded. 'I am the angel Gabriel,' he replied. 'O, my Lord,' then said I, 'I beseech you to forgive me.' He answered, 'I do forgive thee, upon condition that thou goest the very first opportunity to her, and obtain her pardon; and unless she thinks fit to excuse thee, I shall return, and give thee such discipline as thou shalt feel as long as thou shalt live.' What he said more I dare not speak, unless I have your forgiveness."

My lady windbag, who had something of a sweet tooth in her head, gave ear to this ridiculous story, and said, "I told you, Father Albert, that my beauties were of the celestial kind; I am sorry for what you have suffered, and forgive you, if you will tell me truly what the angel said besides." "That I will," said he; "but one thing I must enjoin you, namely, that you tell it to no person living, unless you have a mind to ruin all; for you are certainly the happiest woman upon the face of the earth. This angel Gabriel told me, then, that he had such a regard for you, that he should frequently have come to pass the night with you, if he thought you would not be too much terrified. He bid me tell you, therefore, that he should come some night, and stay awhile with you; and seeing that he is an angel, and that you could not touch him if he were to come in that shape, he will put on a human appearance for your sake, and would know from you when you would choose to see him, and whose form and person you would have him assume." The conceited woman said she was very happy to hear that the angel Gabriel loved her, for indeed she loved him, and never failed to set up a full candle wherever she saw him painted. At any hour he might please to come he should be welcome, and would find her alone in her chamber: but on this condition, that he should not forsake her for the Virgin Mary, of whom it was said he was very fond; and, indeed, so it appeared, for he was everywhere to be seen on his knees before her. Furthermore, he might come in any form he pleased, provided he did not frighten her. "Madame," said the friar, "you talk very sensibly, and I will arrange with him as you desire; but I have a great favor to beg, which will cost you nothing; it is that he may put on my person. I will tell you why I ask this. It is because he will take my soul out of my

body and put it in paradise, and will enter into me; and as long as he is with you, so long will my soul be in paradise." "I consent with all my heart," answered she; "it will be some amends for the blows you have received." "But," said he, "the door must be open, otherwise, as he comes in human shape, he would not be able to enter your house." She promised it should be done. Friar Albert then took leave of her, and she remained in such a transcendent state of exaltation that she did not know which way she walked, and thought every moment a year till the angel Gabriel should come to her.

By way of preparation for the part he had to play that night, Friar Albert fortified himself with lots of good things; and, when it was dark, he went with a companion to the house of a woman, who used to accommodate him when he had such affairs on hand. Having there put on his angelic accoutrements, he went to the lady's house, found the door on the latch, and stepped up into her chamber. When Lisetta beheld that shining white apparition, she knelt down before it; the angel gave her his benediction, raised her from the ground, and made a sign to her to go to bed. She obeyed with cheerful alacrity, and the angel lay down beside his votary. Friar Albert was a fine, lively fellow; and between whiles he told her many things of the glories of heaven. Just before daybreak he went away as he had come, after making arrangements for his return, and rejoined his comrade.

As soon as Lisetta had dined, she set off with her companion to see Friar Albert, and told him all about the angel Gabriel, what she had heard from him about the glories of heaven, how he was made, and a thousand marvellous stories of her own invention. After much talk, Madame Lisetta went home; and the angelic Franciscan continued his visits to her for a long time without impediment; but at last her silly babble spoiled all.

One day it chanced that, being with an acquaintance, the conversation turned on female beauty, and Lisetta, to exalt herself above all others, must needs say, "If you but knew what a conquest I have made, you would say no more about other women." Her friend, who was eager to draw her out, replied, "That may be very true; and yet anybody but myself might hesitate to believe it, not knowing who is

the person in question." "I ought not to name him," said the vain creature, "but as I have no secrets from you, I will tell you that it is the angel Gabriel; and he loves me better than himself, as the finest woman to be found, so he tells me, in the whole world or within the lagoons." The friend could hardly help laughing out, but refrained that she might hear more. "By my faith, my dear," she said, "if the angel Gabriel is your lover, and told you this, of course he knows best; but I had no idea that angels did such things." "You were mistaken, my dear, I give you my word my husband's but a fool to him; and he tells me that they make love in heaven just the same as here, but that he fell in love with me because there is none equal to me up there; nay, he comes down very often to be with me; what do you say to that?"

It seemed an age to the friend till she could get away from Lisetta and have her fill of laughter. In the evening she had a bevy of ladies at an entertainment, and told them the whole story. They, again, told it to their husbands and to other ladies, and these to more, so that in less than two days it was known all over Venice. Lisetta's brothers-in-law heard of it amongst the rest, and without saying a word to her on the subject, they kept watch for several nights together to discover this angel and see if he could fly. Some inkling of the matter also reached the ears of Friar Albert, and one night he went to reprimand her for making it public, but had no sooner got into the apartment, and stripped himself, than he heard the brothers-in-law at the door. Jumping up at once, and seeing no other way to escape, he opened the casement that was over the great canal, and threw himself directly into it. As the water was deep, and he was a good swimmer, he received no harm; and espying a house on the other side, with the door open, he rushed into it, and entreated the honest man to save his life, telling him a thousand lies concerning the reason of his coming there in that manner, and at that time. The man, being moved with pity, and having some business which called him away for a time, desired him to go into his bed, and lie there till he should return; he then locked him up in the house, and went about his business. The brothers-in-law, upon coming into the lady's chamber,

found that the angel Gabriel had left his wings there, and flown away without them. They gave her, therefore, a tremendous rating, and left her disconsolate, carrying off the angel's implements along with them.

In the meantime, the sun having risen, the man had repaired to the Rialto, where he heard the whole story how the angel Gabriel had been to spend the night with Madonna Lisetta, and how he was discovered by her relations, and forced to leap into the canal, and nobody knew what was become of him; whence the cottager concluded it must be the same man that he had safe and fast at home. Finding, upon his return, that this was the fact, after some discourse together, he made the friar send home for five hundred ducats, threatening otherwise to deliver him up to the woman's friends. When the money was brought, and the friar was desirous of getting away, the honest man said to him, "I see no way for your escape but one. To-day we make a great rejoicing, when one person is to bring a man clothed like a bear, another like a wild man, and so on; and in that manner people are to come under different disguises into St. Mark's Place, as to a hunt; and when the diversion is over, every man leads away the person that he brings, to what quarter he pleases. Now, if, before any one knows that you are here, you will consent to be led in one of those disguises, I will carry you afterwards where you will; otherwise I do not see how you can get away without being observed; for the relations, guessing that you are somewhere hereabouts, are everywhere upon the scout for you." This seemed a hard sentence to the friar; but his fear of being discovered was so great, that he at last consented. Accordingly he was besmeared all over with honey, and covered with feathers; a chain was put about his neck, and a mask upon his face, with a great stick in one hand and a couple of butcher's mastiffs in the other; and a man was privily sent before to the Rialto, to make public proclamation, that all who had a mind to see the angel so much talked of might repair to St. Mark's Place: which was a Venetian trick at best.

When that was done, Father Albert was led forth, and all the way as he was carried along there was a great outcry of

the people, wondering what thing it was: and being brought into the great square, what with the people that followed, and those that flocked thither upon hearing the proclamation, the crowd was immensely great. The fellow then tied his wild man to a pillar, pretending to wait till the sport began; in the meantime, as he was bedaubed with honey, the flies and wasps began to grow exceedingly troublesome to him. Perceiving, at last, the square sufficiently crowded, under a pretence of turning his wild man loose, the man took off the mask, and said, "Gentlemen, as I find we are to have no other sport to-day, I intend to show you the angel who comes down from Heaven o' nights to comfort the Venetian ladies." No sooner was the mask removed than all present recognized Father Albert, and there was a most terrible outcry against him, every one pelting him with whatever filth came to their hands, till at length the news reached the convent, when two of his brethren came, and, throwing a gown over him, carried him away with the utmost difficulty to their monastery, where he was thrown into prison and ended his days in a miserable manner. Thus did this man's hypocrisy and wickedness meet with their due reward; and may the like fate attend all his kind.

[The numerous tales founded on that species of seduction practised by Alberto da Imola may have originated in the incident related in all the romances concerning Alexander the Great, where Nectanebus predicts to Olympias that she is destined to have a son by Ammon, and afterwards enjoys the queen under the appearance of that divinity. But they have more probably been derived from the story related by Josephus (lib. xviii. c. xlii) of Mundus, a Roman knight in the reign of Tiberius, who having fallen in love with Paulina, wife of Saturninus, bribed a priestess of Isis, to whose worship Paulina was addicted, to inform her that the god Anubis, being enamoured of her charms, had desired her to come to him. In the evening she accordingly proceeded to the temple, where she was met by Mundus, who personated the Egyptian divinity. Next morning she boasted of her interview with Anubis to all her acquaintance, who suspected some trick of priestcraft; and the deceit having come to the knowledge of Tiberius, he ordered the temple of Isis to be demolished, and her priests to be crucified. Similar deceptions are also common in Eastern stories. Thus, in the History of Malek, in the "Persian Tales," the adventurer of that name, under the semblance of Mahomet, seduces the Princess of Gazna. A fraud of the nature of that employed by Alberto da Imola is frequent in the French novels and romances, as in "L'Amant Salamandre," and the "Sylph Husband," of Marmontel. It is also said to have been oftener than once practised in France, in real life, as appears from the well-known case of Father Girard and Mlle. Cadière.]

A LADY, UNDER PRETENCE OF CONFESSING, AND A PURE CONSCIENCE, BEING IN LOVE WITH A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, MAKES A SANCTIFIED FRIAR BRING THEM TOGETHER, WITHOUT HIS KNOWING ANYTHING OF HER INTENTION.

The boldness and great subtlety of the groom having been as much commended as the king's extraordinary discretion, Filomena, at the queen's desire, next began as follows : I design to acquaint you with a trick that a certain lady put upon a grave friar, which will be so much the more agreeable to us lay people, as such folk think themselves both better and wiser than the rest of mankind, whereas they are quite the reverse, being for the most part persons who are unable to raise themselves in the world, and therefore fall back upon a profession which insures their being fed like swine. I shall tell this story then, ladies, in compliance with the order I have received, and show you that even the clergy themselves, to whom we over-credulous women yield too implicit a faith, may be, and often are, tricked and imposed on, not by men only, but even by our own sex.

In our city (more full of craft and deceit than of friendship and faithful dealing) there lived not long since a lady, who, in point of beauty, high-bred deportment, and subtle wit, was not inferior to any of her sex ; her name, as well as that of every other person concerned in this novel, I shall beg leave to conceal, out of regard to some persons who might be offended, but who may now let the story pass with a smile. This lady knowing herself to be nobly descended, and being married to a clothier, could by no means bring down her spirit, which made her look upon a tradesman, however rich he might be, as unworthy to mate with a gentlewoman. She saw with disgust that her husband, for all his wealth, had not the least understanding in anything out of his own business, and she determined not to admit of his embraces any farther than she was obliged, but to make choice of a gallant that should be more worthy of her. Accordingly she fell in love with a gentleman of suitable years, to that degree, that unless she saw him every day, she could get no rest at night. But he, knowing nothing of the matter, had not the least regard to her ; whilst she was so

cautious that she would trust neither to letters nor messages for fear of danger. Finding, however, that the object of her choice was much acquainted with a certain friar, one of a gross person, yet esteemed by all as a very religious man, she judged that he would be the fittest agent to go between her and her lover. After maturely considering which would be the best method to take, she went one day to that church to which the friar belonged, and having called him aside, she told him that, when he was at leisure, she had a mind to confess.

The friar, seeing her to be a person of distinction, immediately heard her confession, and when that was over, she said, "Father, I require your advice and assistance upon a matter I will explain to you. I have told you of my relations and my husband, who loves me more than his own life, and who, as he is very rich, obliges me in everything that I ask for ; for which reason I love him more than I do myself ; and were I capable so much as of harboring a thought, not to speak of doing an act, which should be contrary to his wishes and his honor, I should deem no woman more deserving of death than myself. Now there is a person whose name I am a stranger to, but who seems to be of some figure, and is, if I mistake not, an acquaintance of yours, a tall, handsome man, very elegantly dressed in brown, who, being unacquainted, perhaps, with my upright intentions, seems to lay constant wait for me. I can never stir out of doors, or so much as go to the window, but he is always there : I wonder he is not after me now ; which gives me infinite concern, because such things often bring unmerited scandal upon virtuous ladies. Sometimes I have thought of letting my brothers know ; but then I considered that men frequently deliver messages in such a manner that words ensue, and from words blows ; therefore, to prevent both scandal and mischief, I have hitherto held my tongue, resolving to acquaint you, rather than any other person, both because you are his friend, and because it is your duty to correct such abuses, not only in friends, but also in strangers. I entreat you then, for God's sake, that you would exhort him to leave off those ways ; there are other ladies enough, who may be of that stamp, and would be proud of a gallant ; but I

am another sort of person, and such a thing gives me the greatest uneasiness." Having said this, she hung down her head, as if she was going to weep. The holy father then immediately understood who was the person she meant; and having commended her for her good disposition, believing it was all true that she said, he promised to take care that she should have no more disturbance of that kind; and knowing her to be rich, he concluded by recommending to her works of charity and alms-giving, not forgetting to mention his own particular necessities. The lady then said, "I beg of you, sir, if he should deny it, to tell him without any scruple that I informed you myself, and am very uneasy about it." Having now confessed, and remembering what he had told her concerning charity, she put a sum of money into his hand, desiring he would say mass for the souls of her deceased friends; and rising from before his feet, she departed to her own house. In some little time the gentleman came, according to custom, to the friar, who, after talking awhile to him upon indifferent matters, took him aside and reproved him in a gentle manner for his design upon the lady. The other was much surprised, having never taken any notice of her, and but seldom passed by the house, and he would have excused himself, but the friar would not suffer him. "Never pretend to be surprised," he said, "nor spend your breath in denying it, for it is to no manner of purpose: this is no common report; I had it from her own lips. Such behavior is very unbecoming in you; and, let me tell you, if there is a woman in the world averse to such follies it is she: therefore, for her comfort, and your own credit, I exhort you to refrain, and let her live in quiet." The gentleman, more quick of apprehension than the friar, easily took the lady's meaning, and pretending to be out of countenance, promised to concern himself with her no more. He then left the friar, and went straightway towards the lady's house. There she was, looking out for him at the window, as usual, and she appeared so gracious and well pleased at the sight of him, that he found himself not mistaken: and from that time he used frequently to pass that way, under pretence of business, to her great satisfaction.

After some time, when the lady per-

ceived that she was as agreeable to him as he was to her, she had a mind to give him some farther proofs of her affection. To the friar she went again, and throwing herself at his feet in the church, began to lament most grievously. Thereupon he asked, with a great deal of concern, what new unpleasantness had happened. She replied, "It is only that accursed friend of yours, of whom I complained to you the other day. I think, in my conscience, he is born to be a perpetual plague to me, and to make me do what I should never think of otherwise; nor shall I ever dare afterwards to lay myself at your feet." "What," said the friar, "does he continue still to give you trouble?" "Indeed, sir," quoth she, "since I made my complaint to you, he seems to do it out of mere spite; and for once that he used to come our way before, he now passes at least seven times. And would to God those walks and wanton gazings would content him; but he is now grown so audacious and impudent that no longer since than yesterday he sent a woman to my house with his nonsense, and a present of a purse and girdle, as if I had wanted purses and girdles; at which I was, and am still, so much offended, that, had not the fear of God, and regard to you, prevented me, I had certainly done some wicked thing or other. But I kept my temper, nor would I do or say anything till I had first made you acquainted. Moreover, I returned those things to the woman that brought them, bidding her carry them back, and I sent her away with a flea in her ear; but fearing afterwards lest she might keep them herself, and tell him I had received them, as I am told those people often do, I called her back, and took them out of her hand in a passion, and here I have now brought them to you, that you may give them to him again and tell him that I want nothing that belongs to him; for, thank God and my husband, I have purses and girdles enough. Therefore, good father, I now tell you, that if he does not desist I will immediately acquaint my husband and my brothers; for, happen what may, I had much rather that he should suffer, if it must be so, than that I myself should bear any blame on his account."

Having said this, she took a rich purse and a very pretty girdle from under her gown, shedding abundance of tears, and

threw them into the friar's lap; and he, believing all she had told him, was incensed beyond measure. "I do not wonder, daughter," said he, "that you make yourself uneasy for these things, nor can I blame you; but I much commend you for following my instructions. I reprov'd him the other day, and he has ill-performed what he promised; however, I will give him such a reprimand for what he has done before, and now also, that he shall be no more a plague to you. For Heaven's sake, then, do not suffer yourself to be hurried away by passion, so as to tell any one; because it may be of bad consequence. Never fear any blame to yourself, for I will bear testimony to your virtue before God and man."

The lady seemed to be a little comforted; and changing the subject, as one who well knew the covetousness of him and his brethren, "Holy father," she said, "for some nights past many of my relations have appeared to me in a vision, demanding alms; especially my mother, who seemed to be in such affliction that it was terrible to behold. I believe it comes of her concern to see me in all this trouble, through this most wicked fellow. Therefore I desire, for the sake of their souls, that you would say the forty masses of St. Gregory, that God may deliver them from that fiery penance;" and having said this, she put a gold florin into his hand. The holy father received it very cheerfully, confirmed her devotion by good words and divers examples, and, having given her his blessing, let her depart.

When she was gone, never thinking how he was imposed upon, he sent for his friend, who, finding him a little out of temper, supposed he had been discoursing with the lady, and waited to hear what he would say. The friar accordingly reiterated his former reproofs, chiding him severely for what the lady had now complained of concerning his offered present. The honest gentleman, who as yet could not tell to what all this tended, but faintly affected to deny his sending a purse and girdle, that he might not be entirely discredited by the good man, if it should have happened that the lady had given him any such thing. But the friar cried out in a passion, "How can you deny it, you wicked man? Behold, here it is; she herself brought it me with tears: see if you know it again." The gentleman ap-

peared quite ashamed, and said, "Yes, indeed, I know it: I confess that I have done very ill, and I promise you, now I know her disposition, that you shall hear no more complaints upon that score." After many such words, the simple friar gave him the purse and girdle; and, exhorting him to do so no more let him go about his business.

The gentleman, now convinced of the lady's good-will towards him, and that this was her present, went overjoyed to a place where he cautiously contrived to let the lady see both the purse and girdle in his possession, which gave her great satisfaction, as her scheme seemed now to take effect. Nothing was wanting now to complete it but the husband's absence, and it fell out soon after that he was obliged to go to Genoa.

No sooner had he mounted his horse and departed, than she went again to the holy man, and, after making great complaints and lamentations, she said, "Good father, I tell you plainly that I can no longer suffer this; but, as I promised to do nothing without first consulting you, I am come to excuse myself to you; and, to convince you that I have great reason to be uneasy, I will tell you what your friend, that devil incarnate, did this very morning. I know not by what ill-fortune he came to know that my husband went to Genoa yesterday, but so it is, this morning he came into my garden, and got up by a tree to my window, that looks into the garden, opened it, and would have come into the chamber, only I jumped up and was beginning to cry out, and certainly should have done so, had he not begged of me, for Heaven's sake and yours, to be merciful; telling me who he was: upon which I ran and shut the window. Now judge you if these things are to be endured; it is upon your account only that I have suffered them so long." The friar was the most uneasy man in the world at hearing this: "And are you sure," said he, "that it was that person, and no other?" "Bless me!" quoth she, "do you think I could be so mistaken? I tell you it was he; and if he should deny it, don't believe him." "Daughter," quoth the friar, "I can say no more than that it was a most vile, audacious action, and you have done your duty: but I beg of you, as God has preserved you hitherto from dishonor, and

you have followed my advice twice before, that you would do so now: leave it then to me, without saying a word to any of your relations, and see if I cannot manage this devil unchained, whom I always took for a saint. If I can reclaim him from this lewdness, it will be well; if not, along with my benediction, I shall give you leave to do as you shall think most proper." "For this once, then," quoth she, "I will give you no trouble; but do you take care that he be not offensive for the time to come, for I promise you I will come no more to you upon his account;" and, without more words, she went away, apparently very angry.

She was scarcely got out of the church when in came the gentleman. The friar instantly took him aside, and assailed him with all the opprobrious language that could be used to a man, calling him villain, perjurer, traitor; whilst he, who had twice before found himself none the worse for these rebukes, listened very attentively, and endeavored, by effecting great perplexity, to draw out the friar, and make him come to the point. "Why, what have I done," he said, "to deserve this treatment?" "Done!" cried the friar. "Mark the impudence of the fellow! he speaks for all the world as though these things had happened years ago, and were now quite out of his mind. Pray, have you forgotten whom you insulted this morning? Where were you a little before daybreak?" "That I cannot tell," replied the other; "but you soon heard of it, wherever I was." "You say right," quoth he, "I did hear of it: I suppose you thought yourself sure, now the husband is from home? A very pretty fellow, truly! he gets into people's gardens in the night, and climbs up the walls by the help of the trees! You think, I suppose, that you will be able to please the lady by your importunity, that you get up to the windows at nights in that manner. There is nothing she so much detests as yourself, and yet you will persist. Truly, you are much the better for what has been said to you; but I assure you, she has hitherto held her peace purely at my request, and not out of the least regard to you: but she will conceal it no longer; and I have now consented, if you give her any farther disturbance, to let her take her own course. What would become of you, should she tell her brothers?" The gallant now per-

ceived what he had to do, and, having quieted the friar with large promises, he bade him adieu. That night he got into the garden, and so up by the tree to the window, which was open, and where the lady stood expecting him. She received him with much joy, giving many thanks to the holy father for showing him the way; and from that time forth they had frequent opportunities of being together, without standing any farther in need of such a mediator.

[This story is related in Henry Stephens' introduction to the *Apology of Herodotus*. It is told of a lady of Orleans, who in like manner employed the intervention of her confessor to lure to her arms a scholar of whom she was enamoured. The tale of Boccaccio has suggested to Molière his play of *L'Ecole des Maris*, where Isabella enters into correspondence, and at length effects a marriage with her lover, by complaining to her guardian, Sganarelle, in the same manner as the clothier's wife to her confessor. Otway's comedy of the *Soldier's Fortune*, in which Lady Dunce employs her husband to deliver the ring and letter to her admirer, Captain Belguard, also derives its origin from this tale.]

FRIAR UNION PROMISES SOME COUNTRY PEOPLE TO SHOW THEM A FEATHER FROM THE WING OF THE ANGEL GABRIEL, INSTEAD OF WHICH HE FINDS ONLY SOME COALS, WHICH HE TELLS THEM ARE THE SAME THAT ROASTED ST. LAURENCE.

After they had told all their different stories, and Dioneo perceived that only himself was left to speak, without waiting for any regular command, he enjoined silence on such as were commending Guido's deep reply, and thus began: Though I boast it, ladies, as my privilege to relate what pleases me most, yet I intend not to-day to depart from the subject which you have all spoken so well upon; but, following your footsteps, I shall show with what a sudden shift a certain friar, of the order of St. Anthony, most artfully avoided the disgrace and confusion which two arch young fellows had prepared for him; and if, to make my story more complete, I spin it out a little in length, I hope it will not be disagreeable, as the sun is yet in the midst of heaven.

Certaldo, as you may all have heard, is a village in the vale of Elsa, dependent on the state of Florence, which, though small, has long been inhabited by many gentlemen and people of substance. Thither a certain Friar Union, of the order of St. Anthony, used to go once a year, as he

found pretty good pickings, to receive the contributions of many simple people, and he met with great encouragement always, as much, perhaps, on account of his name, as from devout motives ; for that country was famous for the best onions in all Tuscany. Now this friar was a little red-haired man, of a merry countenance, as artful a knave too as any in the world : add to this, that, though he was no scholar, yet was he so prompt and voluble of tongue, that such as knew him not would not only have considered him a great orator, but have compared him even to Tully or Quintilian. He was also a common gossip acquaintance to the whole neighborhood. Coming thither, therefore, in the month of August, according to custom, one Sunday morning, when all the honest people were met together in the church to hear mass, as soon as he saw a fit opportunity, he stepped forward and said :

"Gentlemen and ladies, you know it has been a commendable custom with you to send every year to the poor brethren of our Lord Baron, St. Anthony, both of your corn and other provisions, some more, and some less, according to your several abilities and devotions, to the end that our blessed St. Anthony should be more careful of your oxen, sheep, asses, swine, and other cattle. Moreover, you are accustomed to pay, such of you especially as have their names registered in our fraternity, that small annual acknowledgment which I am now sent by my superior, namely, our lord abbot, to collect. Therefore, with the blessing of God, after nones as soon as you shall hear the bells ring, you may all come to the church door, when I shall preach a sermon as usual, and you shall all kiss the cross : and, besides this, as I know you all to be devoted to our lord, St. Anthony, I intend, as a special favor, to show you one of the feathers of the angel Gabriel, which he dropped at the annunciation in the Virgin's chamber ;" and, having made this speech, he returned to mass.

Whilst he was haranguing, there were two arch fellows in the church, one named Giovanni dei Bragoniera, and the other Biagio Pizzini, who, after they had laughed together at the father's relics, although they were his friends and acquaintance, resolved to play him a trick with regard to this feather. Understanding that he was

to dine that day with a friend, as soon as they thought he might be set down at table, they went to the inn where he lodged, Biagio undertaking to keep his man in talk, whilst Giovanni ransacked his wallet to steal the feather, that they might see what he would then say to the people. Now the friar had a lad, named Guccio, with so many different nicknames and qualities that the most fertile imagination was hardly able to describe them ; and Father Onion used frequently to jest and say, "My rascal has in him nine qualities, any one of which, if it had belonged either to Solomon, Aristotle, or Seneca, would have baffled and confounded all their philosophy and all their virtue. You may suppose then what sort of creature he must be, that has nine such, without either philosophy or virtue to counterbalance them." If asked what those nine qualities were, he would answer in doggerel :

"In sloth and lying he was ne'er outdone ;
For theft and envy equals he hath none :
Forgetful, disobedient and uncivil ;
Lewd as a goat, and spiteful as the devil."

"Besides these qualities he has also many others, and one in particular I cannot help laughing at, which is, that he is for taking a wife wherever he goes : and having a great, black, greasy beard, he is persuaded that all women must fall in love with him ; or, should they take no notice of him, he will be sure to run after them. But yet he is a notable fellow to me in one respect, that if anybody has a secret to communicate, he will come in for his share of it ; and should any one ask me a question, he is so fearful that I should not know how to make an answer, that he will be sure to say Yes, or No, before me, just as he thinks proper."

But to return to our story. This fellow Friar Onion left at the inn, with a particular charge to see that nobody meddled with anything belonging to him, especially his wallet, because it contained the holy relics. But Guccio loved the kitchen as well as the nightingale loves the boughs, particularly when any of the maids were alone there, and, as soon as his master was gone, down he went, leaving the chamber door open. In the kitchen he found a fat, squat, dirty, greasy, ill-favored wench, and falling into discourse with her, he seated himself by the fireside, though it

was in August, whilst she was busy cooking, and began to tell her he was a gentleman, and worth a great lot of money; that he could say and do wonders, and (without considering that his own hat was all over grease and dirt; that his jacket was nothing but a thousand different patches; that his breeches were torn throughout, and his shoes all to pieces) he talked as big as if he had been some lord, saying that he would buy her new clothes, and take her out of service, and that she should partake of his present possessions as well as future fortunes, with a great deal more of that kind of stuff, mere froth and wind. The two young fellows, finding him thus engaged, were very well satisfied, supposing half their work to be done; and leaving the pair together, they went upstairs into the friar's chamber, which was unlocked, when the first thing they saw was the wallet: this they opened, and found a casket wrapped up in some folds of fine taffeta, and in it a parouquet's feather, which they supposed to be the same that Friar Onion had promised to show the people; and surely at that time it was easy enough to impose upon them in that manner. The eastern luxury had not then reached Tuscany, which has since flowed in upon us, to the ruin of our country; the ancient simplicity still prevailed; nor was there a person that had ever heard of, not to say beheld, such a thing as a parrot. Not a little pleased at meeting with this feather, they took it away, and, that the box should not be empty, they put in some coals, which they saw lying in a corner of the chamber; and wrapping it up again as before, and making all snug, they walked off, waiting to see how the friar would behave when he found the coals instead of the feather.

The people who were at church being told that they were to see the angel's feather, went home and acquainted all their neighbors, and the news ran from one to another, so that the moment dinner was over, they all crowded to the town, in such manner that every part was full, waiting for the sight. By and by, Friar Onion, having eaten a good dinner, and taken his nap after it, understanding that there were great multitudes expecting him, sent to his servant to fetch his wallet and ring to church. The fellow, though loath to leave his mistress and the fireside, did as he was ordered, and fell to chiming the

bells. As soon, then, as the people were all assembled, the friar, not perceiving that anything had been meddled with, entered upon his discourse, running over a thousand things proper to his purpose; and being come to the showing of the feather, he began, with a solemn confession; then lighting up two torches, and gently unwrapping the silken cover, having first pulled off his cap, he took out the box, and making some short ejaculations to the praise and honor of the angel Gabriel and of the relic, he opened it. When he saw that it was full of coals, he could not help secretly blaming himself for leaving such a fellow in trust, who, he imagined, had been imposed upon by somebody or other; but yet, without so much as changing color, or showing the least concern, he lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, and said, "O God, blessed for ever be thy power and might!" And shutting the box, he turned again to the people, and added:

"Gentlemen and ladies, you must all understand, that being very young, I was sent by my superior to those parts where the sun first appears, with an express command to inquire into the nature of porcelain, which, though it costs but little in making, affords more profit to others than it does to us. For this purpose I embarked at Venice, and went through Greece; I proceeded thence on horseback through the kingdom of Garbo, and through Baldacca; afterwards I came to Parione, and thence I made my way, not without thirst, to Sardinia. But why need I mention to you all these places? I coasted on still till I passed the straits of St. George, into Truffia, and then into Buffia, which are countries much inhabited, and with great numbers of people. Next I came to the land of Mendacity, where I found many of our own order, as well as of others, who avoid all labor and trouble, for Heaven's sake, taking no care for other people's sufferings when their own interest is promoted thereby; and there they spend only uncoined money. Thence I went to the land of Abruzzi, where the men and women go upon socks over the mountains, and where it is the custom to dress swine in garments of their own guts; and, a little further on, I came among a people who carried bread in their staves and wine in satchels. Leaving them behind me, I came to the mountains of

Bacchus, where the waters all run downwards. Last of all, I arrived in India Pastinaca, where, I swear to you, by the habit I wear, that I saw serpents fly, a thing incredible to such as have never seen it : but I tell you no lie, witness Maso del Saggio, a great merchant, whom I found there cracking nuts, and selling the shells by retail. Nevertheless, not being able to find what I went to look for, because the way thence to that country is by water, I returned to the Holy Land, where, in summer, a loaf of cold bread is worth fourpence, and the hot is given away for nothing. There I found the venerable father, Blame-me-not-if-you-please, patriarch of Jerusalem, who, out of reverence to my habit and love to our Lord Baron, St. Anthony, would have me see all the holy relics which he had in keeping, and which were so many, that were I to recount them I should never come to an end : but yet, not to leave you altogether disconsolate, I shall now mention a few.

"First, then, he showed me a finger of the Holy Ghost, as whole and sound as ever : next a lock of hair of the Seraph that appeared to St. Francis, with the paring of a Cherub's nail, and a rib of the Verbum Caro, fastened to one of the windows ; some vestments of the holy catholic Faith, and a few rays of that star which appeared to the wise men ; a phial also of St. Michael's sweat, when he fought with the devil ; the jaw-bone of St. Lazarus, and many others. And because I gave him two of the plains of Mount Morello, in the vulgar edition, and some chapters of the Caprezio, which he had been long searching after, he let me partake of his relics. And, first, he gave me a tooth of the Sancta Crux, and a little bottle filled with some of the sound of those bells which hung in the temple of Solomon ; a feather also of the angel Gabriel, as I have told you, with a wooden patten, which the good St. Gherrardo da Villa Magna used to wear in his travels, and which I have lately given to Gherrardo di Bonsi, at Florence, who holds it in great veneration. He gave me also some of the coals on which our blessed martyr, St. Laurence, was broiled, all which I devoutly received, and do now possess. It is true, my superior would not suffer me to make them public till he was assured that they were genuine ; but

being now convinced of it by sundry miracles, as well as by letters received from the patriarch, he has given me leave to show them, and which, for fear of trusting any one with them, I always carry with me. Indeed, I have the angel's feather, for its better preservation, in a wooden box, and I have St. Laurence's coals in another : and the two are so like each other, that I have often mistaken them ; and so it has happened now ; for, instead of that with the feather, I have brought the box which contains the coals. This I would not have you call an error ; no, I am well assured it was Heaven's particular will, now I call to mind that two days hence is the feast of St. Laurence. Therefore it was ordered that I should show you the most holy coals on which he was broiled, to kindle in your hearts that true devotion which you ought to have towards him, and not the feather : approach then, my blessed children, kneel with reverence, and uncover your heads with all due devotion, whilst you behold them. But first I must acquaint you, that whoever is marked with these coals with the sign of the cross, may live secure for one whole year, that no fire shall have any power over him."

So, singing a hymn to the praise of St. Laurence, he opened the box and showed the coals, which the simple multitude beheld with the utmost zeal and astonishment, and crowded about him with larger offerings than usual, entreating to be signed with them. Then, taking the coals in his hand, he began to mark all their white mantles, fine jackets and veils with the largest crosses that could be made upon them, affirming, that what was consumed of the coals in this manner grew again in the box, as he had frequently experienced. Thus having crossed all the people of Certaldo, to his own great benefit, by this dexterous device, he laughed in his sleeve at those who had designed to have made a jest of him. And they being present at his discourse, and hearing this sudden shift of his, and how he had made it pass with the multitude, were ready to die with laughter. After the people were all departed, they went and told him, with all the pleasure in the world, what they had done, and returned him his feather, which served him the following year to as good purpose as the coals had done that day.

[This tale was honored by the formal censure of the Council of Trent, and is the one which gave the greatest umbrage to the Church. In Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* there is a similar satire on ludicrous relics. The Pardonere, who had just arrived from Rome, carried in his wallet, along with other treasures of a like description, part of the sail of St. Peter's ship, and the veil of the Virgin Mary :

And with these relikes, whenne that he fond
A poore persone dwelling upon lond,
Upon a day he gat him more monie
Than that the person gat in monethes tweie.

A catalogue of relics rivalling in absurdity those of Chaucer's Pardonere, or Boccaccio's Friar Onion, is presented in Sir David Lindsay's *Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis*. In the thirty-eighth chapter of *Stephen's Apology for Herodotus*, we are told that a priest of Genoa, returning from the Levant, boasted that he had brought from Bethlehem the breath of our Saviour, in a vial, and from Sinai the horns which Moses wore when he descended from that mountain. Luther tells us, in his *Table Talk*, that the Bishop of Mentz pretended to possess the flames of the bush which Moses beheld burning.]

GIANNI LOTTERINGHI HEARS A KNOCK-
ING AT HIS DOOR, AND WAKES HIS
WIFE, WHO MAKES HIM BELIEVE IT IS
A SPIRIT, AND THEY BOTH GO TO CON-
JURE IT AWAY WITH A CERTAIN
PRAYER, AFTER WHICH THE NOISE
CEASES.

Sir, I had much rather any one else had begun such a fine subject as this is, than myself; but since it is your pleasure that I should be the first, I am ready to comply. I purpose, therefore, to relate what may be of use to you for the time to come: for, if other ladies are as timorous with regard to spirits as I am (although I know nothing certain about them, nor have I met with anybody yet that does), they will here learn a good and effectual prayer to drive them away.

There dwelt formerly at Florence, in the street of St. Brancazio, a certain wool-comber, called Gianni Lotteringhi, one more fortunate in his trade than wise in other respects; for, being an easy sort of a man, he was frequently chosen a director of the singers in new St. Maria's church, when they had their meetings at his house, and other little favors they showed him, upon which he greatly valued himself. This was because he gave considerable alms to the brethren there, and in return for shoes, hoods, and cloaks, which they were daily getting from him, they presented him with the Pater Noster in the vulgar tongue, the song of St. Alexis, the lamentation of St. Bernard, the hymn of Lady Matilda, with

more such sort of ware, which he set great store by, and kept carefully for his soul's health and welfare. Now he had a gay, handsome wife, called Tessa, the daughter of Mannuccio della Cuculia, an artful, sensible woman, who, knowing the simplicity of her husband, and being in love with Federigo di Neri, an agreeable young man, contrived with her maid that he should come to see her at a country house, which Gianni had, at a place called Camerata, where she used to pass the summer, her good man coming sometimes thither to sup, and stay all night, and return in the morning to his prayers and his shop. Accordingly, Federigo came and spent that night with her, when it was agreed between them, in order to avoid the trouble of always sending for him, that, as often as he went to and fro, he should look to a vineyard, which was by the side of the house, where he would see an ass's skull fixed upon one of the poles there, and when the snout was turned towards Florence he might safely come, and if the door was shut, upon knocking three times, she would let him in; but if it was turned towards Fiesole, he should then depart, for he might be assured her husband was with her at that time.

By this contrivance they frequently had meetings. But one night it had happened, that, expecting Federigo to sup with her, she had provided a couple of fowls, when her husband chanced to come in late, at which she was greatly concerned, and they sat down together to a little bacon which she had boiled by itself, whilst she ordered the maid to carry, in a clean napkin, the fowls, with some eggs for sauce, and a bottle of wine, into the garden (to which there was a way without going through the house, and where she and her lover used frequently to meet), and to lay them under a certain peach-tree adjoining the fields. Unfortunately her hurry was so great, that she forgot to desire the maid to wait till Federigo came, to tell him that her master was then at home, and that he should take those things away with him. Therefore, Gianni and she being gone to bed, and the maid likewise, it was not long before Federigo came and tapped gently at the door, which was so near to their chamber that Gianni immediately heard it, as did his wife, who, to prevent any suspicion, pre-

tended to be asleep. Presently he knocked a second time, at which Gianni was surprised, and began to jog her, saying, "Do not you hear? somebody knocks at our door." She, who heard it better than himself, pretended to wake out of her sleep, and said, "What is the matter?" "I tell you," quoth he, "that I thought somebody was at our door." "At our door!" she replied. "Alas! do you not know what that is! It is a spirit, which, for several nights past, has terrified me so that I have covered myself over head and ears in the bedclothes, and not dared to look about me again till it was broad daylight." "Go," quoth Gianni, "why should you be afraid if it is so? For before we went to bed I said the *Te lucis*, and the *Intemerata*, with divers other good prayers, and I signed all the bed-posts with the cross, so that it can have no power over us." The lady now, to prevent Federigo's taking any offence at her, thought it best to get up and let him understand, by some means or other, that Gianni was there: therefore she said to her husband, "What you have done may have secured yourself; but, for my part, I shall not think myself safe unless we conjure it down now you are here." "Conjure it down!" quoth Gianni; "how is that to be done?" "Oh," said she, "I know how to do it; for the other day, when I went to Fiesole for a pardon, one of those recluses, a most religious lady, seeing me afraid, taught me a certain prayer, which, she assured me, she had often tried to good purpose before she was a nun. Alas! I could never have the boldness to make use of it alone; but, as you are now with me, we will go together and repeat it." Gianni declared that he was willing, and so they went softly to the door, whilst Federigo began to be uneasy at waiting there so long. "Now," said she to Gianni, "you must take care to spit when I desire you." "I will," he replied. She then began her charm, and said, "Spirit, spirit, as you came, the same way you may go; but look in the garden, and you will find two fowls, some eggs, and a bottle of wine; drink of the wine and go away, and hurt not me nor my Gianni." Having done this, she said to her husband, "Spit, dear Gianni." Accordingly, Gianni spit. Federigo, who was without, and heard all this, was relieved from his jealousy, and, notwith-

standing his disappointment, he had much ado to keep from laughing out, saying to himself, "I wish you had spit out your teeth." She repeated the charm three times, and then they went to bed. Federigo, who depended upon supping with his mistress, and was fasting, went to the peach-tree, found the capons, wine, and eggs, carried them home, and made a good supper; and the next time they were together they made themselves very merry about the charm.

Now some people tell the story otherwise; they say that the ass's head was turned towards Fiesole, but a laborer in the vineyard gave it a turn by chance with his stick, and so set it the wrong way, which occasioned Federigo's coming at that time; and that the charm she made use of was, "Spirit, spirit, go away in God's name; it was not I, but somebody else that turned the ass's head. Plague on him, whoever it was; but I am here, with my husband;" also that the lover went away without his supper. But a certain old lady, a neighbor of mine, told me that both stories were true, as she had heard when she was a child, and that the latter did not happen to Gianni Lotteringhi, but to one called Gianni di Nello, just such another simpleton as Gianni Lotteringhi. Then pray, ladies, take which charm you like best: both have been of service to others in this sort of cases, as you have heard. Try them, and they may be as useful to yourselves.

BRUNO AND BUFFALMACCO STEAL A PIG FROM CALANDRINO, AND MAKE A CHARM TO FIND OUT THE THIEF, WITH PILLS MADE OF GINGER AND SOME SACK; GIVING HIM, AT THE SAME TIME, PILLS MADE OF ALOES: THEREBY THEY MAKE IT APPEAR THAT HE HAD FURTIVELY SOLD THE PIG, AND THEY MAKE HIM PAY HANDSOMELY, FOR FEAR THEY SHOULD TELL HIS WIFE.

After Filostrato's novel, which had made them all very merry, the queen turned to Filomena, who began thus: As Filostrato was led to the last story by the mention of the name of Maso, in like manner has the novel concerning Calandrino and his two companions brought to my mind another relating to the same

two persons, which will, I think, afford you pleasure. Who these people were it would be needless to say, because you had enough of that before. Therefore I shall begin with telling you that Calandrino had a little farm, not far from Florence, which came to him by right of his wife; and, amongst his other goods there, he used to have a pig fatted every year, and some time about December he and his wife went always to kill and salt it for the use of the family. Now it happened once—she being unwell at the time—that he went thither by himself to kill this pig; which Bruno and Buffalmacco hearing, and knowing she was not to be there, they went to spend a few days with a great friend of theirs, a priest in Calandrino's neighborhood. Now the pig had been killed the very day they came thither, and Calandrino, seeing them along with the priest, called to them and said, "Welcome, kindly; I would gladly have you see what a good manager I am." Then, taking them into the house, he showed them this pig. They saw that it was fat, and were told by him that it was to be salted for his family. "Salted, booby!" said Bruno. "Sell it, let us make merry with the money, and tell your wife that it was stolen." "No," said Calandrino, "she will never believe it; and, besides, she would go near to turn me out of doors. Trouble me then no further about any such thing, for I will never do it." They said a great deal more to him, but all to no purpose; at length he invited them to supper, but did it in such a manner that they refused. After they had come away from him, said Bruno to Buffalmacco, "Suppose we steal this pig from him to-night." "How is it possible?" "O, I know well enough how to do it, if he does not remove it in the meantime from the place where we just now saw it." "Then let us do it, and afterwards we and the parson will make merry over it." The priest assured them that he should like it of all things. "We must use a little art," quoth Bruno: "you know how covetous he is, and how freely he drinks always when it is at another's cost. Let us get him, then, to the tavern, where the parson shall make a pretence of treating us all, out of compliment to him; he will soon get drunk, and then the thing will be easy enough, as there is nobody in the

house but himself." This was done, and Calandrino, finding that the parson was to pay, took his glasses off pretty freely, and, getting his dose, walked home betimes, left the door open, thinking that it was shut, and so went to bed. Buffalmacco and Bruno went from the tavern to sup with the priest, and as soon as supper was over they took proper materials with them to get into the house; but, finding the door open, they carried off the pig to the priest's and went to bed likewise. In the morning, as soon as Calandrino had slept off his wine, he rose, came downstairs, and, finding the door open and his pig gone, began to inquire of everybody if they knew anything of the matter, and, receiving no tidings of it, he made a terrible outcry, saying, "What shall I do now? somebody has stolen my pig." Bruno and Buffalmacco were no sooner out of bed than they went to his house to hear what he would say; and the moment he saw them he roared out, "O, my friends, my pig is stolen!" Upon this, Bruno whispered him and said, "Well, I am glad to see you wise for once in your life." "Alas!" quoth he, "it is too true." "Keep still in the same story," said Bruno, "and make noise enough for every one to believe you." Calandrino now began to bawl louder, "Indeed! I vow and swear to you that it is stolen." "That's right; be sure you let everybody hear you, that it may appear so." "Do you think that I would forswear myself about it? May I be hanged this moment if it is not so!" "How is it possible?" quoth Bruno; "I saw it but last night; never imagine that I can believe it." "It is so, however," answered he, "and I am undone: I know not how to go home again, for my wife will never believe me, and I shall have no peace this twelvemonth." "It is a most unhappy thing," said Bruno, "if it be true; but you know I put it into your head to say so last night, and you should not make sport both with your wife and us at the same time." At this he began to roar out afresh, saying, "Good God! you make me mad to hear you talk; I tell you once for all it was stolen this very night." "Nay, if it be so," quoth Buffalmacco, "we must think of some way to get it back again." "And what way must we take," said he, "to find it?" "Depend upon it," replied the other, "that nobody came from

the Indies to steal it; it must be somewhere in your neighborhood, and if you could get the people together I could make a charm, with some bread and cheese, that would soon discover the thief." "True," said Bruno, "but they would know in that case what you were about: and the person that has it would never come near you." "How must we manage, then?" said Buffalmacco. "Oh!" replied Bruno, "you shall see me do it with some pills of ginger and a little wine, which I will ask them to come and drink. They will have no suspicion what our design is, and we can make a charm of these as well as of the bread and cheese." "Very right," quoth the other. "Well, what do you say, Calandrino? Have you a mind we should try it?" "For Heaven's sake do," he said; "were I only to know who the thief is, I should be half comforted." "Well, then," quoth Bruno, "I am ready to go to Florence for the things if you will only give me some money." He happened to have a few shillings in his pocket, which he gave him, and off went Bruno.

When he got to Florence, Bruno went to a friend's house and bought a pound of ginger made into pills. He also got two pills made of aloes, which had a private mark that he should not mistake them, being candied over with sugar like the rest. Then having bought a jar of good wine, he returned to Calandrino, and said, "To-morrow you must take care to invite every one that you have the least suspicion of: it is a holiday, and they will be glad to come. We will complete the charm to-night, and bring the things to your house in the morning, and then I will take care to do and say on your behalf what is necessary upon such an occasion." Calandrino did as he was told, and in the morning he had nearly all the people in the parish assembled under an elm-tree in the churchyard. His two friends produced the pills and wine, and, making the people stand round in a circle, Bruno said to them, "Gentlemen, it is fit that I should tell you the reason of your being summoned here in this manner, to the end, if anything should happen which you do not like, that I be not blamed for it. You must know, then, that Calandrino had a pig stolen last night, and, as some of the company here must have taken it, he, that he may find out

the thief, would have every man take and eat one of these pills, and drink a glass of wine after it; and whoever the guilty person is, you will find he will not be able to get a bit of it down, but it will taste so bitter that he will be forced to spit it out: so that, to prevent such open shame, he had better, whoever he is, make a secret confession to the priest, and I will proceed no farther."

All present declared their readiness to eat, so placing them all in order, he gave every man his pill, and coming to Calandrino, he gave one of the aloes pills to him, which he straightway put into his mouth, and no sooner did he begin to chew it, than he was forced to spit it out. Every one was now attentive to see who spit his pill out, and whilst Bruno kept going round, apparently taking no notice of Calandrino, he heard somebody say behind him, "Hey-day! what is the meaning of its disagreeing so with Calandrino?" Bruno now turned suddenly about, and seeing that Calandrino had spit out his pill, he said, "Stay a little, honest friends, and be not too hasty in judging; it may be something else that has made him spit, and therefore he shall try another." So he gave him the other aloes pill, and then went on to the rest that were unserved. But if the first was bitter to him, this he thought much more so: however, he endeavored to get it down as well as he could, but it was impossible; it made the tears run down his cheeks, and he was forced to spit it out at last, as he had done the other. In the meantime Buffalmacco was going about with the wine; but when he and all of them saw what Calandrino had done, they began to bawl out that he had robbed himself; and some of them abused him roundly.

After they were all gone, Buffalmacco said, "I always thought that you yourself were the thief, and that you were willing to make us believe the pig was stolen, in order to keep your money in your pocket, lest we should expect a treat upon the occasion." Calandrino, who had still the taste of the aloes in his mouth, fell a swearing that he knew nothing of the matter. "Honor bright now, comrade," said Buffalmacco, "what did you get for it?" This made him quite desperate. Then Bruno struck in: "I was just now told," said he, "by one of the company, that you have a mistress

in this neighborhood to whom you are very kind, and that he is confident you have given it to her. You know you once took us to the plains of Mugnone, to look for some black stones, when you left us in the lurch, and pretended you had found them; and now you think to swear, and make us believe that your pig is stolen, when you have either given it away or sold it. You have put so many tricks upon us, that we intend to be fooled no more by you. Therefore, as we have had a deal of trouble in the affair, you shall make us amends by giving us two couple of fowls, unless you mean that we should tell your wife." Calandrino now perceiving that he was not to be believed, and being unwilling to have them add to his troubles by bringing his wife upon his back, was forced to give them the fowls, which they took to Florence along with the pork, leaving him there to brood over his losses and his ignominious discomfiture.

FORTARRIGO PLAYED AWAY ALL THAT HE HAD AT BUONCONVENTO, AS ALSO THE MONEY OF ANGIOLIERI, WHO WAS HIS MASTER; THEN RUNNING AWAY IN HIS SHIRT, AND PRETENDING THAT THE OTHER HAD ROBBED HIM, HE CAUSED HIM TO BE SEIZED BY THE COUNTRY PEOPLE, WHEN HE PUT ON HIS CLOTHES, AND RODE AWAY UPON HIS HORSE, LEAVING HIM THERE IN HIS SHIRT.

There dwelt, not long since, at Siena, two young men of equal years, named Angiolieri and Fortarrigo, who, though they differed much in other respects, resembled each other in their disobedience to their fathers, by which means they became inseparable friends. Angiolieri, who was an accomplished gentleman, found that he could not subsist very well in Siena upon his father's allowance, and hearing that a certain cardinal was come to Ancona, as the pope's legate, who had showed a particular regard for him, he resolved to go thither, in hopes of bettering his condition. So making his mind known to his father, he got half a year's stipend beforehand, in order to furnish himself with clothes and horses for his more creditable appearance. As he was in want of a servant, Fortarrigo, who had notice of it, came and requested the favor that

he would take him along with him in that capacity, offering to be his valet, footman, and everything else, without a farthing of wages more than his expenses. This the other refused, not that he thought him unfit for his service, but because he knew him to be a gamester, and one that would frequently get drunk. Fortarrigo assured him he would be constantly on his guard with respect to both, confirming it with many oaths, and begging so hard besides that at last his request was granted.

Accordingly, they set out upon their journey, and rode as far as Buonconvento, where they stopped to dine; and after dinner, as it was very hot weather, Angiolieri ordered a bed to be prepared, when he made his man undress him, and went to sleep, ordering him to call him up exactly as the clock struck nine. Whilst he was asleep, then, Fortarrigo went to the tavern, and, after drinking pretty heartily, began to play with some people there, who soon won what little money he had, and also the clothes off his back. Being very desirous of retrieving what he had lost, he went, stripped as he was, to Angiolieri's bedside, and, finding him fast asleep, took all the money out of his pocket, and, returning to play, lost it, as he had done the rest. As soon as Angiolieri awoke, he rose and dressed himself, inquiring for Fortarrigo, who, not being to be found, he supposed he was gone somewhere or other to sleep, as he was used to do; therefore he determined to leave him there, ordering the saddle and portmanteau to be put upon his own horse, intending to provide himself with another servant at Corsignano. Then putting his hand into his pocket to pay his landlord, he found he had no money, upon which he made a great uproar, declaring that he had been robbed, and threatening to have them all sent prisoners to Siena; when, behold, Fortarrigo came running up in his shirt, with a design of stealing his master's clothes, as well as his money, and seeing him about to ride away, he said, "What is the meaning of this, sir? Why should we go so soon? Do stay a little. A man has got my coat in pawn for eight and thirty shillings, and I dare say he will let us have it for five and thirty, to be paid down." But as he was saying this, a person came and told Angiolieri that Fortarrigo was a thief, as appeared from the

quantity of money he had lost; upon which Angiolieri was in a most violent passion, threatening to have him hanged up and gibbeted; saying this, he mounted his horse. "But," said Fortarrigo, as if he had been no way concerned, "pray, sir, leave off this idle talk, and let us have regard to the main point; we may have this coat now for five and thirty shillings; but if we stay till to-morrow the person who lent me the money may expect eight and thirty for it. Why then should we lose these three shillings?" Angiolieri was out of all patience, hearing this from him; and seeing the surprise of the people all round him, who manifestly believed—not that Fortarrigo had gamed away his money, but rather that he had some of Fortarrigo's money in keeping, he said, "Plague take thee and thy coat! Is it not enough to have robbed me, but thou must insult me into the bargain, and stop my going away?" Still Fortarrigo continued, as if he had not been the person spoken to, "Consider these three shillings. Do you think I shall never pay you again? If you have any regard for me, pray do. Why need you be in such a hurry? We shall be in time enough at Torrenieri. Then open your purse. I may go to every shop in Siena and not get such another coat. And to tell me that I must leave it for eight and thirty shillings, when it is worth more than forty, is doing me a double injury."

Angiolieri, vexed to the last degree at seeing himself robbed, and then kept in talk in that manner, turned his horse and rode towards Torrenieri. Fortarrigo, who had still a more knavish design, ran after him for two miles together, begging for his coat; and as the other was going to push on, in order to get rid of his noise, Fortarrigo happened to see some laborers by the road where Angiolieri was to pass, and called out to them, "Stop thief!" so they took their forks and spades and seized Angiolieri, imagining that he had robbed the other, who was pursuing him in that manner. It was in vain that Angiolieri offered to tell them how the case really was; for in the meantime Fortarrigo came up and said, with an angry countenance, "I have a good mind to knock your brains out, you rascal! to ride away with what belongs to me;" and, turning to the people, he added, "You see, gentlemen, in what a plight he left

me yonder at the inn, having first gamed away all that he had of his own. I may well say that it is you I am obliged to for getting back my horse and my clothes, and I shall always acknowledge it." Angiolieri then told them a very different story, but they had no regard to what he said. So Fortarrigo dismounted him, with their assistance, stripped him of his clothes, which he put on himself, and got upon his horse, leaving him there in his shirt, and barefoot. Then he returned to Siena, giving it out everywhere that he had won Angiolieri's horse and clothes at play; whilst Angiolieri, thinking to have visited the cardinal in a sumptuous manner, returned poor and naked to Buonconvento, and was so ashamed of himself that he would not go back to Siena, but procuring some money upon the horse that Fortarrigo had ridden on, he clothed himself and went to his relations at Corsignano, where he stayed till he received a supply from his father. Thus Angiolieri's good design was entirely frustrated by the other's subtle villany, which yet in due time and place met with its deserved punishment.

A CERTAIN SCHOLAR IS IN LOVE WITH A WIDOW LADY NAMED HELENA, WHO, BEING ENAMoured OF ANOTHER PERSON, MAKES THE FORMER WAIT A WHOLE NIGHT FOR HER DURING THE MIDST OF WINTER, IN THE SNOW. IN RETURN, HE AFTERWARDS CONTRIVES THAT SHE SHALL STAND NAKED ON THE TOP OF A TOWER, IN THE MIDDLE OF JULY, EXPOSED TO THE SUN AND ALL MANNER OF INSECTS.

There lived, not long since, at Florence, a handsome young lady of a good family as well as plentiful fortune, named Helena, who, being left a widow, had chosen to continue so, having found a young gentleman who was quite to her mind, and with whom, by the assistance of her favorite maid, she carried on a very satisfactory intrigue. In the meantime, a young gentleman of our city, whose name was Rinieri, returned from Paris, where he had long studied, not for the sake of retailing his learning by the inch, as many do, but only to know the nature of things and their causes, as becomes a gentleman. He was much respected in Florence, on

account both of his rank and learning, and lived there as became a worthy citizen. But, as it often happens that persons of the most sense and scholarship are the soonest caught in the snares of love, so it fell out with our Rinieri. For, being at a feast one day, he met with this lady, clothed in her weeds, when she seemed to him so full of beauty and sweetness that he never saw any one to compare to her; and happy he thought the man whom fortune should bless with her as his wife. And casting his eye towards her once and again, and being sensible that great and valuable things are not to be attained without trouble, he resolved to make it his whole care to please her, and to gain her affection if it were possible. The lady, who did not always look upon the ground, but thought full as well of herself as she deserved, throwing her eyes artfully about her, was soon sensible if any one beheld her with pleasure; so she immediately took notice of Rinieri, and said, smiling to herself, "I think I am not come out to-day in vain, for I seem to have caught a gudgeon." And she would give him now and then a glance from a corner of her eye, to let him see she was pleased with him, thinking that the more admirers she had, of the greater value would her charms be to that person on whom she had bestowed them.

Our scholar now began to lay all his philosophy aside, and turned his thoughts entirely to the lovely widow; and, learning where she lived, he was continually passing that way, under one pretence or other, thinking thereby to please her; whilst the lady, for the reason before given, seemed gratified by his devotion. By and by he found means of talking to the maid, desiring her interest and intercession with her mistress, so that he might obtain her favor. The maid promised to do her utmost, and forthwith spoke to her lady, who turned Rinieri and his love into extreme derision. "Observe now," she said, "this man is come here to lose the little sense that he went to fetch from Paris, and he shall have what he looks for. Go, then, and tell him that my love is equally great for him, but that I must have regard to my honor; which, if he is as wise as he would be thought, he will like me the better for." Alas! poor woman, she knew not what it was to try her wit against a scholar! The maid delivered her mes-

sage, upon which the scholar, being overjoyed, began to press the thing more closely, and to write letters, and send presents, which were all received, though he had no answer in return but what was general; and in this manner he was long kept in suspense.

At last the widow related the whole affair to her lover, and he being a little uneasy and jealous about it, to convince him that his suspicion was ill-grounded, and being much solicited by the scholar, she sent her maid to tell Rinieri that she had yet had no opportunity to oblige him since she had made a discovery to him of her love; but that the next day, being Christmas day, she hoped to receive him; bidding him come that evening into her court-yard, and she would meet him there as soon as it was convenient. The scholar, overjoyed at this, failed not to come at the time appointed, when he was put into the court-yard by the maid and locked up there to wait. Meanwhile the lady had invited her lover to be with her that very night; and, after they had supped agreeably together, she let him know what she meant to do, adding, "And now you may see how great my regard is for you, as well as for him of whom you have been so foolishly jealous." The lover listened eagerly to this, being desirous of seeing some proof of that for which he had only her word. A great snow had fallen the day before, and everything was covered with it, which made our scholar feel colder than he could have wished; however, he bore it with great patience, expecting soon to have amends made him. After a little while the lady said to her lover, "Let us go into the chamber and see out of the window what this man is doing, of whom you were jealous, and what answers he will make to the maid, whom I have sent to talk with him." So they went up-stairs, and looking out, without being seen, they heard the girl saying to him, "Sir, my lady is exceedingly uneasy, for one of her brothers has happened to come to see her this evening, and they have had a great deal to talk together, and he would needs sup with her, nor is he yet gone away; but I believe he will not stay long, and for that reason she has not been able to come to you, but will make what haste she can; and she hopes that you will not take it ill that you are forced to wait thus." The scholar, supposing it to be really so, re-

plied, "Pray, tell your mistress to have no care for me till she can conveniently be with me, but that I hope she will be as speedy as possible." The girl then left him and went to bed.

"Well!" said the lady to her lover, "what think you now? Can you imagine, if I had that love for him which you seemed to apprehend, that I would let him stay there to be frozen to death?" Thus they talked and laughed together about the poor scholar, whilst he was forced to walk backwards and forwards in the court, to keep himself warm, without having anything to sit down upon, or the least shelter from the weather. He cursed the brother's long stay, and expected that everything he heard was the door opening for him—but expected in vain. About midnight Helena again said to her lover, "Well, my dear, what is your opinion now of our scholar? Whether do you think his sense or my love the greater at this time? Surely you will let me hear no more of that jealousy which you seemed to express yesterday." "Heart of my body," replied the lover, "I know that as you are my treasure, my joy, and my only hope, so am I yours." "Then give me a thousand kisses to show that you speak the truth." And after some time so spent, she said again, "We will take another peep and see whether that fire be extinct or not which this new lover of mine used to write me word had well nigh consumed him." They got up, and, going again to the window, they saw Rinieri dancing a jig in the snow to the chattering of his teeth. "You see now," she said, "that I can make people dance without the music either of fiddles or bagpipes; but let us go to the door, and do you stand still and listen whilst I speak to him; perhaps we may have as much diversion in that manner as by seeing him." She went softly and called to him through the keyhole, which made the scholar rejoice exceedingly, supposing that he was to be admitted. Stepping to the door, "I am here, madame," he said; "for Heaven's sake open the door, for I am ready to die with cold." "Surely," she replied, "you can never be so starved with this little snow; it is much colder at Paris: but I can by no means let you in yet; for this unlucky brother of mine, who came to sup with me last night, is yet with me; but he will go soon, and then I will come di-

rectly and open the door: it was with great difficulty that I could get away from him now to come to you and beg you would not be uneasy at waiting so long."

"Let me beg of you, then," said he, "but to open the door, that I may stand only under cover, for it snows fast, and afterwards I will wait as long as you please." "Alas! my dear love, the door makes such a noise always in opening that my brother will hear it; but I will go and bid him depart first and then open it." "Make what haste you can," said the scholar, "and pray have a good fire ready against I come in, for I am so benumbed that I have almost lost all sense of feeling." "Impossible! if that be true which you have so often written to me, that you were all on fire with love; but I see now that you were jesting all the time. Have a good heart, however, for I am going."

The poor scholar, who seemed transformed into a stork, his teeth chattered so, now perceiving that he was hoaxed, made several attempts to open the door, and looked round to see if there was any other way to get out; but, not finding any, he began to curse the inclemency of the weather, the lady's cruelty, the long nights, and his own folly. Exasperated to the last degree, his ardent love was now changed into as rank a hatred, whilst he busied himself in contriving various methods of revenge, which he longed for as passionately as he had before desired to be with the lady. The long night at last wore away, and, when daylight began to appear, the maid, as she had before been instructed, came down into the court and said, with a show of pity, "It was very unlucky, sir, that person's coming to our house last night, for he has given us a world of trouble, and you are, in consequence, almost frozen to death. But have a little patience; for what could not be done then may be brought to pass another time. I know very well that nothing could have given my lady so much uneasiness." The scholar, who, with all his wrath, was wise enough to know that threats serve only as armor for the enemy, kept his resentment within his own breast, and, without showing himself the least disturbed, said in a low voice, for he was so hoarse he could hardly speak, "In truth, I never had a worse night in my life; but I know very well that your lady

is not at all to blame, because she came down to me, with a great deal of humanity, to excuse herself and comfort me. Besides, as you say, what could not be now may be another time. Farewell, and pray give my service to her." He then made what shift he could to crawl home, threw himself upon the bed to rest, and when he awoke he found he had lost the use both of his hands and feet. He therefore sent for physicians and acquainted them with the cause of his illness, but it was a very long time before they could succeed in suppling his shrunken nerves so that he could stir his limbs; and, had it not been for his youth and the warm weather coming on soon after, he could hardly ever have got over it. At last he was sound and well again, and, keeping his enmity to himself, he pretended to be as much in love with the widow as ever; and fortune furnished him, after a while, with an opportunity of satisfying his revenge.

Helena's lover had taken a fancy to another lady, and turned herself adrift, which gave her such concern that she seemed to pine away. Her maid, who was much grieved, finding no way to comfort her for the loss of her spark, and seeing the scholar pass that way sometimes, had a foolish notion come into her head that he might be able to bring back the truant by some magical operation, of which he was said to be a great master; and she acquainted her mistress with her thoughts. The foolish lady, never reflecting that had Rinieri been really a proficient in magic he would have employed it on his own account, listened to the girl, and bade her learn from him whether he was willing to oblige her, promising anything in return that he should desire. The maid delivered the message, and the scholar (saying with great joy to himself, "Thank Heaven, the time is now come for me to be revenged of this woman for the injury she did me in return for my great love") replied, "Tell your mistress that she need give herself no trouble, for were her lover in the Indies I would bring him back to ask her pardon. How this is to be done I will impart to her as soon as she pleases; and so pray acquaint her from me with my service."

The girl reported what he said, and it was settled that they should meet in Santa Lucia del Prato. Accordingly, they came

thither, and had much conversation by themselves; and the widow forgetting how he had been served by her, acquainted him with the whole affair, and desired his assistance. The scholar then said, "Madame, amongst other things that I studied at Paris was the black art, in which I made a great progress; but, as it is a sinful practice, I had made a resolution never to follow it, either for myself or any other person; but in truth I love you so much that I am unable to refuse either that or anything else which you may require from me; and so if I must go to the devil for this, why then I am ready to do so since such is your pleasure. I must remind you, however, that it is a more troublesome operation than you may imagine, either to bring a man back to love a woman, or a woman to love a man; for it is to be done only by the person concerned, who should have a great presence of mind; for all must be in the night, in a solitary place, and nobody present; conditions which I do not know whether you will be able to conform to." The lady, more amorous than wise, replied, "My love is such that I would undertake anything to win back him who has abandoned me so wrongfully; only tell me in what I must show that presence of mind you speak of." "Madame," said the scholar, "I must make an image of tin in his name whom you wish to have yours, which I shall send to you; and immediately, whilst the moon is in the decline, you must, after your first sleep, bathe seven times with it in the river; after which you must go, still naked, into some high tree, or upon some uninhabited house-top, and, turning to the north, with the image in your hand, repeat seven times certain words, which I shall give you in writing; and then two damsels, the most beautiful that ever you saw, will appear to you, graciously demanding what service you have for them to do, which you may safely tell them, taking care not to name one person for another. They will then leave you, and you may go afterwards and dress yourself, and return home, being assured that before midnight your lover will come with tears in his eyes to beg your pardon, and from that time he will never forsake you more." The lady, hearing this story, began to think that she had already recovered her lover, and replied, "Never

fear, I can do all this very well, having the most convenient place for the purpose that can be; for there is a farm of mine close to the river Arno, and as it is now the month of July, the bathing will be very pleasant. And now I remember, there is an uninhabited tower in a lonely place not far off, where the shepherds climb up sometimes by help of a ladder, to look for their strayed cattle; there I can do what you have enjoined me." The scholar, who knew perfectly both the farm and the tower, answered, "Madame, I never was in that country, and therefore am unacquainted with the farm and tower you mention; but if it be as you say, there cannot be a more convenient spot in the world. Well, then, at a proper time I will send the image, and the words you are to repeat; but I entreat you, when your point is secured, and you find how well I have served you, that you will be mindful of me in the promise you have made me." The lady assured him she would do so without fail, and so took leave of him and went home.

The scholar now concluding that his scheme had taken effect, had an image made, wrote out some rigmorale by way of charm, and sent it to the widow, letting her know that the thing must be done the following night; and then he went privately with one servant to a friend's house which was near, to be ready for what he had designed. The widow went with her maid to her farm, where, pretending to go to bed, and having sent her maid to sleep, she went in the middle of the night to the river side, close to the tower, and looking round to see that nobody was near, she stripped, hid her clothes under a bush, bathed herself seven times with the image, and then went naked to the tower with the image in her hand. The scholar had previously hid himself along with his servant in the saloons near the place, and watched all the lady's movements. When he saw her pass close to him in that manner, admiring the extraordinary beauty of her person, and thinking what it would be in a little while, he began somewhat to relent. Then a sudden tempest of desire assailed him, and he could hardly resist the temptation to rush out from his ambush, and revel in such loveliness. But when he called to mind her unparalleled inhumanity towards him, and what he

had suffered, there was an end to pity and desire, and he resolved to put his purpose into execution. So she mounted to the top of the tower, and having turned to the north, began to say the words which he had given her to repeat, whilst he went softly after her, and took away the ladder, waiting afterwards to see what she would say and do.

She had now said the words over seven times, and was expecting the two damsels to come; but the whole night passed away; it was cooler than was by any means agreeable, and day-light began to appear, but no damsels. Weary and vexed at her disappointment, she said to herself, "I begin to fear he had a mind I should pass such a night as I occasioned him to have; but, if that was his intention, he has made a mistake, for the nights are not one-third part so long now as they were then, and besides the cold was infinitely greater at that time." She then determined to come down before it should be broad day-light; but, looking for the ladder, she perceived it was taken away. Upon this her heart failed her, and she fell down in a swoon. As soon as she came to herself, she began to lament bitterly, and (well knowing that it was the scholar's doing) to blame herself for giving him the provocation, as well as for putting herself into his power afterwards. Looking everywhere then to see if there was any other way to come down, and finding none, she renewed her lamentations, saying to herself, "Unhappy wretch! what will your brothers, relations, and all the people of Florence say, when it shall be known that you were found here naked? Your character will be lost; and say what you will in your own vindication, the scholar will contradict it. Miserable woman! to lose both your honor and your lover at the same time!" Here her grief was such, that she thought of throwing herself down headlong; but as the sun was now rising, she got to one corner of the wall to see if she could discover any shepherd's boy to send for her maid, when it happened that the scholar, who had been taking a nap upon the grass, awoke and saw her, and she him. "Good-morrow, madame," he said, "are the damsels come yet?" At this she fell crying most bitterly, and desired he would come under the tower, that they might have some talk together. He readily

obliged her in that, whilst she, lying down, with only her head appearing above the battlements, began to weep and say, "Sir, if I caused you to have a bad night, you are sufficiently revenged; for, though it is in July, yet I have been just starved to death, as I am naked; not to mention my grief for the trick I put upon you, and for my own folly in believing you, that I have almost cried my eyes out of my head. Therefore I entreat you, not out of any regard to me, for none is due from you; but for your own sake, as you are a gentleman, that you would esteem what you have already made me suffer a sufficient revenge, and that you would order my clothes to be brought, and let me come down; nor offer to take that away from me which it is not in your power to restore; I mean my honor. For if I denied you my company one night, you may have it as many nights as you please in return for that one. Let this, therefore, suffice, and, like a man of worth, think it enough that you have had me in your power; nor set your wit against a woman's. Where is the glory in an eagle's vanquishing a dove? Then for Heaven's sake, and your own honor, show me some pity!" The scholar found himself alternately influenced by two different motives; one while he was moved with compassion to see her in that distress; but revenge and fury at length gained the superiority, and he replied as follows:

"Madame, if my prayers (though untended with tears, and such soothing expressions as yours) could have procured only a little shelter for me the night that I was dying in your court, all covered with snow, I could, in that case, easily hearken now to what you have to say. But you may remember that you were then with your gallant, entertaining him with my sufferings; let him come, and bring your clothes, and the ladder; for he will be the best guardian of your honor, who has so often had it in his keeping. Why do you not call upon him, then? It is his business more than any other person's; and if he do not succour you, whom will he regard? You may now see whether your love for him, or your great cleverness, is able to deliver you from my folly; as you were pleased to make a doubt whether that folly or your love for him was greater. And concerning the offer of

your person, I desire it not, neither could you withhold it from me if I did. No, keep it all for your lover; for my own part, I have had enough of one night. You think to cajole me, by speaking of my great worth and gentility, and would have me believe that I shall lessen myself by this usage of you. But your flattery shall never blind my understanding, as your fair promises once did; I now know myself, and can say, that I never learnt so much all the time I was at Paris as you taught me in one night. But, supposing even that I were disposed to be generous, you are no proper object. Amongst savage beasts, as you are, the end of vengeance is death; but with men, indeed, what you say should avail. Therefore, although I am no eagle, yet, knowing you to be no dove, but rather a venomous serpent, I shall persecute you with all my might as an old enemy; though what I do cannot be called revenge so properly as chastisement; for revenge ought not to exceed the offence given, whereas, considering how I was served by you, were I to take away your life this would not be equal to it, nor even the lives of a hundred more such women as yourself. For what the devil are you better (setting aside a little beauty, which a few years will take away from you) than the paltriest chambermaid? And yet, no thanks to you that the life of a worthy gentleman was not lost, as you were pleased just now to call me—a life which may be of greater service to the world than a hundred thousand such as yours could ever be, whilst the world endures. Learn then what it is to mock and abuse people of understanding, and scholars, and be wiser for the time to come, if you happen to escape. But if you have such a desire to come down, why do not you throw yourself to the ground? By breaking your neck, if it please heaven, you may at once escape the punishment which you seem to undergo, and make me the happiest man in the world. So I have nothing more to say to you, but that I have showed you the way up to this tower; do you find a way, if you can, to come down as readily as you could insult me."

All the while the scholar was speaking was she weeping, while the time kept going on, and the sun rose higher and higher. And when he had made an end, she said, "Ah! cruel man! if that un-

happy night still galls you, and my crime appears so heinous, that neither my youth, my tears, nor my humblest entreaties can move you, yet let this last act of mine alone have some weight to lessen the force of your severity : consider how I put entire confidence in you, and intrusted you with my most secret designs, for without that you would never have had it in your power to revenge yourself of me, as you so much desired. Away, then, with all this fury, and pardon me this time ; I am ready, if you will forgive me, and set me at liberty, to abandon that unworthy young man, and to have you only for my lover and my lord. And though you make light of my beauty, esteeming it trifling and transitory, yet it is what other young gentlemen would love and value, and you do not think otherwise. And, notwithstanding this cruel treatment, I can never think you would wish to see me dash my brains out before your face, when I was once so agreeable to you. For Heaven's sake, therefore, show me some pity ; the sun now waxes warm, and is as troublesome as the coldness of the night."

The scholar, who held her in talk only for his diversion, replied, "Madame, the confidence you reposed in me was out of no regard you had for me, but only to regain your lover ; and you are mistaken if you think I had no other convenient way to come at my revenge : I had a thousand others, and had laid a thousand different snares to entrap you ; so that if this had not happened, I must necessarily have taken you in some other ; nor was there any one but would have been attended with as much shame and punishment to you as this. I have made choice of it, therefore, not because you gave me the opportunity, but that I might gain my end the sooner. And though they had all failed, yet had I my pen left, with which I would have so mauled you that you should have wished a thousand times a day that you had never been born. The force of satire is much greater than they are sensible of on whom it was never tried. I swear solemnly then, that I would have written such things of you that you should have pulled your very eyes out for vexation. As to the offer of your love, that is needless : let him take you, if he will, to whom you more properly belong, and whom I now love for what he has done to you, as much as before I

hated him. You women are all for young flighty fellows, without considering that those people are never content with one mistress, but are roving always from one to another, as you have found by experience. Their greatest happiness is in gaining favors from you, and their utmost glory is to publish them. Truly, you think your love is all a secret, and that nobody but your maid and I were ever acquainted with it, whilst his neighborhood and yours both talk of nothing else ; but it generally happens that the persons concerned are the last that hear of such things. Therefore, if you have made a bad choice, keep to it, and leave me, whom you have despised, to another lady whom I have made choice of—one of more account than yourself, and who knows better how to distinguish people. As to my being concerned for your death, if you please, you may make the experiment. But, as I suppose you will scarcely humor me so far, so I now tell you that, if the sun begins to scorch, you may call to mind the cold you made me endure, and together they will make a proper temperature."

The disconsolate lady, seeing that all these words tended to some cruel purpose, began to weep again and say, "Nay, now, if nothing can move you to pity that concerns myself, yet let your love for that lady whom you say you have met with, who is wiser than I, and by whom you say you are beloved—let your regard, I say, for her prevail upon you to forgive me, and to bring me my clothes, that I may dress myself and go down." The scholar fell a laughing at this, and seeing that it was now about noon, he replied, "Truly, I know not how to say you nay, as you entreat me by that lady : then tell me where they are, and I will go for them, that you may come down." She was a little comforted at this, and directed him to the place where she had laid them ; so he went away, and ordered his servant to keep strict watch that nobody came to her relief till his return ; and in the meantime he went to a friend's house, where he dined, and laid himself down to sleep.

The lady, conceiving some vain hopes of being released, had sat herself down in the utmost agony, getting to that corner of the wall in which there was the most shade, where she continued, sometimes thinking and then again lamenting ; this moment in hopes, and the next altogether

in despair of his return with her clothes. At last, musing on one thing after another, being quite spent with grief, and having had no rest the night before, she dropped asleep. The sun was now in the meridian, darting all its force directly upon her naked and most delicate body, as also upon her head, so that it not only scorched all the skin that lay exposed, but cleft it by little and little into chinks, and blistered it to that degree that it made her awake; when finding herself perfectly roasted, and offering to turn about, it all seemed to rend asunder like a piece of burnt parchment, that has been kept upon the stretch. Besides all this, her head ached to that degree as if it would rive in pieces, which was no wonder. Moreover, the reflection of the heat against her feet was so strong, that she could not get no rest anywhere, but kept crying and moving from place to place. And as there was no wind, the flies and hornets were constantly buzzing about her, striking their stings into the chinks of her flesh, and covering her over with wounds, whilst it was her whole employment to beat them off, still cursing herself, her lover, and the scholar. Being thus harassed by the heat, by insects, by hunger, but much more by thirst, and pierced to the heart by a thousand bitter reflections, she got up to see if anybody was near, resolving whoever was within call to beg their assistance; but even this comfort her ill fortune had denied her. The laborers were all gone out of the fields, on account of the heat, though it happened that nobody had been at work thereabouts all that day, being employed in threshing their corn at home, so that she heard nothing but the grasshoppers, and saw only the river Arno, which by making her long for some of its water, instead of quenching, did but add to her thirst. She saw also pleasant groves, cool shades, and country-houses, which now made her trouble so much the greater.

What more can be said of this unhappy lady? She who, the night before, could by the whiteness of her skin dispel even the shade of night, was now all brown and spotted, so that she seemed the most unsightly creature that could be. While she was thus void of all hope, and expecting nothing but death, toward the middle of the afternoon the scholar happened to awake, when he called her to mind, and returned to the tower, sending the servant

back, who was yet fasting, to get his dinner. As soon as she saw him, all weak and miserable as she was, she came and placed herself down by the battlements, and said, "Oh, sir, you are most unreasonably revenged; for if I made you freeze almost with cold, one night in my court, you have roasted and burnt me for a whole day upon this tower, where I have been at death's door with hunger and thirst: I conjure you, therefore, to come up, and bestow that death upon me, which my heart will not let me inflict upon myself, and which I most earnestly long for, to put an end to that pain which I can no longer endure; or, if you deny me this favor, do, pray, send me up a little water to wash my mouth, my tears not being sufficient, such is the drought and scorching that I feel." The scholar was sensible, by her manner of speaking, how weak she was; he perceived, also, by what he saw of her body, how it was scorched and blistered; for that reason, therefore, as well as her entreaties, he began to have a little compassion, but said, "Vile woman! thou shalt never meet with thy death from my hands; from thy own thou mayst if thou wilt; and just so much water will I give thee, as thou gavest me fire in my extremity. This only grieves me, that, whilst I was forced to lie in dung for my recovery, thou, nevertheless, wilt be cured with the coldness of perfumed rose-water; and though I was near losing both limbs and life, yet thou, when stripped of thy skin, wilt appear with fresh beauty, like a serpent just uncased." "Alas!" quoth the lady, "may only my enemies gain charms in that manner! But you, more cruel than any savage beast, how could you bear to torture me as you have done? What could I have expected worse from you, had I put all your relations to death in the cruellest manner imaginable? What greater punishment could be thought of for a traitor, who had been the destruction of a whole city, than to be roasted in the sun, and then devoured by flies? and not to give me so much as a drop of water, whilst the vilest malefactors, when they are about to suffer, are not denied even wine. Now I see you fixed in your barbarous resolution, nor any way moved by what I have suffered, I shall wait patiently for my death. The Lord have mercy on me, and look with a just eye on what you have done!" With these words she

withdrew to the middle of the place, despairing of her life, and ready to faint away a thousand times with thirst, where she sat lamenting her condition.

It being now toward evening, the scholar, thinking she had suffered enough, made his servant take her clothes wrapped up in his cloak, and follow him to her house, where he found her maid sitting at the door, all sad and disconsolate for her mistress' long absence. "Pray, good woman," said he, "what is become of your mistress?" "Sir," she replied, "I do not know; I thought to have found her in bed this morning, where I saw her last night, but she is neither to be found there, nor anywhere else, nor do I know what has become of her. But can you give me any tidings of her?" "I wish only," quoth he, "that thou hadst been a long with her, that I might have taken the same revenge of thee that I have had of her. But depend upon it thou shalt never escape; I will so pay thee for what thou hast done, that thou shalt remember me every time thou shalt offer to put a trick upon any one." Then he said to the servant, "Give her the clothes, and tell her she may go for her mistress if she has a mind." The servant accordingly delivered them, with that message, and the girl, knowing them again, was afraid her mistress was murdered, and could scarcely help shrieking; nevertheless she made all the haste she could to the tower.

It happened that a laborer of the widow's had lost two of his hogs that day, and coming near to the tower, to look for them, just as the scholar was departed, he heard the complaints the poor creature was making, so he cried out, "Who makes that noise?" She immediately knew his voice, and called him by his name, saying, "Go, I pray, and desire my maid to come to me." The man then knew her, and said, "Alas! madam, who has brought you hither? Your maid has been looking for you all day long. But who could have thought of finding you in this place?" Then he took the sides of the ladder, and placed them as they should be, binding them about with osiers; and as he was doing this, the maid came, and being able to hold her tongue no longer, she wrung her hands, and fell a roaring out. "Dear madam, O, where are you?" Her mistress hearing her, replied, as well as she could, "Good girl, never

stand crying, but make haste, and bring me my clothes." Comforted by the sound of her mistress' voice, the maid jumped upon the ladder before it was made quite secure, and by the man's help got upon the tower, when, seeing her lie naked there, burnt like a log of wood, and quite spent, she cried over her, as if she had been dead. But the lady desired her to be quiet, and dress her; and understanding from her that nobody knew where she was, but the persons who had brought the clothes to her, and the laborer that was below, she was a little comforted, and begged earnestly of them to keep the secret. The laborer now took her upon his back, as she had no strength to walk, and brought her down safely in that manner; whilst the girl, following after with less caution than was necessary, slipped her foot, and falling down the ladder, broke her thigh, which occasioned her to make a most grievous outcry. The man, after he had set his lady on the grass, went to see what was the matter with the maid, and finding that she had her thigh broke, he laid her down by the lady, who, seeing this addition to her misfortunes, and that the person from whom she expected most succor was disabled, began to lament afresh, and the man, unable to pacify her, fell a weeping likewise. It was now sunset, and rather than let her lie there till night, as the disconsolate lady would have wished, he took her to his own house, and brought two of his brothers and his wife back with him for the maid, whom they carried upon a table. Having given the lady some water to refresh her, and used all the kind, comfortable words they could think of, the laborer carried her to his own chamber, and his wife gave her a little bread soaked in water, and undressed and put her to bed. It was then contrived that they should both be taken to Florence that night, and so they were.

On her return home, the lady, who was never at a loss for invention, cooked up an artful story, which was believed by her brothers and sisters, and almost every one else, viz., that it was all done by enchantment. Physicians were sent for, who, with a great deal of pain and trouble to her, and not without the loss of her whole skin several times over, cured her of a violent fever, and other accidents attending it; and they also set the girl's broken

thigh. From that time Helena forgot her lover, and was more careful for the future, both in choosing a spark, and in making her sport. The scholar, also, hearing what had happened to the girl, thought he had had full revenge, and so no more was said about it. Thus the foolish lady was served for her wit and mockery, thinking to make a jest of a scholar, as if he had been a common person, never considering that most of them, I do not say all, have the devil, as they say, in a string. Then take care, ladies, how you play your tricks, but especially upon scholars.

[We are informed by some of the commentators on Boccaccio that the circumstances related in this story happened to the author himself, and that the widow is the same with the one introduced in his *Libertino d'Amore*. The unusual minuteness with which the tale is related gives some countenance to such an opinion. However this may be, it has evidently suggested the story in the *Diable Boiteux*, of Patrice, whose mistress, Lucila, makes him remain a whole night in the street before her windows, on the false pretence that her brother, Don Gaspard, is in the house, and that her lover must wait till he departs. A similar story occurs in the *Memoirs of The Count De Gramont*, in which Lady Chesterfield is the heroine.]

FEDERIGO BEING IN LOVE, WITHOUT MEETING WITH ANY RETURN, SPENDS ALL HIS SUBSTANCE, HAVING NOTHING LEFT BUT ONE POOR HAWK, WHICH HE GIVES TO HIS LADY FOR HER DINNER WHEN SHE COMES TO HIS HOUSE; SHE, KNOWING THIS, CHANGES HER RESOLUTION, AND MARRIES HIM, BY WHICH MEANS HE BECOMES VERY RICH.

There lived in Florence a young man, called Federigo Alberigi, who surpassed all the youth of Tuscany in feats of arms, and in accomplished manners. He (for gallant men will fall in love) became enamoured of Monna Giovanna, at that time considered the finest woman in Florence; and that he might inspire her with a reciprocal passion, he squandered his fortune at tilts and tournaments, in entertainments and presents. But the lady, who was virtuous as she was beautiful, could on no account be prevailed on to return his love. While he lived thus extravagantly, and without the means of recruiting his coffers, poverty, the usual attendant of the thoughtless, came on apace; his money was spent, and nothing remained to him but a small farm, barely sufficient for his subsistence, and a falcon, which was, however, the finest in the

world. When he found it impossible, therefore, to live longer in town, he retired to his little farm, where he went a birding in his leisure hours; and disdaining to ask favors of any one, he submitted patiently to his poverty, while he cherished in secret a hopeless passion.

It happened about this time that the husband of Monna Giovanna died, leaving a great fortune to their only son, who was yet a youth; and that the boy came along with his mother to spend the summer months in the country (as our custom usually is), at a villa in the neighborhood of Federigo's farm. In this way he became acquainted with Federigo, and began to delight in birds and dogs, and having seen his falcon, he took a great longing for it, but was afraid to ask it of him when he saw how highly he prized it. This desire, however, so much affected the boy's spirits, that he fell sick; and his mother, who doted upon this her only child, became alarmed, and to soothe him, pressed him again and again to ask whatever he wished, and promised, that if it were possible, he should have all that he desired. The youth at last confessed that if he had the falcon he would soon be well again. When the lady heard this, she began to consider what she should do. She knew that Federigo had long loved her, and had received from her nothing but coldness; and how could she ask the falcon, which she heard was the finest in the world, and which was now his only consolation? Could she be so cruel as to deprive him of his last remaining support? Perplexed with these thoughts, which the full belief that she could have the bird if she asked it, did not relieve, she knew not what to think, or how to return her son an answer. A mother's love, however, at last prevailed; she resolved to satisfy him, and determined, whatever might be the consequence, not to send, but to go herself and procure the falcon. She told her son, therefore, to take courage, and think of getting better, for that she would herself go on the morrow and fetch what he desired; and the hope was so agreeable to the boy that he began to mend apace. On the next morning Monna Giovanna, having taken another lady along with her, went, as if for amusement, to the little cabin of Federigo, and inquired for him. It was not the birding season, and he was at work in his garden;

when he heard, therefore, that Monna Giovanna was calling upon him, he ran with joyful surprise to the door. She, on the other hand, when she saw him coming, advanced with delicate politeness; and when he had respectfully saluted her, she said, "All happiness attend you, Federigo; I am come to repay you for the loss you have suffered from loving me too well, for this lady and I intend to dine with you in an easy way this forenoon." To this Federigo humbly answered: "I do not remember, madam, having suffered any loss at your hands; but on the contrary, have received so much good, that if ever I had any worth, it sprung from you, and from the love with which you inspired me. And this generous visit to your poor host is much more dear to me than would be the spending again of what I have already spent." Having said this, he invited them respectfully into the house, and from thence conducted them to the garden, where, having nobody else to keep them company, he requested that they would allow the laborer's wife to do her best to amuse them while he went to order dinner.

Federigo, however great his poverty, had not yet learned all the prudence which the loss of fortune might have taught him; and it thus happened, that he had nothing in the house with which he could honorably entertain the lady for whose love he had formerly given so many entertainments. Cursing his evil fortune, therefore, he stood like one beside himself, and looked in vain for money or pledge. The hour was already late, and his desire extreme to find something worthy of his mistress; he felt repugnant, too, to ask from his own laborer. While he was thus perplexed, he chanced to cast his eyes upon his fine falcon, which was sitting upon a bar in the ante-chamber. Having no other resource, therefore, he took it into his hand, and finding it fat, he thought it would be proper for such a lady. He accordingly pulled its neck without delay, and gave it to a little girl to be plucked; and having put it upon a spit, he made it be carefully roasted. He then covered the table with a beautiful cloth, a wreck of his former splendor; and everything being ready, he returned to the garden to tell the lady and her companion that dinner was served. They accordingly went in and sat down to

table with Federigo, and ate the good falcon without knowing it.

When they had finished dinner, and spent a short while in agreeable conversation, the lady thought it time to tell Federigo for what she had come. She said to him, therefore, in a gentle tone, "Federigo, when you call to mind your past life, and recollect my virtue, which perhaps you called coldness and cruelty, I doubt not but that you will be astonished at my presumption, when I tell you the principal motive of my visit. But had you children, and knew how great a love one bears them, I am sure you would in part excuse me; and although you have them not, I who have an only child cannot resist the feelings of a mother. By the strength of these am I constrained, in spite of my inclination, and contrary to propriety and duty, to ask a thing which I know is with reason dear to you, for it is your only delight and consolation in your misfortunes: that gift is your falcon, for which my son has taken so great a desire that, unless he obtain it, I am afraid his illness will increase, and that I shall lose him. I beseech you to give it me, therefore, not by the love which you bear me (for to that you owe nothing), but by the nobleness of your nature, which you have shown in nothing more than in your generosity; and I will remain eternally your debtor for my son's life, which your gift will be the means of preserving."

When Federigo heard the lady's request, and knew how impossible it was to grant it, he burst into tears, and was unable to make any reply. The lady imagined that this arose from grief at the thought of losing his favorite, and showed his unwillingness to part with it; nevertheless, she waited patiently for his answer. He at length said, "Since it first pleased heaven, madam, that I should place my affections on you, I have found fortune unkind to me in many things, and have often accused her; but all her former unkindness has been trifling compared with what she has now done me. How can I ever forgive her, therefore, when I remember that you, who never deigned to visit me when I was rich, have come to my poor cottage to ask a favor which she has cruelly prevented me from bestowing. The cause of this I shall briefly tell you. When I found that in your goodness you proposed to dine with me, and when I

considered your excellence, I thought it my duty to honor you with more precious food than is usually given to others. Recollecting my falcon, therefore, and its worth, I deemed it worthy food, and, accordingly, made it be roasted and served up for dinner; but when I find that you wished to get it in another way, I shall never be consoled for having it not in my power to serve you." Having said this, he showed them the wings and the feet and the bill, as evidences of the truth of what he had told them. When the lady had heard and seen these things, she chided him for having killed so fine a bird as food for a woman; but admired in secret that greatness of mind which poverty had been unable to subdue. Then, seeing that she could not have the falcon, and becoming alarmed for the safety of her child, she thanked Federigo for the honorable entertainment he had given them, and returned home in a melancholy mood. Her son, on the other hand, either from grief at not getting the falcon, or from a disease occasioned by it, died a few days after, leaving his mother plunged in the deepest affliction.

Monna Giovanna was left very rich, and when she had for some time mourned her loss, being importuned by her brothers to marry again, she began to reflect on the merit of Federigo, and on the last instance of his generosity displayed in killing so fine a bird to do her honor. She told her brothers, therefore, that she would marry, since they desired it, but that her only choice would be Federigo Alberigi. They laughed when they heard this, and asked her how she could think of a man who had nothing; but she answered, that she would rather have a man without money, than money without a man. When her brothers, who had long known Federigo, saw therefore how her wishes pointed, they consented to bestow her upon him with all her wealth; and Federigo, with a wife so excellent and so long beloved, and riches equal to his desires, showed that he had learned to be a better steward, and long enjoyed true happiness.

END OF TALES FROM BOCCACCIO.

The man who "couldn't find his match" went to bed in the dark.

ALEXANDER DUMAS' PEDIGREE.

A person more famous for inquisitiveness than for correct breeding, one of those who, devoid of delicacy and reckless of rebuff, pry into every thing, took the liberty of questioning Alexander Dumas rather too closely about his genealogical tree. "You are a quadroon, Mr. Dumas?" "I am, sir," quietly replied Dumas, who had sense enough not to be ashamed of his descent. "And your father?" "Was a mulatto." "And your grandfather?" "A negro," hastily answered the dramatist, whose patience was waning. "And may I inquire what your great-grandfather was?" "An ape, sir!" thundered Dumas, with a fierceness that made his impertinent interrogator shrink into the smallest possible compass. "An ape, sir! My pedigree commences where yours terminates!"

INTERESTING DIALOGUE.—Not long since a very nervous lady took passage at the Tip-Top House, White Mountains, to descend by the almost perpendicular railroad. Her fears were apparent to every one, and the following unique dialogue took place between her and the conductor: *Lady*—"Mr. Conductor, how do you hold these cars when you want to make a stop?" *Conductor*—"Madam, we apply the brake, which you see there." *Lady*—"Suppose, Mr. Conductor, that brake should give way, what do you do then?" *Conductor*—"Madam, we then apply the double-acting brake, which you see at the other end of the cars." *Lady*—"But, Mr. Conductor, suppose that brake should not be sufficient to check the cars, where will we go then?" *Conductor*—"Madam, I can't decide. That depends entirely upon how you have lived in this world!"

SPECIMENS.—A college professor encouraged his geology class to collect specimens, and one day they deposited a piece of brick, streaked and stained, with their collections, thinking to impose on the doctor. Taking up the specimens the professor remarked, "This is a piece of baryta from the Cheshire mines." Holding up another, "This is a piece of feldspar from the Portland quarries, and this," coming to the brick, "is a piece of impudence from some member of the class."

THE PHYSICIAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

[JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN MOLIERE, the greatest comic dramatist of France, born in Paris, 1622, died 1673. Studying law in early life, Molière was admitted an advocate in 1645, but an early passion for the stage led him to found a troupe of amateur comedians, with whom he travelled in the provinces for twelve years. He began to compose imitations of Italian farces, and brought out his first regular comedy, "*L'Elourdi*," at Lyons, in 1653. Returning to Paris in 1658, he produced in fifteen years more than thirty plays, many of them masterpieces, which have kept the stage in France for two centuries, and by translation and countless adaptations have adorned the dramatic literature of other countries.]

The most noted of Molière's comedies are "*L'Avare*," satirizing the vices of avarice; "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," aimed at the affectations of the coteries in French literature and society (which had a run of four months); "*L'Ecole des Maris*," and "*L'Ecole des Femmes*," "*Le Misanthrope*," perhaps the finest example of his style; "*Le Médecin Malgré Lui*," a lively farce, "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," ridiculing the pretended maladies of hypochondriacs, and "*Tartuffe, or the Hypocrite*," which has been pronounced by some the greatest effort of his genius. The latter play, however, was for years prohibited, and the archbishop of Paris threatened excommunication to all who should act, read or listen to it. Molière was a great and successful actor, excelling in the most difficult parts. In his private character he was full of nobleness and generosity. The French Academy, which would not admit him to membership in its sacred circle while he lived, because he would not abandon his profession as a comedian, has ever since conspired to do honor to the memory of the illustrious dramatist.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The Physician in Spite of Himself was played for the first time on the 6th of August, 1666, according to Molière's nearly invariable rule, by which he always produced a farcical work, which made people laugh, after a serious one, which had caused people to reflect. The plot of this play was not entirely new; it existed probably in the outline of the Italian *Commedia dell'arte*, and was found among the stories related by the troubadours and *trouvères*. Molière must have often played a remodelling of it in the Provinces. La Grange, in his Register, speaks of a farce called *Le Fagotier*, of another called *Le Fagoteux*—both words meaning the Faggot-Maker—and of a third called *Le Médecin par force*. But all these small plays appear to refer to one joacular short comedy, which was changed and doctored to suit the tastes of the different provincial audiences. Molière got his chief plan from these, and probably from nothing else. *The Physician in Spite of Himself* consists of two different

parts, each drawn from a different source. There is, first, the idea of a clodhopper on whom his wife wishes to be avenged, and whom she pretends to be a skilful physician, whose zeal has to be stimulated by the stick: and there is, secondly, the idea of a girl who feigns to be dumb, but who recovers speech again, and abuses it in such a manner that every one wishes her to be speechless.

One of the oldest accounts of the story on which Molière's play is based, but which we are convinced the French dramatist never saw, is the following, to be found in a Sanscrit collection, *La Couka Saptali*.

"In the town of Panchapoura lived a king called Satroumardana. His daughter, named Madanarekha, had an abscess in her throat. The doctors applied all kinds of plasters, but without effect, so at last they agreed that there was no remedy for the disease. Then the king proclaimed in every country that he who cured the princess should be richly rewarded. The wife of a Brahmin who lived in a village, having heard the proclamation, said to the messenger, 'My husband is the most skilful magician and charmer in the world. Take him with you; he will cure the princess.' And she said to her husband, 'Pretend to be a magician and a charmer, and go boldly into the town and cure the princess. You won't waste your time.' The Brahmin went to the palace and to the princess, sprinkled her with water, blew at her, and imitated the charmers, muttering the while between his teeth. Suddenly he cried out at the top of his voice, and uttered a farrago of the most absurd words he could think of. On hearing all these strange utterances, the princess was taken with such a fit of laughter that the abscess broke and she was cured. The king, transported with joy, overloaded the Brahmin with presents."

It is, however, possible that Molière may have seen Olearius' *Scientific Journey to Moscow and Persia*, which history was translated into French as early as the year 1656 by the celebrated Wickefort.

The account found there is as follows: "The Grand Duke Boris Gudenow, who reigned during the years 1597 and 1605, was, according to the relation of Olearius, very much afflicted with the gout. At a certain period, when he suffered very severe pains, he caused it publicly to be proclaimed at Moscow that he would reward with extraordinary favor and great riches the man, whoever he might be, that would relieve him from those pains. It seems that no one voluntarily appeared to earn the favor of the Grand Duke; and, indeed, no wonder, for a doctor had his whole existence at stake in those times in Russia if his cure failed, upon some high or noble patient; and Gudenow was in the habit of making the surgeon, as if he considered the latter an absolute master of nature, responsible for the result of his art.

"The wife of a certain bojaar, or councillor of the cabinet, who received very harsh treat

ment from her husband, took the advantage of this public edict of the Grand Duke to revenge herself, in a cunning manner, on her cruel husband. She therefore had the Duke informed that her husband possessed an infallible remedy for the gout, but that he was not sufficiently humane to impart it.

"The bojaar was immediately sent for to court, and strictly examined. The latter declared, by all that was holy, that he was unacquainted with any such remedy, and had not the slightest knowledge of medicine. But oaths would not avail him; Gudenow had him severely whipped and confined. When, shortly after, he was again examined, he repeated the same declarations, adding that this trick was probably played upon him by his wife; the Duke had him whipped a second time, but more severely, and threatened him with death if he did not speedily relieve him from pain. Seized with terror, the bojaar was now entirely at a loss what to be at. He promised to do his best, but requested a few days in order to have the necessary drugs gathered. Having with great difficulty had his request granted, he sent to Ozirbalt, two days' journey from Moscow, in order to get thence all sorts of drugs which were to be had there. He sent for a cartload of them, mixed them all together, and prepared therewith a bath for the Duke, in the hope of his blind cure proving successful. Gudenow, after having used the bath, really found some relief, and the bojaar had his life spared him. Nevertheless, because he had known such an art, denied his knowledge of it, and refused his assistance to the Grand Duke, the latter had him again thoroughly whipped, and, after being entirely recovered, he gave him a new dress, two hundred rubles, and eighteen slaves, by way of a present. In addition to this he seriously admonished the doctor never to be revenged on his wife. It is said that the bojaar, after this occurrence, lived many years in peace and happiness with his spouse."

The Physician in Spite of Himself is now considered by universal consent to be Molière's most humorous comedy.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

GÉRONTE, *father to* LUCINDE.

LEANDRE, *lover to* LUCINDE.

SGANARELLE, *husband to* MARTINE.

MR. ROBERT, *SGANARELLE's neighbor.*

LUCAS, *husband to* JACQUELINE.

VALÈRE, *servant to* GÉRONTE.

THIBAUT,

PERRIN, *his son,* } *peasants.*

LUCINDE, *daughter to* GÉRONTE.

MARTINE, *wife to* SGANARELLE.

JACQUELINE (*a nurse*), *wife to* LUCAS.

ACT I.

(*The stage represents a forest.*)

SCENE I. — SGANARELLE, MARTINE.

(*They come on the stage quarrelling.*)

SGAN. No, I tell you, I will do nothing of the kind. It is for me to speak and to be the master.

MAR. And I tell you that I will have you live as I please, and that I didn't go and marry you to bear with all your freaks.

SGAN. Oh! what an awful trouble it is to have a wife! How right Aristotle was when he said that a woman is worse than the devil!

MAR. Just hear the clever man, with his fool of an Aristotle.

SGAN. Ay, clever indeed! You go and find me a fagot-maker who can reason like me about everything; who has served for six years a most famous doctor, and who in his youth could say the Latin grammar by heart.

MAR. Plague take the arrant ass!

SGAN. Plague take the trollop!

MAR. Cursed be the day and hour when I took it into my head to go and say "Yes!"

SGAN. Cursed be the old idiot who made me sign my ruin!

MAR. It becomes you well to complain of our marriage. Ought you not to thank Heaven every moment of your life for having me as a wife? And did you deserve, tell me, to marry a woman like me?

SGAN. True, indeed! you honored me too much, and I had cause to be satisfied on our wedding-day. Ecod! do not force me to speak of it, or I may say certain things . . .

MAR. Well! What is it you'd say?

SGAN. Enough of that. It is sufficient that I know what I know, and that you were very lucky to have me.

MAR. What do you mean by my being lucky to have you? A man who reduces me to beggary; a debauched, deceitful villain, who eats up all I possess.

SGAN. That's a lie; I drink part of it.

MAR. Who sells, bit by bit, all that we have in the house.

SGAN. That is what is called living on one's means.

MAR. Who even sold the bed from under me.

SGAN. You'll get up all the earlier.

MAR. In short, who does not leave a single stick of furniture in the house . .

SGAN. Weshallmoveallthemoreeasily.

MAR. And who does nothing from morning to night but drink and gamble.

SGAN. That's for fear of the dumps.

MAR. And what can I do with the children all the time?

SGAN. Anything you like.

MAR. I have four little ones on my hands.

SGAN. Put them down on the ground.

MAR. They do nothing but ask for bread.

SGAN. Give them a flogging. When I have eaten and drunk my fill, I wish everybody to live on the fat of the land.

MAR. And do you think, drunkard, that things can always go on so?

SGAN. Now, my wife, gently, if you please.

MAR. That I must endure forever your insolence and excesses?

SGAN. Do not get in a passion, my dear wife.

MAR. And that I shall not find the means of bringing you to a sense of your duty?

SGAN. My dear wife, you know that I am not very patient, and that I have a good strong arm.

MAR. I don't care for your threats.

SGAN. My little wife, my darling, your back itches as usual.

MAR. I will show you that I don't fear you at all.

SGAN. My dear, dear better-half, you intend to put me in your debt.

MAR. Do you think that what you say can frighten me?

SGAN. Tender object of my desire, I'll box your ears.

MAR. Drunkard!

SGAN. I'll beat you.

MAR. Wine-barrel.

SGAN. I'll thrash you.

MAR. Wretch!

SGAN. I'll give you a dressing.

MAR. Traitor! swaggerer! deceiver! coward! scamp! rascal! scoundrel! knave! cheat! blackguard! thief!

SGAN. So you will have it. (*Takes up a stick and beats his wife.*)

MAR. (*screaming*). Oh! oh! oh! oh!

SGAN. This is the way to make you hold your tongue.

SCENE II.—MR. ROBERT, SGANARELLE, MARTINE.

ROB. Hold! hold! hold! Fie upon

you! What is the meaning of all this? What a shame! The scoundrel, to beat his wife in this way!

MAR. (*her arms akimbo, speaks to MR. ROBERT, drives him back, and at last gives him a box on the ear*). And if I wish him to beat me, what then?

ROB. Oh! I consent, with all my heart.

MAR. What are you meddling with?

ROB. I am in the wrong.

MAR. Is it any business of yours?

ROB. No, it is not; you are quite right.

MAR. The impertinent fellow, to wish to prevent husbands from beating their wives!

ROB. I retract.

MAR. What have you to say to it?

ROB. Nothing.

MAR. Have you any right to be poking your nose in here?

ROB. No.

MAR. Mind your own business.

ROB. I have no more to say.

MAR. I like to be beaten.

ROB. Very well.

MAR. You are not the one who feels it.

ROB. Quite true.

MAR. And you are a fool to thrust yourself where you are not wanted. (*She gives him another box on the ear; he passes over to SGANARELLE, who speaks to him in the same way, and at last strikes him with his stick.*)

ROB. Neighbor, I beg your pardon with all my heart. Go on, and thrash your wife soundly. I will even help you, if you like.

SGAN. I don't like.

ROB. Ah! that is another thing.

SGAN. I will beat her when I choose, and not beat her when I don't choose.

ROB. Very well.

SGAN. She is my wife, isn't she, and not yours?

ROB. There's no doubt about it.

SGAN. You have no business to order me.

ROB. I grant it.

SGAN. I don't want your help.

ROB. Let it be so.

SGAN. And you are an impudent fellow to interfere in other people's affairs. Know that Cicero said that we should never put the bark between the finger and the tree. (*He drives him away, comes back to his wife, and takes her hand.*)

SCENE III.—SGANARELLE, MARTINE.

SGAN. Come, now, I say, let us make peace. Shake hands.

MAR. Yes, I should think so, after you have beaten me in that fashion!

SGAN. It is nothing. Shake hands.

MAR. No, I won't.

SGAN. Won't you?

MAR. No.

SGAN. My sweet wife!

MAR. No, I won't.

SGAN. Come, come, I say.

MAR. I will do nothing of the kind.

SGAN. Do, do, do.

MAR. No; I mean to be angry.

SGAN. Come; it was only a trifle. Come now, do.

MAR. Leave me alone.

SGAN. I say, shake hands.

MAR. You have ill-used me too much.

SGAN. There, now, I ask you to forgive me. Give me your hand.

MAR. Well, I forgive you; (*aside*) but I'll pay you out for it.

SGAN. You are a foolish woman to mind it. These are little trifles, quite necessary in love from time to time, and five or six strokes of a cudgel only serve to refresh the tenderness folks have for each other. There, I am going to the wood, and I promise that you shall have more than a hundred fagots to-day.

SCENE IV.—MARTINE (*alone*).

Yes, go. Whatever pretence I may make, I shall not forget my anger; and I long to pay you out for the blows you have given me. I know that it is always in the power of a wife to be revenged on her husband; but that punishment would be too delicate for my old reprobate. I must find a revenge which will sting more, for the other would not pay me for the ill-usage I have had to bear.

SCENE V.—VALÈRE, LUCAS, MARTINE.

LUC. (*to VALÈRE without seeing MARTINE*). I'll be blown if this isn't a pretty job to have took in hand; and I can't see, neither, what I be going to get by it.

VAL. (*without seeing MARTINE*). What is to be done, my poor foster-father? We must obey our master; and then you see we are somewhat interested in his daughter's health; for no doubt when her marriage, which has been put off through her illness, takes place, we shall be rewarded. Horace, who is a generous man, has reasons to be concerned about her; and although she has shown a certain inclination

for a young fellow called Léandre, you know that her father will never consent to have him for a son-in-law.

MAR. (*aside, thinking herself alone*). Can't I think of some plan to revenge myself?

LUC. (*to VALÈRE*). Whatever fancy has he been and got into his head now, since the doctors have all lost their reckoning about what to do?

VAL. We often find what we want by persisting in looking for it; and that, too, in the most unlikely places.

MAR. (*still thinking herself alone*). I will revenge myself at any cost. Those blows lie heavy on my stomach, and I can't digest them. (*She says all this thoughtfully to herself; and, not seeing the two men, knocks against them.*) Ah! I beg pardon, gentlemen. I did not see you; I was puzzling my brains about something which bothers me.

VAL. We all have our cares in this world; and we also are looking for something which we would give much to find.

MAR. Is it anything in which I can help you?

VAL. You might, perhaps. We are looking for some clever man, for some skilful doctor, able to bring relief to our master's daughter, who has been suddenly deprived of the power of speech through an unaccountable illness. A great many doctors have already exhausted all their science in trying to cure her. Now, people are sometimes found who possess wonderful secrets—special remedies; these often succeed where the others have failed. This is what we are looking for.

MAR. (*aside*). Ah! I've got it. I have just thought of a trick to pay off that ruffian of mine. (*aloud*) You could not have met with any one more able to direct you than I am. We have close by here the most marvellously clever doctor for any one whose case is despaired of.

VAL. Ah! I beseech you, tell us where we can find him?

MAR. You will find him at this moment in that small wood yonder, amusing himself with chopping wood.

LUC. A doctor a-chopping wood!

VAL. You mean that he is looking for herbs?

MAR. No; he is the most extraordinary man, and likes to do such things; a fantastical, eccentric, cross-grained fellow, and one that you would never at first

take for what he really is. He goes about dressed in an absurd fashion, affects ignorance at times, hides all his knowledge, and avoids nothing so much as putting forth the talents for medicine he has received from heaven.

VAL. It is a very strange thing that all great men have their whims; some small grain of madness mixed with their great learning.

MAR. This doctor's madness is even greater than you can imagine; for, at times, you must even have recourse to blows before you can make him acknowledge his ability; and I warn you that if he once takes this favorite whim of his into his head, you will each have to take a stick and beat him soundly before he will confess what he will have tried to hide from you at first. It is always what we do whenever we have need of him.

VAL. What an extraordinary whim!

MAR. So it is; but that once over, you will see him perform wonderful cures.

VAL. What is his name?

MAR. His name is Sganarelle. But he is easy enough to recognize. He has a thick, black beard, and wears a ruff, and a yellow and green coat.

LUC. A coat all yellow and green! then he must be just fit to doctor parrots!

VAL. But are you quite sure that he is as clever as you say?

MAR. Sure? He works miracles! Six months ago there was a woman who had been given up by all the doctors. For six hours they thought her dead, and were just going to put her into a shroud, when they brought to her, in spite of himself, the man we are speaking of. He looked at her, put a little drop of I don't know what in her mouth, and at that very moment she got out of her bed and began to walk about the room as if she had never been ill at all.

LUC. Ah!

VAL. It must have been a drop of portable gold.

MAR. Perhaps so. Three weeks ago a child of about twelve years old fell from the top of the steeple into the street and broke his head, arms, and legs in his fall. They had no sooner brought our man than he began to rub him all over with some ointment which he makes himself, and the child started up at once on his feet and ran off to play.

LUC. Ah!

VAL. That man must be master of the Universal Medicine.

MAR. Nobody can doubt it.

LUC. By jingo! that's the very man for us. Let's look sharp and fetch him.

VAL. We are much obliged to you for the service you render us.

MAR. Only be sure you remember the caution I have given you.

LUC. My goodness! let us alone. If leathering is all we've got to do, the goose is cooked.

VAL. (to LUCAS). How fortunate we are to have met that woman! I feel buoyed up with the greatest hopes.

SCENE VI.—SGANARELLE, VALÈRE,
LUCAS.

SGAN. (*singing behind the stage*). La, la, la . . .

VAL. I hear somebody singing and chopping wood.

SGAN. (*coming on the stage, with a bottle in his hand, without seeing VALÈRE or LUCAS*). La, la, la . . . So much work deserves a drop. Let us rest. (*He drinks.*) This wood is as salt as the very devil! (*Sings.*)

Sweet to me, my sparkling flask,

Is thy gurgling voice;

Nothing more I seek or ask,

With thee I rejoice.

Many a one would envy me,

Wert thou filled forever,

Ah, my flask, long life to thee!

May thou empty never!

Blister me, if I don't feel better! One mustn't breed melancholy.

VAL. (to LUCAS). That's the man.

LUC. (to VALÈRE). I think you are about right, and that we've dropped straight on to his nose.

VAL. Let us go nearer.

SGAN. (*hugging his bottle*). Ah, little rogue! how much I love you, my little darling! (*sings. On seeing VALÈRE and LUCAS, who are examining him, he lowers his voice.*)

Many a one . . . would . . . envy me,

Wert thou . . .

(*seeing them examining him more narrowly*). Deuce take it! what can these people be after?

VAL. (to LUCAS). I am sure it is the man.

LUC. There he is, to a T, the very man they figured to us.

SGAN. (*puts his bottle on the ground.*

VALÈRE bows low to him, and SGANARELLE thinks he intends to rob him of his bottle; he therefore takes it up, and puts it on the other side. LUCAS bows to him in the same way, and he takes up his bottle and holds it close to his breast with different gestures.) (*aside*) They are consulting each other and looking at me. What is the matter with them?

VAL. Sir, your name is Sganarelle, is it not?

SGAN. What do you say?

VAL. I ask you if your name is Sganarelle?

SGAN. (*turning first towards VALÈRE, then towards LUCAS.*) Yes, and no, according to what you want of him.

VAL. We only want to do him all the good we can.

SGAN. In that case it is I who am called Sganarelle.

VAL. We are delighted to see you, sir. We have been recommended to you for what we want, and we come to ask the help of which we have need.

SGAN. If it is anything, gentlemen, with which my little trade can supply you, I am at your service.

VAL. You are too kind, sir. But put on your hat, I beg; the sun might inconvenience you.

LUC. Clap it on, sir.

SGAN. (*aside*). How very ceremonious these people are! (*Puts on his hat.*)

VAL. You must not be surprised, sir, that we come to you; clever people are always sought after, and we have been told of your ability.

SGAN. It is true, sir, that I am the best man in the world for making fagots.

VAL. Ah! sir . . .

SGAN. I spare no trouble, and I make them in a fashion which satisfies everybody.

VAL. That is not what we came for.

SGAN. But, then, I sell them ten sous the hundred.

VAL. Do not mention that, I beg of you.

SGAN. I assure you that I cannot sell them for less.

VAL. Sir, we know how things stand.

SGAN. If you know how things stand, you know that I sell them at that price.

VAL. Sir, you are joking, and . . .

SGAN. I am not joking; I can't take a farthing less.

VAL. Let us speak of something else, I pray.

SGAN. You can get them cheaper elsewhere. There are fagots and fagots, you know; but for those I make . . .

VAL. Ah! sir, leave that subject alone.

SGAN. I assure you that I could not let you have them, were you to offer me only a farthing less.

VAL. Nonsense! Come!

SGAN. Upon my word, you'll have to pay that. I speak plainly; I am not a man to overcharge.

VAL. How sad, sir, to see a person of your position amusing himself with such absurd pretences—so clever a man as you are, so skilful a doctor, to try and hide himself from the eyes of the world, and to keep hidden the talents he possesses!

SGAN. (*aside*). He is crazy.

VAL. I beg of you, sir, not to dissemble with us.

SGAN. How? what?

LUC. All this shamming ain't no good. We knows what we're about.

SGAN. What, then? What do you mean? And whom do you take me for?

VAL. For what you are—a great doctor.

SGAN. Get along with you! I'm no doctor, nor ever have been.

VAL. (*aside*). His fit is coming on. (*aloud*) Sir, I beg of you, do not hide the truth any longer, and let us avoid all unpleasant extremities.

SGAN. What extremities?

VAL. Certain things which we should be sorry to have recourse to.

SGAN. By jingo! you may have recourse to all you please; I'm not a doctor, and don't understand what you mean.

VAL. (*aside*). I see that we must make use of the remedy. (*aloud*) Sir, I pray you once more to confess plainly what you are.

LUC. Bother! don't beat so about the bush no more; speak up, and say that you are a doctor.

SGAN. (*aside*). How mad I feel!

VAL. What is the use of denying what is known?

LUC. Why all those whims and fancies? Of what use is it all to you?

SGAN. Gentlemen, one word is as good as a thousand. I tell you that I am not a doctor.

VAL. You are not a doctor?

SGAN. No.

LUC. You ain't a doctor?

SGAN. No, I tell you.

VAL. Since you will have it, it must be so.

(*They each take a stick and beat him.*)

SGAN. Oh! oh! oh! Gentlemen, I am anything you please.

VAL. Why do you force us to use such violence, sir?

LUC. Why give us the trouble of beating you?

VAL. I assure you that I am exceedingly sorry for it.

LUC. And so am I, 'pon my word, uncommonly.

SGAN. What the deuce are you at, sirs? Tell me, pray, is it a joke, or are you both crazy, that you persist in calling me a doctor?

VAL. What! you have not made up your mind yet, and you still persist in denying that you are a doctor?

SGAN. Devil take me, if I am!

LUC. It ain't true that you are a doctor?

SGAN. No; choke me if I am. (*They beat him again.*) Oh! oh! gentlemen! Yes, since you wish it, I am a doctor; I am a doctor; an apothecary, also, if you have a mind to it. I'd rather consent to anything than to have my brains knocked out.

VAL. Ah! all right, sir; I am delighted to see you come back to reason.

LUC. It makes me quite happy like to hear you speak like that.

VAL. I sincerely beg of you to forgive me.

LUC. Pray excuse the liberty we've took.

SGAN. (*aside*). H'm! Is it I who am deceived, and have I not become a doctor without knowing it?

VAL. You will have no cause to repent, sir, of having told us the truth; and you will be sure to be satisfied.

SGAN. But, gentlemen, tell me, are you not deceiving yourselves? Is it quite certain that I am a doctor?

LUC. Yes, that you are, and no mistake neither.

SGAN. Really?

VAL. Undoubtedly.

SGAN. Deuce take me, if I knew it.

VAL. How! you are the most clever doctor in the world.

SGAN. Ah! ah!

LUC. A doctor what has cured I don't know how many diseases.

VOL. V.—W. H.

SGAN. Bless me!

VAL. A woman was thought to be dead for six hours; they were going to put her in a shroud, when, with a drop of something, you brought her back to life again and made her at once walk about the room.

SGAN. The plague I did!

LUC. A child twelve years old had fallen from the top of a steeple, and broke his head, legs, and arms. You, with I don't know what ointment, made him jump on his feet, and he went to play at pitch-farthing.

SGAN. The deuce I did!

VAL. In short, sir, you will be satisfied with us; and you will gain all the money you like by coming with us where we want to take you.

SGAN. I shall gain all the money I like?

VAL. Yes.

SGAN. Ah! I am a doctor most certainly. I had forgotten all about it, but I remember it now. What is there to be done? Where must I go?

VAL. We will go with you. We want you to come and see a young lady who has lost her speech.

SGAN. Faith! I have not found it.

VAL. (*aside to LUCAS*). He likes a joke. (*aloud*) Now, sir!

SGAN. Without a doctor's gown?

VAL. We will find you one.

SGAN. (*giving his bottle to VALÈRE*). Hold this, you; it is in this I put my julep. (*Then turning towards LUCAS, and spitting on the ground*) You, put your foot upon this, by the doctor's order.

LUC. This doctor just suits me, and no mistake; he's safe to get on, 'cause he's a bit of a larker.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—GÉRONTE, VALÈRE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.

(*The stage represents a room in GÉRONTE'S house.*)

VAL. Yes, sir, I think you will be pleased, for we have brought you the greatest doctor in the world.

LUC. Oh, my eyes! we must shut up shop beside him, and all the rest are not fit to wipe his shoes.

VAL. He is a man who has performed wonderful cures.

LUC. Why, he's cured people after they were dead.

VAL. He is rather whimsical, as I told you; and there are times when he does not seem to be what he really is.

LUC. Yes, he likes a bit of a joke, and you might say sometimes, saving your presence, that there's a screw loose in the upper story.

VAL. But at the bottom he is all knowledge, and he often says the most sublime things.

LUC. When he do begin, he talks right on like, just as if he read it all in a book.

VAL. His reputation is already known here, and people come to him from everywhere.

GÉR. I long to see him; send for him quickly.

VAL. I will go and fetch him.

SCENE II.—GÉRONTE, JACQUELINE,
LUCAS.

JAC. This one'll do just the same as all the rest; and that you may depend upon, sir. I think it'll be six of one and half a dozen of t'other, and the best physic in the world that anybody can give your daughter, in my mind, would be a nice young husband—one that she could exactly fancy.

GÉR. I say, good nurse, you interfere in things that have nothing to do with you.

LUC. Be silent, mother Jacqueline; you've no right to be poking your nose in here.

JAC. I say, and I sticks to it, that all these doctors and their stuff will do no more good than clean water; your daughter wants something else besides rhubarb and senna. I say that a husband is the sort of plaster to cure girls' ailments.

GÉR. Is there any chance of her marrying now, when we see the infirmity with which she is afflicted? And when I thought of marrying her, did she not oppose my wishes?

JAC. I should just think she did. You wanted to hand her over to a man she didn't care a bit for. Why didn't you let her have the Mr. Léandre she was in love with? She'd have been good enough then; and I'd make a bet that he'd take her, here—now—just as she is, if only you'd let him have her.

GÉR. That Léandre is not the right man for her; he is not rich like the other.

JAC. He's got a rich uncle, and he'll come into the money.

GÉR. These fortunes to come are all nonsense. There is nothing like certainty, and we run a great risk of reckoning without our host when we trust to the money that people are keeping for us. Death is not always ready to indulge the heir's wishes and prayers, and we may starve while waiting for dead men's shoes.

JAC. Well, I've always heard it said the same about marriage as about everything else: a contented mind is better than riches. Fathers and mothers, all alike, have the cursed way of asking, "What's he got?" "What's she got?" There was neighbor Peter. Didn't he go and marry his girl Simonette to the great rough Thomas, just because he'd got a little bit of ground more than the young Robin that she was in love with? Look at the poor thing; she's come so yellow's a guinea, and hasn't never been right ever since. Here's a proper warning for you, master. What's all the world if you can't be happy? and I'd sooner let my maid have a young fellow that she really fancied than all the riches of India.

GÉR. Bother you, nurse, what a yarn you spin! Be more calm, I pray; you trouble yourself too much about all this. You'll spoil your milk.

LUC. (*striking GÉRONTE at each sentence*). Blow you! hold your tongue, you sauce-box! Master don't want your jaw, and he knows well enough what he's about. There, you go and nurse the baby, without having so much to say about everything. Master is father to his own child, and he's good enough and 'cute enough to see what ought to be done.

GÉR. Gently, gently!

LUC. (*still striking GÉRONTE's shoulder at each sentence*). I want to take her down a peg, sir, and teach her how she ought to behave to you.

GÉR. Very well! but you needn't gesticulate so much.

SCENE III.—VALÈRE, SGANARELLE,
GÉRONTE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.

VAL. Sir, prepare yourself, here is the doctor coming in.

GÉR. (*to SGANARELLE*). Sir, I am delighted to see you, and we have great need of you.

SGAN. (*in a doctor's gown with a very pointed hat*). Hippocrates says . . . that we must both put on our hats.

GÉR. Hippocrates says that?

SGAN. Yes.

GÉR. In what chapter, if you please?

SGAN. In his chapter . . . upon hats.

GÉR. Since Hippocrates says so, we must do it.

SGAN. As we have been told, sir, of the wonderful cures you have . . .

GÉR. Pray, to whom are you speaking?

SGAN. To you.

GÉR. I am not a doctor.

SGAN. You are not a doctor?

GÉR. No, indeed.

SGAN. Really?

GÉR. Really.

(SGANRELLE takes a stick and beats GÉRONTE in the same way that he was beaten.)

GÉR. Oh! oh! oh!

SGAN. Now you are a doctor! I have had no other license.

GÉR. (to VALÈRE). What a devil of a fellow have you brought in here?

VAL. I told you he was rather eccentric.

GÉR. Yes; but I'll send him about his business with his eccentricity.

LUC. Don't mind that, sir, 'twas only a joke.

GÉR. Joke! I do not care for this kind of joking.

SGAN. Sir, I beg your pardon for the liberty I have taken.

GÉR. Sir, your servant.

SGAN. I am sorry . . .

GÉR. Never mind.

SGAN. For the beating . . .

GÉR. There is no harm done.

SGAN. Which I have had the honor of giving you.

GÉR. Let us speak no more about that, sir. I have a daughter who has fallen ill of a strange disease.

SGAN. I am delighted, sir, that your daughter has need of my care; and I wish, with all my heart, that you and all your family were ill, so that I might show you the pleasure I have in serving you.

GÉR. I am much obliged to you for these good wishes.

SGAN. I assure you that I speak from the heart.

GÉR. You do me too great an honor.

SGAN. What is the name of your daughter?

GÉR. Lucinde.

SGAN. Lucinde! Ah! what a charming name to physio! Lucinde!

GÉR. I will go and see what she is doing.

SGAN. Who is that tall woman there?

GÉR. The nurse of a little child of mine.

SCENE IV.—SGANRELLE, JACQUELINE, LUCAS.

SGAN. (*aside*). What a handsome piece of furniture! (*aloud*) Ah! nurse, charming nurse, my doctorship is the very humble servant of your nurseship, and I heartily wish I were the fortunate baby you nurse. All my remedies, all my science, all my abilities, are at your service; and . . .

LUC. By your leave, Mr. Doctor, let my wife alone, please.

SGAN. What! she's your wife?

LUC. Yes.

SGAN. Ah! really, I did not know that, and I am quite rejoiced for both your sakes. (*He pretends to embrace LUCAS, but embraces the nurse.*)

LUC. (*drawing SGANRELLE away and placing himself between him and his wife*). Sober, if you please.

SGAN. I assure you that I am delighted to see that you are married. I congratulate her on having a husband like you; and I congratulate you on having such a handsome wife—so good, and so well made. (*Affecting again to embrace LUCAS, who holds out his arms, he passes under them, and embraces the nurse.*)

LUC. (*pulling him away again*). Oh, the devil! stop that sort of work, I say.

SGAN. Don't you wish me to rejoice with you over such a jolly meeting?

LUC. As much as you like with me, but with my wife cut your palaver short.

SGAN. I take an equal interest in the good fortune of you both. I embrace you to show you how much I rejoice at your happiness. I embrace her to show her how much I rejoice at hers. (*Same by-play as before.*)

LUC. (*drawing him away the third time*). Oh, 'pon my word, doctor, you're too free by half! Pretty larks, to be sure!

SCENE V.—GÉRONTE, SGANRELLE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.

GÉR. Sir, they will bring you my daughter directly.

SGAN. I am waiting for her with all the powers of medicine.

GÉR. Where are they?

SGAN. (*touching his forehead*). Here.
GÉR. Very well.

SGAN. (*going up to the nurse*). As I feel the greatest interest in all your family, I must just see after the nurse, etc. (*Approaches JACQUELINE.*)

LUC. (*pulling him away and making him spin round*). No ! no ! I can manage all that.

SGAN. It is the business of the doctor to see to the nurse.

LUC. That's no business of yours—your servant, sir.

SGAN. Do you dare to oppose the doctor ? Out of my way.

LUC. Poh ! I don't care for that.

SGAN. (*looking at him angrily*). I will give you the fever.

JAC. (*taking LUCAS by the arm and making him turn round about also*). Get out o' that now. Ain't I big enough to take care of myself, if he does anything he didn't ought to ?

LUC. I won't have him touching you, that I won't !

SGAN. Fie ! for shame. You lout ! To be jealous of your wife !

GÉR. Here is my daughter.

SCENE VI.—LUCINDE, GÉRONTE, SGAN-ARELLE, VALÈRE, LUCAS, JACQUELINE.

SGAN. Is this the patient ?

GÉR. Yes, sir, she is my only daughter, and it would be the greatest grief in the world to me if she were to die.

SGAN. She must not ! She must not die without the doctor's prescription.

GÉR. Bring some seats.

SGAN. (*seated between GÉRONTE and LUCINDE*). This patient is not so very disagreeable, and I think that a healthy man could well make shift with her.

GÉR. You have made her laugh, sir !

SGAN. So much the better ; when the doctor makes the patient laugh, it is the best symptom one could wish for. (*To LUCINDE.*) Well ! and what is the matter ? What is it ? What kind of a pain is it you feel ?

LUCI. (*answers by signs, putting her hand first to her mouth, then under her chin*). Han, hi, hon, han.

SGAN. What is it you say ?

LUCI. Han, hi, hon, han, hi, hon.

SGAN. What ?

LUCI. Han, hi, hon, han.

SGAN. (*imitating her*). Han, hi, hon,

han, han. The deuce a bit do I understand. Whatever language is that ?

GÉR. Sir, this is her disease. She became dumb without any one understanding the cause ; and this accident is the reason of her marriage being put off.

SGAN. But why ?

GÉR. The man who is to marry her wishes to wait until she is cured, before he concludes the marriage.

SGAN. And who is this fool, who does not want his wife to be dumb ? I wish mine were seized with the same disease ! I should take good care not to cure her, I can tell you.

GÉR. In short, sir, I beg of you, do all you can to relieve my daughter's malady.

SGAN. Oh ! do not be anxious. Tell me ; does this illness oppress her very much ?

GÉR. Yes, sir.

SGAN. So much the better. Has she great pains, etc., etc. ?

GÉR. Very great.

SGAN. That's good. (*Turning round to the patient.*) Give me your arm. (*To GÉRONTE.*) This pulse, here, shows that your daughter is dumb.

GÉR. Yes, indeed, sir, and that is the disease she is suffering from ; you have found it out at once.

SGAN. Eh ! eh !

JAC. Just see how he's found out the ailment !

SGAN. We great doctors, we know things instantly. An ignorant fellow would have been puzzled, and would have told you, "It is this, or it is that," but I, from the first moment, come to the point, and I declare to you that your daughter is dumb.

GÉR. Yes, that is quite true ; but I should like you to tell me from what cause it proceeds.

SGAN. There is nothing easier ; it is caused by her having lost her speech.

GÉR. Yes. But the cause, if you please, for her losing her speech ?

SGAN. All our best authors will tell you that it comes from an impediment in the action of her tongue.

GÉR. But, still, what is your opinion on this impediment in the action of her tongue ?

SGAN. Aristotle, on that subject, says . . . wonderful things !

GÉR. I believe you.

SGAN. Ah ! he was a great man !

GÉR. Undoubtedly.

SGAN. Altogether a great man. (*Raising his arm above his head.*) Greater than I am by all this. To come back to our reasoning, then; I hold that this impediment in the action of her tongue is caused by certain humors which we learned men call peccant humors, that is to say peccant humors; for, as the vapors formed by the exhalations of the influences which arise in the region of diseases coming as it were to

. . . . Do you understand Latin?

GÉR. Not in the least.

SGAN. (*rising abruptly*). You don't understand Latin?

GÉR. No.

SGAN. (*with enthusiasm*). *Cabrcias, arci thuram, catalamalus, singulariter, nominativo, hæc musa, the muse, bonus, bona, bonum. Deus sanctus, est-ne oratio latina? Etiam, Yes. Quare? Why? Quia substantivo, et adjectivum, concordat in generi numerum et casus.*

GÉR. Ah! that I had studied Latin!

JAC. See what a clever man he is!

LUC. Sure enough, that's so fine that I can't make out never a bit of it.

SGAN. Now, these vapors of which I have been speaking to you, in passing from the left side where the liver is, to the right side where the heart is, it happens that the lungs, which we call in Latin *armyan*, communicating with the brain, which we call in Greek *nasmus*, by the means of the concave vein, which we call in Hebrew *cubile*, meets on its way the said vapors, which fill the ventricles of the omoplate; and as the said vapors follow closely this reasoning, I beg of you; and as the said vapors have a certain malignity Listen to this, I beseech you.

GÉR. Yes.

SGAN. Have a certain malignity which is caused Be attentive, if you please.

GÉR. I am so.

SGAN. Which is caused by the acrimony of the humors engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm. It so happens that these vapors *Ossabandus, nequeis, neque potarimum, quipsa milus*. This is precisely the cause why your daughter is dumb.

JAC. Ah! how well said all that is, old man!

LUC. If I'd got a tongue so well oiled!

GÉR. No reasoning could be better, I think. There is only one thing which struck me as not quite clear; it is the places you give to the liver and the heart. It seems to me that you place them differently from what they really are; that the heart is on the left side, and the liver on the right side.

SGAN. Yes, it was so formerly; but we have altered all that, and we now practise medicine in quite a new way.

GÉR. I did not know that, and I beg you will excuse my ignorance.

SGAN. There is no harm done; it cannot be expected that you should be as clever as we are.

GÉR. Assuredly. But, sir, what remedy do you think this disease requires?

SGAN. What remedy it requires?

GÉR. Yes.

SGAN. My advice is, that she be sent back to her bed; and that for remedy you give her a large quantity of bread soaked in wine.

GÉR. Why so, sir?

SGAN. Because there is in wine and bread mixed a sympathetic virtue which is conducive to speech. Do you not see that we give nothing else to parrots, and that they learn to talk by feeding on them?

GÉR. You are right! Ah! the great man! Quick! bring a large quantity of bread and wine.

SGAN. I will come back towards the evening to see how she is.

SCENE VII.—GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE, JACQUELINE.

SGAN. (*to JACQUELINE*). You stop here, you. (*To GÉRONTE*.) Sir, your nurse is in need of little remedies from me.

JAC. Who? me? I never was better in my life.

SGAN. So much the worse, nurse, so much the worse. This superabundance of health forebodes some evil; and it would not be amiss to bleed you gently, and administer a little dulcifying injection.

GÉR. But, sir, this is a system which I do not understand. Why should we be bled when we are not ill?

SGAN. No matter why, the method is salutary; and in the same way that we drink for the thirst that would come, so must we be bled against the coming illness.

JAC. (*going away*). My goodness! what do I care for all that! I ain't a-

going to turn my body into a druggister's shop.

SGAN. You rebel against remedies, but we shall find out a way of bringing you to reason.

SCENE VIII.—GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE.

SGAN. (*going away*). I wish you good-morning, sir.

GÉR. Just wait one moment, if you please.

SGAN. What is it you want?

GÉR. To give you your fee, sir.

SGAN. (*holding out his hand from under his gown whilst GÉRONTE opens his purse*). I could not take any, sir.

GÉR. Sir

SGAN. No, indeed.

GÉR. One moment.

SGAN. No, certainly.

GÉR. I beseech you.

SGAN. You are joking!

GÉR. There it is.

SGAN. I will not.

GÉR. Eh!

SGAN. I do not practise for the sake of money.

GÉR. I am sure you do not.

SGAN. (*after having received the money*). Is it of good weight?

GÉR. Yes, sir.

SGAN. I am not a mercenary doctor.

GÉR. I know it well.

SGAN. I am not governed by interested motives.

GÉR. I had no thought of the kind.

(*Exit.*)

SGAN. (*alone, looking at the money he has received*). Well, this is very pleasant; and, provided that

SCENE IX.—LÉANDRE, SGANARELLE.

LÉA. Sir, I have been watching for you a long time, and I come to implore you to give us your assistance.

SGAN. (*feeling his pulse*). Your pulse is very bad.

LÉA. I am not ill, sir; I have not come to see you for that.

SGAN. If you are not ill, why the deuce don't you begin by saying so?

LÉA. No, I am not. To tell you what brings me in as few words as possible, you must know that my name is Léandre, and that I am in love with Lucinde, whom you have just seen. Through the unkindness of her father, it is impossible for me to get access to her; I therefore make bold

to come and ask you kindly to lend me your help, and to assist me in carrying out a plan I have made to speak to her a few words, upon which the happiness of my whole life depends.

SGAN. (*affecting to be angry*). For what do you take me? How dare you ask me to serve your love, and to lower the dignity of a doctor by such an employment?

LÉA. Sir, do not make a noise.

SGAN. I will make a noise, sir. You are an impertinent fellow, sir.

LÉA. Ah! gently, sir.

SGAN. A man of no judgment.

LÉA. I beseech you!

SGAN. I will teach you that I am not one to do such a thing, and that it is an extreme insolence in you to

LÉA. (*taking his purse out*). Sir

SGAN. Wish to make use of me! (*taking the purse*) I do not speak of you, sir; you are an honest man, and I shall be delighted to help you. But you meet with certain coxcombs in this world who take people for what they are not, and I assure you that I am greatly incensed against such people.

LÉA. I beg your pardon, sir, for the liberty I

SGAN. Pray, no more about that. What is it you want?

LÉA. I must tell you, sir, that this illness which you want to cure is a sham. The doctors have reasoned at full length upon the matter, and they have not failed to say that it proceeds, one from the brain, another from the intestines, another from the spleen, another from the liver; but the truth is that it only proceeds from love, that Lucinde has found out this way of putting off a marriage which is hateful to her. But, for fear we should be seen together, let us leave this place. I will tell you, as we are walking along, in what way I want your help.

SGAN. Let us go, then, sir; you have inspired me with an inconceivable interest in your love; and I will risk all my physic upon the result. Either the patient shall go to the wall, or be yours.

ACT. III.

SCENE I.—LÉANDRE, SGANARELLE.

(*The stage represents a place close to GÉRONTE'S house.*)

LÉA. I think I make a very good

apothecary ; and, as the father has hardly ever seen me, this change of dress and this wig are sufficient, I think, for him not to know me.

SGAN. I think so too.

LÉA. I only wish I knew five or six long Latin words to adorn my talk and to look clever with.

SGAN. Nonsense. You have no need of that, the dress is quite sufficient ; I know no more of the matter than you do.

LÉA. How ? What ?

SGAN. Deuce take me if I understand one word about physic ! You are a gentleman, and I will trust you as you trust me.

LÉA. What ? Are you not really . . .

SGAN. No, I tell you ; they made a doctor of me in spite of myself. I had never dreamt of being so learned as that, and all my studies came to an end in the lowest form. I can't imagine what put that whim into their heads ; but when I saw that they were resolved to force me to be a doctor, I made up my mind to be one at the expense of those I might have to do with. Yet you would hardly believe how the error has spread abroad, and how every one is obstinately determined to see a great doctor in me. They come to fetch me from right and left ; and if things go on in that fashion, I think I had better stick to physic all my life. I find it the best of trades ; for, whether we are right or wrong, we are paid equally well. We are never responsible for the bad work, and we cut away as we please in the stuff we work on. A shoemaker in making shoes can't spoil a scrap of leather without having to pay for it, but we can spoil a man without paying one farthing for the damage done. The blunders are not ours, and the fault is always that of the dead man. In short, the best part of this profession is, that there exists among the dead an honesty, a discretion that nothing can surpass ; and never as yet has one been known to complain of the doctor who had killed him.

LÉA. It is true that the dead are very excellent people in that respect.

SGAN. (*seeing some men coming to him*). Here are some people who seem to want to consult me. (*To LÉANDRE.*) Go and wait for me near the house of your lady-love.

SCENE II.—THIBAUT, PERRIN, SGAN-ARELLE.

THI. Master, we was a-coming to look for you, my boy Perrin and me.

SGAN. What's the matter ?

THI. His poor mother, she's called Perrette, have been bad abed these six months.

SGAN. (*holding out his hand as to receive money*). What do you wish me to do ?

THI. I wanted to see if you couldn't gi' me a drop of stuff to do her good, sir.

SGAN. We'll see. What is the matter with her ?

THI. She's very bad with the hypocrisy, sir.

SGAN. Hypocrisy ?

THI. Yes, sure ; that is, she's a-swelled all over like, and they say that she's got a lot of seriousness inside her, and that her liver and bowels, or her spleen, as you would call it, instead of makin' of blood, it turns all to water. Every other day the dysentery fever comes on, with lassy-chills and pains in the sinnies of her legs. You can hear in her poor throat the flames that most chokes her ; and sometimes she've got the singcupps and the conversions so bad that I most think she's a-goin'. We've got in our village a drug-gister, as mid'say, and he've let her have I can't tell how many different sorts of stuff ; and 't'ave a-cost me a good three pound in lotions, if you please, in aperiments, that she've a-got to take, in affections of hyacins, and in cordial mixtures, and that. But all of it, as mid'say, is no more than a chip in the porridge. He wanted to give her some stuff they call antemile wine ; but I was afeard that would send her right home ; and they say that these hedge-boar doctors do kill more people than anybody can tell, with this here new-fangled physic.

SGAN. (*still holding out his hand, and moving it about to show that he must have money*). Let us come to the point, friend, let us come to the point.

THI. The point is, sir, that we be come to ask you what we must do.

SGAN. I do not understand you in the least.

PERRIN. My mother is very bad, sir, and here we've brought you half a sovereign to let us have stuff to do her good.

SGAN. Ah ! I understand you. This

lad now speaks plainly, and explains himself as he should. You say that your mother is ill with dropsy, that she is swollen all over, that she is feverish, with pains in the muscles of her legs, and that she has at times fainting fits and convulsions?

PER. Yes, sir, that's just how 'tis.

SGAN. I understood what you said at once. You have a father who does not know what he says. Now, you want me to give you some remedy?

PER. Yes, sir.

SGAN. A remedy to cure her?

PER. That's what we want, sir.

SGAN. Here, take this piece of cheese, and you must see that she eats it.

PER. Cheese! sir?

SGAN. Yes, cheese, but one in the preparation of which there is gold, coral, pearls, and a quantity of other precious things.

PER. Sir, we be much obliged to you, and we will make her take it directly.

SGAN. Go, and if she dies, don't fail to give her a decent funeral.

SCENE III.—JACQUELINE, SGANARELLE, LUCAS (*further back on the stage*).

(*The stage represents, as in the Second Act, a room in GÉRONTE's house*).

SGAN. Here is the handsome nurse. Ah, nurse of my heart, I am overjoyed at this meeting; and a sight of you is the rhubarb, cassia and senna which drives all melancholy from my heart.

JAC. Goodness me, doctor! that's too fine talk for me! and I can't make out a word of your Latin.

SGAN. Pray fall sick, nurse, fall sick for my sake. I should be so happy to have to cure you.

JAC. Your servant, sir, but I'd ever so much sooner not have to be cured.

SGAN. How I pity you, beautiful nurse, to have such a troublesome and jealous husband!

JAC. What can you expect? I'm only paid home for my own faults; and as you've made your bed, so you must lie.

SGAN. How! a boor like that! a man who is always watching you, and won't allow anybody to speak to you!

JAC. Ah! you haven't seen nothing yet; that's only a bit of a sample of his bad temper.

SGAN. Is it possible? And can a man be so base as to ill-treat a handsome

woman like you? Ah! beautiful nurse, I know of some one not far from here who would give much only to kiss the tip of your tiny toes. Why must such a handsome woman fall into such hands? a real brute, a ruffian, a stupid, a fool . . . forgive me, nurse, if I speak in that way of your husband.

JAC. Oh, dear! I know well enough, sir, that he deserves all you have called him.

SGAN. There is no doubt but that he deserves them all, and he well deserves, besides, that you should put something on his head to punish him for his suspicions.

JAC. 'Tis certain that if I kept a sharp eye only upon his business he'd force me to do something queer.

SGAN. Indeed, you would not be wrong to revenge yourself on him with somebody. He is a man who richly deserves it, I tell you; and if I were fortunate enough, fair nurse, to be chosen for . . .

(*He stretches out both his arms to embrace her; LUCAS thrusts his head quickly under them, and places himself between SGANARELLE and JACQUELINE. SGANARELLE and JACQUELINE look at LUCAS, and go away one on each side, the doctor with much amusing by-play.*)

SCENE IV.—GÉRONTE, LUCAS.

GÉR. Halloa, Lucas, have you not seen our doctor about here?

LUC. Yes, the rascal, I have, and so has my wife.

GÉR. Where can he be?

LUC. I don't know, but I wish he was gone to the devil!

GÉR. Go and see what my daughter is doing.

SCENE V.—SGANARELLE, LÉANDRE, GÉRONTE.

GÉR. Ah! sir, I was inquiring where you were.

SGAN. I was amusing myself in your yard . . . How is the patient?

GÉR. A little worse since your remedy.

SGAN. So much the better; it is a sign that it is doing some good.

GÉR. Yes; but, in the meantime, I am afraid of its choking her.

SGAN. Do not fret; I have remedies which conquer everything, and I am looking forward to the time that she is at death's door.

GÉR. (*showing LÉANDRE*). Who is that man you have brought here?

SGAN. (*making signs with his hands to show that it is an apothecary*). It is . . .

GÉR. What?

SGAN. He, who . . .

GÉR. You say?

SGAN. Who.

GÉR. I understand you.

SGAN. Your daughter will want him.

SCENE VI.—LUCINDE. GÉRONTE, LÉANDRE, JACQUELINE, SGANARELLE.

JAC. Master, here's your daughter, and she wants to walk.

SGAN. It will do her good. Go to her, Mr. Apothecary, and feel her pulse, that I may be able to consult with you afterwards about her illness. (*In the meantime he takes GÉRONTE to one side of the stage, and passing one arm over his shoulder, prevents him from turning his head whenever he wants to see what his daughter and the apothecary are doing together. In the meantime he speaks as follows.*) Sir, it is a great and subtle question amongst doctors whether women are easier to cure than men. Pray listen to this. Some say no; some say yes; and I say both yes and no; forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humors which are generally found in the natural temperament of women, being the cause that the animal part overcomes the spiritual, we see that the inequality of their opinions depends on the oblique motions of the circle of the moon; and as the sun which sends its rays on the concavity of the earth finds . . .

LUCI. (*to LÉANDRE*). No, I can never change my sentiments.

GÉR. My daughter speaks! Oh! the great power of medicine! Admirable doctor! How immensely obliged I am to you, sir, for this marvellous cure! What can I do to repay you such a service?

SGAN. (*walking about the stage and fanning himself with his hat*). Really, this illness has given me a great deal of trouble!

LUCI. Yes, father, I have recovered my speech, but only to tell you that I will have no other husband than Léandre, and that it is quite useless for you to try and marry me to Horace.

GÉR. But . . .

LUCI. Nothing can make me change the resolution I have taken.

GÉR. What!

LUCI. In vain would you give me fine reasons.

GÉR. If . . .

LUCI. And all you say will be of no use.

GÉR. I . . .

LUCI. I am determined not to do it.

GÉR. But . . .

LUCI. No paternal authority can force me to marry against my wish.

GÉR. I have . . .

LUCI. All you do will be in vain.

GÉR. He . . .

LUCI. My heart cannot submit to such a tyranny.

GÉR. The . . .

LUCI. And I had rather become a nun than marry a man for whom I have no love.

GÉR. But . . .

LUCI. (*speaking in a shrieking tone*). No! It is of no use! It is time lost! You waste your breath. I will do nothing of the kind, I am determined!

GÉR. Ah! what a rush of words! One can't stand it. (*To SGANARELLE*.) Sir, I beg you to make her dumb again.

SGAN. This is a thing impossible for me to do. All I can do to serve you is to make you deaf, if you like.

GÉR. Many thanks. (*To LUCINDE*.) Do you believe that . . .

LUCI. No; all your reasons will have no power over me.

GÉR. You will marry Horace this very evening.

LUCI. I had rather marry death itself.

SGAN. (*to GÉRONTE*). Pray, do not go on. Leave it to me to apply my remedies to this affair. She is under the influence of disease, and I know the remedy for it.

GÉR. Is it possible, sir, that you can cure this disease of the mind.

SGAN. Yes; leave it to me. I have remedies for everything; and our apothecary is the man for this cure. (*To LÉANDRE*.) One word. You see that the passion she has for that Léandre is altogether contrary to her father's wishes; that there is no time to lose; that the humors are very acrimonious; and that it is important to find out a prompt remedy for this evil, which might increase by procrastination. For my part, I can only think of one remedy for it, which is a detergent dose of flight, which you must mix as well as you can with two drachms of matrimonium in pills. Perhaps she will object to this remedy; but you are a clever

man in your calling. It is your business to force her to it, and make her swallow the dose as well as you can. Go and make her take a turn in the garden, in order to prepare the humors. In the meantime, I will converse here with her father; but, above all things, do not waste time. The remedy at once; the specific without loss of time!

SCENE VII.—GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE.

GÉR. What drugs are these, sir, that you have just ordered? I have never heard of them before, as far as I can recollect.

SGAN. These drugs are employed in urgent cases.

GÉR. Did you ever see insolence like hers?

SGAN. Girls are, at times, rather obstinate.

GÉR. You can hardly think how she dotes upon that Léandre.

SGAN. The heat of the blood often causes such things in young people.

GÉR. For my part, as soon as I discovered the violence of this love, I took care to keep my daughter locked up.

SGAN. You acted very wisely.

GÉR. And I prevented all kind of communication between them.

SGAN. You were right.

GÉR. Some folly or other would have happened if I had allowed them to see each other.

SGAN. Undoubtedly.

GÉR. And I believe she is a girl capable of having run away with him.

SGAN. You acted very prudently.

GÉR. I have been told that he tries every means of speaking to her.

SGAN. The wretch!

GÉR. But he will lose his time.

SGAN. Ah! Ah!

GÉR. And I shall take good care that he does not see her.

SGAN. He hasn't to do with a fool; you know more tricks than he kens of! A man must get up early to catch you napping!

SCENE VIII.—LUCAS, GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE.

LUC. O Lor! master, here's a pretty kettle of fish! Your daughter's been and bolted off with her Léandre. Why, 'twas he that was the druggister all the time,

sir—and this be the doctor what's done this very pretty operation here.

GÉR. How! deceive me in this fashion! Quick! fetch the police! Prevent him from escaping! Ah! villain, you will be brought to justice!

LUC. Aye, aye, Mr. Doctor, you'll swing for it. Only you budge from where you are, that's all.

SCENE IX.—MARTINE, SGANARELLE, LUCAS.

MAR. (to LUCAS). Oh, dear! what trouble I have had in finding this place out! Give me, please, some news of the doctor I recommended to you.

LUC. There he is, and just going to be hanged, too.

MAR. What! my husband hanged! Alas! how can he have deserved that?

LUC. Why, he's stole our master's daughter.

MAR. Alas! my dear husband, is it quite true that they are going to hang you?

SGAN. You see. Ah!

MAR. Must you die in the presence of so many people?

SGAN. What can I do?

MAR. If only you had finished chopping our wood, I should comfort myself a little.

SGAN. Go away; you break my heart.

MAR. No, I will stop to encourage you to die, and I will not leave you before I have seen you hanged.

SGAN. Ah!

SCENE X.—GÉRONTE, SGANARELLE, MARTINE.

GÉR. (to SGANARELLE). The commissaries will soon come; they will put you in a place where they will answer for you.

SGAN. (on his knees, his tall hat in his hand). Alas! can't this be changed for a good drubbing?

GÉR. No, no, I leave it to the law. But what do I see?

SCENE XI.—GÉRONTE, LÉANDRE, LUCINDE, SGANARELLE, LUCAS, MARTINE.

LÉA. Sir, I appear before you, and I wish to put Lucinde again in your power. Our intention was to run away and get married, but this intention has given place to a more honorable proceeding. I have

no wish to steal your daughter from you, and I want to receive her from your own hand. What I have to tell you, sir, is, that I have just received letters which tell me of my uncle's death, and that I am the sole heir to all his fortune.

GÉR. Sir, I have the greatest consideration for your virtue, and I give you my daughter with the greatest pleasure.

SGAN. (*aside*). Well, medicine has had a narrow escape.

MAR. Since you will not be hanged, thank me, at least, for being a doctor; it was I who brought all that honor upon you.

SGAN. Yes, it is you who brought the blows upon my shoulders.

LÉA. (*to SGANARELLE*). The result is too good a one for you to bear a grudge against her.

SGAN. Be it so. (*To MARTINE*.) I forgive you the beating, because of the dignity to which you have raised me; but prepare yourself in future to live in the utmost awe of a man of my consequence, and remember that the wrath of a doctor is more to be feared than any one can imagine.

WHAT PRESENCE OF MIND DID FOR A SOLDIER.

It was during the siege of Wagner, and the Union parallels were but a few hundred yards away from the grim black tubes that ever and anon "embowelled with outrageous noise the air—disgorging foul their horrid glut of iron globes." A line of abattis was to be built across a clear space in point-blank range of the rebel gunners and sharp-shooters in front.

"Sergeant," says the officer in charge, "go pace that opening and give me the distance as near as possible."

Says the sergeant (for we will let him tell the rest of the story):

"I started right off. When I got to the opening I put er like a ship in a gale of wind. What with grape, canister, round shot, shell, and a regular bee's nest of rifle balls, I just think there must have been a fearful drain of ammunition on the Confederate Government about that time. I don't know how it was, but I didn't get so much as a scratch, but I did get powerfully scared. When I got under cover I couldn't er told for the life er me whether it was a hundred or a thousand paces. I

should sooner er guessed a hundred thousand."

Says the captain: "Well, sergeant, what do you make it?"

Soon's I could get my wind, says I, "Give a guess, captain."

He looks across the opening a second or two and then says, "A hundred and seventy-five paces, say."

"Thunder, captain," says I, "you've made a pretty close guess. It's just a hundred and seventy-one."

"And," concluded the sergeant, after the laugh had subsided, "that's how I got my shoulder-straps."

SHERIDAN once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of "Hear, hear." He took an opportunity to allude to a well-known political character of the time, who wished to play the rogue, but only had sense enough to play the fool. "Where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this?" "Hear, hear!" was instantly bellowed from the accustomed bench. The wicked wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for his ready reply to the question, and sat down amid the convulsions of laughter of all but the unfortunate subject.

ONE SHILLING EACH.—An attorney in Dublin having died exceedingly poor, a shilling subscription was set on foot to pay the expenses of his funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Norbury, expressing his hope that he would also subscribe his shilling. "Only a shilling!" said Toler; "only a shilling to bury an attorney! Here is a guinea; go and bury one-and-twenty of them."

A DEAF-AND-DUMB mendicant was suddenly startled by the rude shouts of some boys while walking down a city street, and in turning slipped on a banana skin and fell. He gave the lads a severe lecture, much to the enjoyment of a blind beggar at the corner, who saw the whole occurrence through his green glasses, and was much amused.

NOT APPRECIATED.

The late Ezekiel Hum ventured abroad some years before his decease, and the first thing after landing on a foreign shore got his love of country so wounded that he never indulged in travel afterwards. He prided himself on his origin, and in registering his name on his arrival abroad intended to make something of a spread. Accordingly he wrote thus, "Ezekiel Hum, America." The polite and gentlemanly clerk seized the pen after him, and, bending over the book as if to complete the entry, inquired, "What tribe?" When Uncle Ezekiel had recovered enough to answer he replied with much dignity, "No tribe, sir; but of English origin from North America." "Beg pardon, Canadian?" "No!" "Ah! perhaps Nova Scotia?" "No, sir! I am from the United States of America." "Oh, very good. Thank you. Yankee."—*Boston Transcript.*

A SCOUT'S SOLILOQUY.

TO A PAPPOOSE.

Lo! by the lodge-door stands a smockless Venus.
Unblushing bronze, she shrinks not, having seen us.
Though there is naught but tall rye grass between us.

She hath no polonaise, no Dolly Varden,
Yet she looks not afraid, nor asketh pardon;
Fact is, she doesn't care a copper "farden."

All unabashed, unhaberdashed, unheeding,
No Medicean charmingly receding,
But quite unconscious of improper breeding.

Ah! yet her age her reputation spareth;
At three years old pert Venus little careth.
She puts her hands upon her hips and stareth.

Was ever seen so dark, so bright an iris?
Where sweep of light and phantom play of fire is,
And not a soupçon of a wild desire is.

Could boundaries be nearer, posture meetier?
Could bronze antique or terra cotta beat her?
Saw ever artist anything completer?

'Tis well; it speaks of Eden ere sin came in,
Or any ray of consciousness or linen,
Or anything else that one could stick a pin in.

Oh, swarthy statuette, hast thou no notion
That life is fire and war and wild commotion—
A burning bush, a chafed and raging ocean?

Hast thou no notion of what is before thee?
Of who shall envy and who shall adore thee?
Or who the dirty Siwash ruling o'er thee?

Die young, for mercy's sake! If thou grow older
Thou shalt get lean of calf and sharp of shoulder,
And daily greedier and daily bolder.

Just such another as the dam who bore thee,
That haggard Sycorax now bending o'er thee;
Oh, die of something fatal, I implore thee!

Who knows but in Time's whimsical gradations—
Say in a score or two of generations—
We two may swap respective hues and stations?

Methinks I see thee suddenly grow bigger,
White in the face and statelier in figure,
And I a miserable little "Digger."

Should this be thus!—But come! no moralizing,
Approach thou not my humpy poetizing,
Spare thine iambs and apostrophizing.

Let subtle Nature, if it suits her, rack me,
Big "Diggers" whack me and misfortune
hack me,
And anguish hoist me to her highest acme.

Withhold from me thine incidental curses,
Nor spare the smallest of thy scanty mercies;
But put me not, oh, put me not in verses!

She grins, she heedeth not advice or warning,
Alike philosophy and triplets scorning,
Adieu then, ta ta, fare thee well, good-morning.

ANON.

"Why do you refuse to live with your wife?" inquired Judge Duffy of Dennis Mulcahy.

"Bekase I'm in dhread of me loife wid her."

"How is your life endangered?"

"She shteals upon me, yer Honor, wid a conceyld weapon. She has it on her person now."

"It's a lie, Judge. The truth's not in him!" shouted Mrs. Mulcahy.

"Silence, woman!" said the Judge.

"Constable, has any concealed weapon been found on this woman?"

"No, yer Honor."

"Then what do you mean by saying that your wife carries a concealed weapon?"

"What do I mean, is it? If ye were married to her you'd know what I mean."

"Can't the Court find out without getting married to her?"

"You can, yer Honor. Just say something to raise her timper, and she'll unscrew that ould conceyld wooden leg of hers and clane out the court."

GUFFEY'S CAT.

It was an indestructible fiend. Last Monday morning, as a lot of uptowners were waiting on the wharf for the China steamer to get in, old Professor Guffey drove up in his office buggy and solemnly lifted out an apparently heavily-weighted bag, securely tied at the mouth.

"What you got there, Professor?" asked a friend.

"A cat fiend," repeated the Professor, gravely.

"A catfish?" replied the crowd.

"No, gentlemen; I said a cat fiend," explained Guffey. "That sack contains four cobblestones and a cat that has made my life a burden to me for three years. She steals everything in the house all day, and yells like a pirate walking the plank on the back shed all night. I've made one attempt after another to assassinate that beast, but I've failed every time."

"You know that cats have nine lives, Professor?"

"Nine? Nineteen times have I given that creature poisoned meat; I threw her off the roof twice, and I've shot at her four times—just filled her plumb full of quail shot—and the next day she's round on scheduled time, drinking milk as soon as it's left by the milkman. Last week I borrowed a hundred-dollar bull terrier to eat her up, and she killed him in eleven seconds. Why, I blew her clean into the next street with a dynamite cartridge yesterday, and I hope to die if she wasn't on deck reaching for the canary this morning without a hair singed."

"Going to fix her this time, eh?"

"You bet I am," said Professor Guffey, emphatically. "I'm going to throw her off into forty feet of water, and if that don't finish her she's the devil himself!"

"Come, take a drink first, Guffey," said his friend Boggs, and the crowd followed into a saloon on the corner. While the beer was being drawn, Boggs slipped quietly back and untied the bag. As soon as the indestructible cat had skipped up the street, Boggs retied the bag and hurried back to the saloon. Pretty soon the crowd emerged and helped Guffey to carry his heavy load to the extreme edge of the wharf, from which it was solemnly dumped.

"I hate to kill even a cat," said the old Professor, sadly: "but the fact is, I haven't had a square night's sleep in two years."

Yesterday Boggs was coming off the ferryboat, when he beheld the Professor coming on, a-top of a four horse load of furniture.

"Why, you're not moving, are you, Guffey?"

The Professor moodily descended from his perch, and, drawing Boggs aside, whispered huskily in his ear:

"Yes, I am, Boggs—I'm moving over to Alameda. That d—d cat's come back!"

SAN FRANCISCO OVERLAND MONTHLY.

HOW EDOUIN CAUGHT FISH.

AND HOW HIS WIFE LISTENED TO HIS STORY WITH UNRUFFLED FACE.

The New York *Times* says: Willie Edouin, the comedian, is very fond of a practical joke, and so, in a quiet way, is his wife, who is known on the stage as Miss Alice Atherton. Edouin is also fond of fishing, and one day three years ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Edouin, several members of the company, and other friends were spending their midsummer vacation in Putney, Vt., Willie and one or two other gentlemen determined to go trout fishing. The ladies of the party, following Mrs. Edouin's lead, teased the fishermen unmercifully before they started with predictions that they would catch no fish and that they would fall in with bears, rattlesnakes and all sorts of disagreeable things.

This only made the actor and his friends

the more determined to catch some fish. But they did not. They fished up and down all the brooks in the vicinity, and into all the historical deep holes and springs which were said to be full of trout, but they did not get a bite. They were rather blue on their way home, for they knew they would get terribly hazed. Half a mile or so from town they met a young native with a beautiful string of trout, and Willie's face brightened.

"It's an old gag, boys," said he, "but it's our only salvation. Let's buy out the native."

The native would not sell at first, and was finally persuaded to part with his catch only at a price which would be a month's pay for a farm-hand. Edouin did not mind the cost, for he must have the fish. Then the party marched triumphantly into the hotel, prepared to discomfit the ladies. Mrs. Edouin and her friends were very much surprised at the evidence of good luck, and asked all sorts of questions as to where and how each individual trout was captured. Willie, who was the only one of the party who had the necessary nerve, was obliged to fib and fib again, but finally he managed to give a very circumstantial account of the day's doings, which Mrs. Edouin received with unruffled face and apparent perfect belief, but which caused no little merriment not very well concealed on the part of the other ladies.

Mrs. Edouin did not let out until the next day the fact that the vender of fish had visited the hotel with his catch, and that she had caused him to lie in wait in the path of the unlucky fishermen, and had even prescribed to him the manner of his trading and the price at which he should sell.

IN NEED OF HELP.—A stranger, one day passing down South street, was seized by a barker of a clothing store, who, without ceremony, pulled him into the shop, and began puffing up his fine ready-made clothing.

Being old and infirm, he made little resistance, but asked the man if he was master of the place.

"No, sir," said the barker, "but I will bring him immediately."

The man returned with his master, to whom he put the same question:

"Are you the master of this store, sir?"

"Yes, sir; what can I do for you?"

"Please," he replied, "hold your man a minute, while I go out."

A DECEIVED DOG.—An old farmer was out one fine day looking over his broad acres, with an axe on his shoulder and a small dog at his heels. They espied a woodchuck. The dog gave chase and drove him into a stone-wall, where action immediately commenced. The dog would draw the woodchuck partly out from the wall, and the woodchuck would take the dog back. The old gentleman's sympathy getting high on the side of the dog, thought he must help him. So, putting himself in position, with the axe above the dog, waited for the extraction of the woodchuck, when he would cut him down. So an opportunity offered and the old man struck, but the woodchuck gathered up at the same time, took the dog in far enough to receive the blow, and the dog was killed on the spot. For years after, the old gentleman, in relating the story, would always add, "And that dog don't know to this day but what the woodchuck killed him."

ABOUT A PAIR OF PANTS.—A Detroit man, who had contributed a bundle of his cast-off clothing for the relief of the victims of the Minnesota fire, received from one of the sufferers the following note: "The committy man giv me amungst other things wat he called a pare of pants, and 'twould make me pant some to ware em. I found your name and where you live on one of the pokits. My wife laffed so when I shode em to her that I thot she wood have a conipshun fit. She wants to no if there lives and brethes a man who has legs no bigger than that. She sed if there was he orter be taken up for vagrinsy for havin' no visible means of support. I coldent get em on my oldest boy, so I used em for gun cases. If you hav another pare to spare, my wife would like to get em to hang up by the side ov the fire-place to keep the tongs in."

MRS. PARTINGTON.

[BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER, born in New Hampshire, 1814, was a printer at Dover, New Hampshire, in 1830, and in 1835 went to Demerara, Guiana, as a compositor, and remained there three years. From 1840 to 1847 he was in the printing office of the Boston *Post*, and after that time for three years was connected with the same paper editorially. It was at this period that he wrote under the name of "Mrs. Partington," and gained a reputation as a humorist by the quaintness of his style and matter. Between 1850 and 1852 he tried his hand at newspaper proprietorship in the *Pathfinder and Carpet-Bag*, but returned to the *Post* 1853-56. From 1856 he was for ten years one of the editors of the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*. He has published *Rhymes with Reason and Without*; *Poems*; *Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington*; *Knitting Work*, and other volumes.]

"I don't blame Prince Alfred," said Mrs. Partington, "for not wishing to take the throne of Greece; he'd slip off as sure as you live." The old lady never allows a remark to fail of its effect from the want of making it; and in this, like Juliet, she speaks though she says nothing.

On hearing a clergyman remark that "the world was full of change," Mrs. Partington said she could hardly bring her mind to believe it, so little found its way into her pocket.

She remarked to us, quite recently, that there were so many intimations of her now-a-days she hardly knew how to indemnify herself.

She prefers the *Venus de Medicine* to any other statue she knows of.

That Ike, who has just returned from France, "speaks French like a Parish-ioner."

"Here's Dr. Johnson's Dictionary," said Mrs. Partington, as she handed it to Ike; "study it contentively, and you will gain a great deal of inflammation."

"Overland roots from India!" said the old lady, on hearing the Indian news read. "Bless me!" she exclaimed, "those must be the roots they make the Indian meal of!"

"Dear, dear! it's a great pity that men will go to war and cut each other's throats, like a set of naked animals. It would be

much better if they would admit their disputes to agitation, as they do in the Divorce Court, instead of setting one regimen to shoot and kill another regimen."

Mrs. Partington is of the opinion that Mount Vesuvius should take sarsaparilla to cure itself of eruptions.

Mrs. Partington says that she "intended the concert of the Female Cemetery last evening, and some songs were extracted with touching pythagoras." She declares "the whole thing went off like a Pakenham shot, the young angels sung like syrups," and, during the showers of applause, she remembered she had forgot her parasol.

"La me!" said Mrs. Partington, "here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There's no blessing like that of health, particularly when you're sick!"

"If there is any place where I like to ransack business more than another," said Mrs. Partington, with animation, untying from the corner of her handkerchief a sum of money—"if there is any place better than another, it is a bank. There's no dilly-dalliance and beatin' down and botherin' you with a thousand questions, till you don't know whether your heels are up or your head is down; all you have to do is to put your bill on the counter, and they exonerate it at once without a word."

"I'm not very incredible," said Mrs. Partington, looking up from the paper and glancing over her specs at Ike, who sat making a windmill out of the frame of his slate, "and believe as much as any rational person ought to. I have believed all about the Davenport boys, and the other wonderful things, and all that has been said agin 'em; and the story of a man's climbing a pole and pulling it up arter him, and of the actor that held himself out at arm's length, but it is beyond

my belief that a cargo of sugar could 'change hands.'" She passed the paper from her right hand to her left as though it were a hogshead of sugar, and then resumed her reading with a profound idea that the editor, in making the statement, was cheating her.

"He made a few desultory remarks," said the schoolmaster. Mrs. Partington stopped suddenly in the bustle she was making around the table for tea, and gazed over her specs thoughtfully at him. Leaning on a plate edgewise, as if to enforce her views by the support it gave her, "I suppose it was because he was weak," said she, "but Ayer's Pills will cure him. I never knew 'm to fail. They are very solitary in such cases." "Really, madame," replied he, "I cannot guess your meaning." "You said dysentary," said she, laying down the plate and putting a spoon in the preserves. "I said desultory," said he, smiling, "quite a different thing." "No matter," said she, looking up in time to box Ike's ears, who was putting paper down the chimney of the kerosene lamp; "the pills are good for both, I dare say, for they cure almost all the diseases in the cornucopia."

"Intemperance," said Mrs. Partington, solemnly, with a rich emotion in her tone, "is like an after-dinner speech;" at the same time bringing her hand, containing the snuff she had just brought from the box, down upon her knee, while Lion, with a violent sneeze, walked away to another part of the room. "Intemperance is a monster with a good many heads, and creeps into the bosoms of families like any conda or an alligator, and destroys its peace and happiness forever. But, thank Heaven, a new Erie has dawned upon the world, and soon the hydrant-headed monster will be overturned! Isn't it strange that men will put enemies into their mouths to steal away their heads?" "Don't you regard taking snuff as a vice?" we asked innocently. "If it is," she replied, with the same old argument, "it's so small a one that Providence won't take no notice of it; and, besides, my oil factories would miss it so!" Ah, kind old heart, it was a drunkard's argument.

"What is the matter with Mrs. Jenks, doctor?" asked Mrs. Partington, as Dr. Bolus passed her house. She had been watching him for half an hour through a chink in the door, and people who detected the end of a nose thrust out of the chink aforesaid stopped an instant to look at it, strongly inclined to touch it and see what it was. "She is troubled with varicose veins, mem," replied the doctor, blandly. "Do tell!" cried the old lady; "well, that accounts for her very coarse behavior, then: and it isn't any fault o' her'n, arter all, poor woman, 'cause what is to be will be, and, if one has very coarse veins, what can one expect? Ah, we are none of us better than we ought to be!" "Good-morning, mem," said Dr. Bolus, as he turned away, and the old lady shut the door. "No better than we ought to be!" What an original remark, and how candid the admission! The little front entry heard it, and the broad stair that led to the chamber heard it, and Ike heard it, as he sat in the kitchen daubing up the old lady's Pembroke table with flour and paste, in an attempt to make a kite out of a choicely-saved copy of the *Puritan Recorder*. "We are no better than we ought to be"—generally.

IKE AFTER THE OPERA.

Since the night when Ike went to the opera, he has been, as Mrs. Partington said, crazy, and the kind old dame has been fearful lest he should become "non pompous mentus, through his attempt at imitating the operations." The morning after the opera, at the breakfast table, Ike handed over his cup, and in a soft tongue sang:

"Will you, will you, Mrs. P.,
Help me to a cup of tea?"

The old lady looked at him with surprise, his conduct was so unusual, and for a moment she hesitated. He continued in a far more impassioned strain:

"Do not, do not keep me waiting,
Do not, pray, be hesitating,
I am anxious to be drinking,
So pour out as quick as winking."

She gave him the tea with a sigh, as she saw the excitement in his face. He

stirred it in silence, and in his abstraction took three spoonfuls of sugar. At last he sang again:

"Table cloths, and cups and saucers,
Good white bread, and active jaws, sirs,
Tea—gunpowder, and Souchong—
Sweet enough, but not too strong."

"What do you mean, my boy?" said Mrs. Partington, tenderly.

"All right, steady, never clearer,
Never loved a breakfast dearer,
I'm not bound by witch or wizard,
So don't fret your precious gizzard."

"But Isaac——" persisted the dame. Ike struck his hand upon the table, and swung his knife aloft in his right, looking at a plate upon the table, singing:

"What form is that to me appearing?
Is it mackerel or is it herring?
Let me dash upon it quick,
Ne'er again that fish shall kick;
Charge upon them, Isaac, charge!"

Before he had a chance to make a dash upon the fish, Mrs. Partington had dashed a tumbler of water into his face to restore him to "conscientiousness." It made him catch his breath for a moment, but he didn't sing any more at the table, though the opera fever still follows him elsewhere.

Mrs. Partington says: "You shouldn't be so glutinous, Isaac," as with an anxious expression she remarked the strong, conclusive effort that young gent was making to bolt the last quarter of a mince-pie—"you shouldn't be so glutinous, dear. You must be very careful, or you will get something in your elementary canal or sarcophagus one of these days that will kill you, Isaac."

PRUDISH PEOPLE.

We can't bear prudish people—folks that can't sleep of nights (because a man happens to be in the house) without piling up a couple of wash-stands against the bedroom door, two bureaux, one dressing-table and a half-a-dozen chairs, to prevent some terrible catastrophe. Such folks always remind us of the fellow that rushed home, when the Chelsea bank "busted," to see if he had any bills on that institution in his trunk.

VOL. V.—W. H.

Come to find out, he hadn't any bills on any bank to lose! Speaking of prudish people, we remember one young lady who stood two hours *en chemise*, one summer night, on a hotel balcony, in a public square, where ten thousand people were watching her (and a burning building opposite), and the very next night she had the "cheek" to ask us to "please look the other way," while she got upon a chair to reach a volume from the book-case.

Now, if the female aforesaid had been anything but a prude—if she had the least bit of modesty—she would have helped herself and said nothing at all, or else asked us to reach the volume, which we should have cheerfully given her (with a kiss, of course), if she had been a modest, decent-looking, well-behaved sort of a girl. She got pretty well come up with, though. About a week after, a very worthy and pious old clergyman came to the house, and put up over night. When it came time to retire, the bar-keeper waited on him up to No. 31, the next chamber to the girl's. Determined to keep out all intruders, the overnice young lady placed all the movables in her bedroom against the door and went to sleep.

The steamboat train, with a heavy passenger freight, came in about midnight, when the first tramp of travellers upon the stairs started the fair one from her maiden slumbers. More asleep than awake, and more anxious to see that all was right than either, the first motion of her arm brought down table, chairs and cricket, making a wreck of the looking-glass and breaking a five-dollar comb into more than forty pieces!

Folks thought the house was coming down. Everybody rushed to the entries, while the girls screamed, the parson prayed, and the women went into hysterics. The matter, however, was soon explained, when the swooned women suddenly recovered their senses, the men smiled and slammed to their doors, the landlord muttered something not put down in the dictionary, and quiet was restored for the night. To the party most interested, the lesson, on the whole, was rather dearly bought.

We never meet prudish people without thinking of the very modest old maid who visited a newly-married friend of

hers for the first time after "the ceremony." In passing through a chamber, one of the husband's shirts happened to be lying on the bed, when the woman cried out :

"O, mercy, a man's shirt on your bed! Lord! such a thing on my bed would give me the nightmare!"

"Very likely," responded the wife, "unless the man was inside of it."

The modest maiden came very near fainting; but, as there was no man to catch her, she simply took snuff and changed the topic.

SAYING, NOT MEANING.

Two gentlemen their appetite had fed,
When, opening his toothpick-case, one said—
"It was not until lately that I knew
That *anchovies* on terra-firma grew."

"Grow!" cried the other; "yes, they grow,
indeed,

Like other fish, but not upon the land.
You might as well say grapes grow on a
reed,

Or in the Strand."

"Why, sir," returned the irritated other,
"My brother,

"When at Calcutta,
Beheld them bona fide growing;
He wouldn't utter

A lie for love or money, sir; and so in
This matter you are thoroughly mistaken."
"Nonsense, sir! nonsense! I can give no
credit

To the assertion; none e'er saw or read it;
Your brother, like his evidence, should be
shaken."

"Be shaken, sir! let me observe, you are
Perverse. In short——"

"Sir," said the other, sucking his cigar,
And then his port,

"If you *will* say impossibles are true,
You may affirm just anything you please—
That swans are quadrupeds, and lions blue,
And elephants inhabit Stilton cheese;
Only you must not force me to believe
What's propagated merely to deceive."

"Then you force *me* to say, sir, you're a
fool,"

Returned the bragger.

Language like this no man can suffer cool:
It made the listener stagger.

So, thunder-stricken, he at once replied,
"The traveller *lied*

Who had the impudence to tell it *you*."

"Zounds! then, d'ye mean to swear before
my face

That anchovies don't grow, like cloves and
mace?"

"I do!"

Disputants often, after hot debates,

Leave the contention as they found it—
bone,

And take to duelling, or thumping *têtes*,

Thinking by strength of artery to atone

For strength of argument; and he who
winces

From force of words, with force of arms con-
vinces!

With pistols, powder, bullets, surgeons, lint,
Seconds, and smelling-bottles, and forebod-
ing,

Our friends advanced: and now portentous
loading

(Their hearts already loaded) serve to show
It might be better they shook hands—but,
no;

When each opines himself, though frightened,
right,

Each is, in courtesy, obliged to fight.

And they did fight: from six full-measured
paces

The unbeliever pulled his trigger first,
And fearing, from the braggart's ugly faces,
The whizzing lead had whizzed its very
worst,

Ran up, and with a duellistic fear,

His ire evanishing like morning vapors,
Found him possessed of one remaining ear,
Who, in a manner sudden and uncouth,
Had given, not lent, the other ear to truth.
For while the surgeon was applying lint,
He, wriggling, cried, "The deuce is in 't—
Sir! I *meant* capers!"

WM. BASIL WAKE.

A student was reprimanded by his
Professor for his lateness at morning
prayers, and excused himself on the plea
that the prayer took place too late.
"How," said the Professor, "is six o'clock
too late?" "Yes, sir," replied the stu-
dent. "If you had them about four I
could attend; but no man could be ex-
pected to stay up till six."

"Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the
conundrum of the eighteenth century;
woman is the conundrum of the nine-
teenth century." We can't guess her,
but we'll never give her up—no, never!

HYACINTH O'TOOLE.

FROM TEMPLE BAR.

[This amusing story, by the gifted author of *Uncle Silas* and *In a Glass Darkly*, was left, at the time of the author's death, unfinished as it is here, but the Editor ventures, nevertheless, to give it in this state to the readers of TEMPLE BAR. Humor is not a product of this furiously earnest age, and we cannot afford to lose any contribution to our mirth which comes in our way. —EDITOR.]

IN the course of my life I have met with more accidents and assaults than twenty other men, and they never cost me any trouble to speak of—cuts, prods, and gunshot, all came quite natural, and healed like enchantment. It was a murdering pity I was not a general. I could have stood any amount of hacking, and slashing, and riddling, and been never the worse man, nor a week on the sick-list. A shoemaker mistook me one day for a County Cork man that was paying attentions to his wife, and gave me a slice with his half-moon knife—bad luck to that ugly instrument—as I was walking down Petticoat Lane, no more thinking of his wife, I give you my solemn honor, than Saint Joseph of Arimathea was of Potiphar's. The next thing was, Baron Dromdouski—a Polish refugee of distinction, and a perfect gentleman, I will say, and played the guitar like an angel, though liable occasionally to be carried away by his feelings—stuck me with an oyster-knife, while we were differing on politics, in the "Good Samaritan" in Exchange Street. I could count up fifty such unlucky catastrophes; but I think the worst was what happened to me as I was whistling in the hall of my lodgings, where I was waiting to take Miss Doolan out for a walk.

I must tell you there's nothing on earth I hate equal to a cat, and it is the only thing that walks on feet I was ever thoroughly afeard to look in the face. It's a dread that was born with me, and it will never leave me; and I'd run into Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace away from one, and I think I'd have jumped after Quintus Curtius into the bottomless abyss if there was a cat behind me.

Well, the cause of this accident I'm going to mention was our cook, poor thing, that was flighty and out of her mind for love of a private grenadier in the Buffs, and she drove a three-pronged

iron toasting-fork, between the kitchen banisters, up to the hilt in the calf of my leg. I thought it was the cat that I saw there, looking like mischief, only a minute before, and I gave a screech and a jump, and I went flying into the hall with the toasting-fork stuck in my leg.

"La! Mr. Toole, what's that stuck in your leg?" cried Miss Doolan, who was that minute coming down the stairs.

"It's the cat," I roared, almost out of my senses, and away with me out of the hall-door, that chanced to be open, and down the street I pegged like a madman, knocking my hat off on an old gentleman's face, that was looking out of his study-window, and never waiting to pick it up. I thought the beast would never let go, and my hair was standing up on my head, and I wish you saw the capers I cut, trying to shake it off.

"For the Lord's sake," I implored, dancing mad in the middle of the street, "will some of you pull it off my leg? I'll give you a shilling, whoever does."

"I'll take it off," says a good-natured scavenger, that thought I was mad—and bedad I wasn't far from it—and he strove to catch hold of the handle of the fork: and I was so wild with fright I made a cut at the animal with the stick behind, and struck the scavenger right across the knuckles, and on I ran, feeling the cat's teeth and claws, as I thought, fast in me still.

"Bad luck to you, ye Turk!" says the scavenger, shying a stone at me, as big as a lemon, and knocking a carman out of his dicky with it, pipe, whip, caubeen and all.

"Look what's stuck in his leg, boys!" called out the blackguard little children, running after me. "See there, look, look, look what's stuck in his leg!"

"Will some of you hit it, lick it, wallop it? It's mad!" I hollloed.

By this time I was running up Grafton Street, and every one looking after me, some wondering, some laughing, and some frightened.

"It's fastened in my leg!" I roared. "Will none of you pull it off?"

"I will," says one.

"Shoot it," says I.

"I will," says another.

"It's mad," says I.

"Stop your capers, man, and I'll pull it out," says another.

"Give it a lick," said I, "break its back, stick a knife in it."

"Arra! Bother ye. How much ironmongery do you want?" says another. "Step aisy, and I'll coax it out in a jiffy."

"Do," said I, "coax it; its name's Mufti."

It was a little thief that snatched it out at last, as it trailed along the ground, and a devil of a hard pluck it took, and ran away with it and pawned it for a penny.

Well, I need go no further; I mentioned these, and might mention fifty other wounds, to show you that they were no trifles, and I can take my day there was not one of the series that took a week to heal.

I'm happy to tell you that I was quite sufficiently well to avail myself of Mrs. Molloy's invitation to drink tea, go to the play, and return to supper with her agreeable party. I need not tell you that if I had had as many holes in my body as a colander, and was bleeding at every pore, I would have contrived, cost what it might, to drag myself to the side of the beautiful Theodora, although it was only to expire at her feet.

The hour named for assembling at the hospitable lodgings of the Molloy's was half-past five. I dressed myself with uncommon care. We sported wonderful high and voluminous white cravats in those days, which had a good deal the effect of modern poultices. We wore besides under-waistcoats of colored satin, pantaloons and pumps, and blue coats with brass buttons gilt.

I was glad, as I looked at myself in the glass and brushed up my hair above my forehead into a "topping," as Mr. Bassieo called that conical triumph of the decorative art, to think that I looked a little pale.

Mundy had called on me the day after this extraction, not knowing a word of the matter, and wondering why I did not look in at the billiard-rooms. I made a rather painful effort, for I was lying on my face, to get into a more natural position, which I did with a slight groan.

"Wounded?" says he.

"Slightly," said I; "that is, they say it won't be dangerous."

"Oh! oh!" says he, smiling faintly down at me as I lay on my bed, with a

look at once stern and knowing. "Gun-shot, eh?"

I had told him on purpose, for I knew that he was intimately acquainted with the Molloy's, and I wished Theodora to hear that I was wounded; for a man hurt in an affair of honor (and what but that could she suppose?) is the most interesting patient that can come under the steel of the faculty or the cognizance of the fair.

"Gunshot," I acquiesced; for a carbine's as good a "gun" as a pistol any day; and about the "shot," at any rate, there could be no mistake.

"Shivering an' a daisy, as you say?" he inquired. "Looking into a barrel? Ten paces, eh?"

"I'll not deny the distance was about that," said I. "We were both slightly wounded, and—that's all. I won't talk about it; we are under terms not to tell on one another; and ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. Are you asked to the Molloy's tea-party to go to the playhouse on—— next, and back again to supper?"

"Yes," says Mundy, "and I mean to go; that's as fine a black-eyed, piquee-cheeked, bouncing grenadier of a——"

"Stop!" said I, making a bounce to sit up, for my blood was boiling; but I was not equal to that change of posture yet. "If you mean Miss Theodora Molloy——" I began.

"Oh! oh! So it is there the wind sits," says he, and he laughed. "I meant old Mother Molloy, of course; don't be uneasy, my dear fellow."

We parted, notwithstanding, very good friends, and I was glad to hear that he was just going to pay them a visit in their apartments on Ormond Quay, and I knew he could not keep my little secret long from that agreeable family.

The better part of the week had passed, as you are aware, since this visit of Mundy's, and I was now on the point of setting out to enjoy the delightful evening I had been dreaming of for so long.

When my toilet was completed, I practised sitting down and standing up, which I did, perhaps, a little stiffly; still the movement was quite feasible, and I trusted to the inspiration of Theodora's presence to make it graceful.

When all was ready I took my opera-hat and got into the hackney-coach, with a

a great coat-of-arms, as big as a signboard, emblazoned on each door. Some judge, or Lord Mayor, or other magnifico, seemed to have owned every one of them, fifty years before, and turned them adrift to batter about the town ever since. I sat down alone in my glory. It was a roomy place. Three could easily sit at a side. I wish you felt the jolting, and bobbing, and bumping. I was in no condition to enjoy it just then, and, on second thought, I readjusted my pose. I kneeled down; such, for sufficient reasons, was the attitude I preferred, with my elbows on the cushion. There was room enough for changes of the sort: it was as big as a pew, a very uneasy one, you may suppose: the noise of it was enough to deafen a cannoner for an hour after. If all the old iron and broken glass in Dublin was being tossed by madmen in frying-pans like pancakes, it could not exceed the ring and clatter and batter of that musical enclosure. They were all alike; there was no use in fretting; I wanted to be at Ormond Quay to the minute, not to lose one moment of Theodora's company, possibly to arrive first of the lot and have her all to myself before anyone else should come in to bother us.

Unfortunately, my coachman was something the worse for liquor, and delayed me considerably by tumbling out of the box, which he did three times: once on his back, once on his face, and last on his knees and elbows. He had to be helped up on to the box every time, and his hat, whip, and other appurtenances collected and restored by some charitable blackguards of his acquaintance, while I, compelled to change my attitude of devotion, was stamping in my pumps and silk stockings in my roomy prison, and swearing till I almost burst my cravat, with my "topping," my expressive face, and my fist out of the window. At length, after many hair-breadth escapes and a long and heart-rending oscillation between the house ten doors above and the house ten doors below the particular door I wanted to stop at, I was actually liberated, and ascended the narrow stairs, preceded by the maid, with my heart thumping, I verily believe, audibly. I heard people talking, and the voice of Theodora quite distinguishable from the rest. The woman did not announce my name, and

I soon discovered that she was not aware that I had followed her upstairs, for she said:

"There's a little hop-o'-my-thumb of a man in the hall, if ye please, ma'am, that says you asked him to tay; but I think it's what he's a bit of a shop-boy that's come with a bill, and, if you like, I'll put him out by the lug."

I was so confused and embarrassed, and above all so anxious to put an end to the discussion, before anything past all endurance should be said, that I bolted into the room, putting on the best smile I could and stretching out my hand to Mrs. Molloy, who was next me. But the maid at the door, with arms as thick as Donnelly's, the boxer, caught me by the collar at the nape of the neck with such a sudden jerk that I fell sitting on the floor, smack, as if I was shot, and she never let go her grip, but held me half-choked, sitting bolt upright, with my legs out, pumps and pantaloons, like a pair of compasses.

"How dare ye!" says the powerful maid, giving me a shake that made my teeth chatter. "How dare ye, dare ye, dare ye!"

I think she'd have pulled me down the stairs backwards, sitting as I was, only that Mrs. Molloy recovered her speech, and with a stamp on the floor that made the teaspoons jump in their saucers, she bawls out, "My curse on you, Juggy Hanlon, what are you doing to Mr. Dooley, my most sinsare friend? Up with ye, Mr. Dooley, and I hope you're nothing the worse, and down with you, Juggy Hanlon, and my curse go along wid ye, to the kitchen. Take a chair and an air of the fire, Mr. Dooley; the evening's a trifle cold, I think; and settle your cravat at the glass there between the windows, and we won't look at ye—bad luck to her impudence. Here's my daughter Theodora, waiting to shake hands wid ye; but she won't look at ye no more than myself till ye settle your waistcoat and cravat; it's a wonder of the world she didn't make smithereens of your watch. She's *cruel* strong, that same Juggy Hanlon!"

I did as I was bid; I was so confounded I could hardly see my own reflection in the dingy little pier-glass. I saw in the back-ground the images of other people indistinctly, and I heard a sound of voices, but I could not say at the time whether they were laughing at me or what they were doing.

In another minute I was shaking hands with every one that would shake hands with me, and with some of them, I dare say, twice over at least. I was beginning to feel more like myself. It was not a very large party: Mundy was there, and Lieutenant Kramm—Sidebotham was on duty, but expected to get off in time to come to supper—there was an impudent little Galway chap, no bigger than myself, with a smirk on his red face, and a pair of calves, I give you my honor, as round as a hat, paying attentions, if you please, to Miss Theodora Molloy. I don't think he was a day under forty! With half an eye I saw what he was at. If you caught a stranger driving your only horse and new gig to the Howth races, or walking down Dame street in your best hat, with your umbrella in his hand, you might conceive, in a small way, the feelings with which I witnessed the usurpation in question. I had no idea until that moment how entirely I had come to regard Theodora as my own. I think I could have cut his ugly little head off his shoulders, and kicked it through the window into the Liffey.

"I must introjuice you to my sinsare friend—"

"The O'Kelly of Ballynamuck," whispered the gentleman from Galway, who knew his weakness.

"Mr. Dooley—"

"*Toole*," I whispered.

"Well, ain't it all one? Mr. Toole, I beg leave to introjuice you both. Mr. Toole, this is The O'Kelly of Ballynamuck. The O'Kelly of Ballynamuck, this is Mr. Toole."

"Proud to make your acquaintance," said The O'Kelly, with a fierce sort of courtsey, that made me think that he, also, instinctively smelt a rat.

"Your most obedient, sir," said I, making him an awful low bow, and, raising my head higher than usual, I treated him at the end of it to a short, fierce stare, with another short bow at the end of that again.

"Fine weather, sir! uncommon fine, Mr. Toole. Everything promises amazin'; though, of course, it don't agree with everything alike. If this weather holds a little longer, I wouldn't wonder if we had piteeties at three-halfpence!"

"*Indeed*, sir!" said I, expressing more wonder than I altogether felt, for I wasn't

quite sure whether the sum he named was wonderfully high or wonderfully low. "Do you play billiards, sir?"

"No, sir; cards and cock-fightin' serves my turn. But what is cards and what is cock-fightin' compared with the delightful societee of neeture's noblest work, the object of our aspirations, our homage, and our life's devotion—the fair sex?"

And with this he made a flourish with his hat, and a bow to Miss Theodora, the like of which I could hardly hope to execute in half a life, with such a smile of conceit and assurance, and, I may say, of defiance, as almost drove me out of my senses, and down he went, with a whisk, into the chair next hers, and began to talk love and nonsense into her ear, under my very nose! Every now and then, I could see from the corners of his eye, he gave me a look as much as to say, "I have her, and I mean to keep her; and don't you wish you may get her?"

"That fellow is disposed to put a quarrel on me," said I to myself; "*let him*; if he don't, maybe *I'll* put one upon *him*."

I dare say I looked a little bit surly, for Mrs. Molloy plucked me by the coat, and said: "Sit down at the table, here, beside me, and take a hot cup of tay, and a cut of o' that pittaytee-cake; and may I never! but ye look as if ye saw your tailor's ghost with a bill in his fingers. Sit down now, I tell you," and the imperious old lady pulled me down on the chair with a souse. "And here's for you; that's stingo; drink it, my child; and cream in it that will make you as fat as a pig."

I think in her youth Mrs. Molloy must have been very nearly as strong as Juggy Hanlon: I felt perfectly helpless in the hands of either. In deep dudgeon I swallowed lumps of potato-cake and gulped down tea, talking rather vaguely with old Mrs. Molloy, and watching Theodora and The O'Kelly of Ballynamuck with the corner of my eye.

"I see how it is, my poor little fellow," says Mrs. Molloy, with a kind wink at me, "but don't bother you head about him. Mickey Kelly there," and she winked at me again, and jogged her elbow in the direction of The O'Kelly, "can't come to the playhouse to-night; he's going to Killcock to sell a mare, and he's the boy that can do it. So Theodora'll have no one to look after her but yourself and them offi-

cers, and I leave her among you, and I think I know who'll be foremost. We leave that dear girl, me and Molloy there, just to do whatever she likes best herself. What time of day is it, Molloy?"

Old Molloy obediently grasped the seals of his huge silver watch, and hauled it, with several tugs, from the recesses of his fob.

"Why, then, it's time the coaches was at the door," says Mrs. Molloy, in a tone of brisk alarm, having heard his report. "Ring the bell, some o' yez, like darlin's. Where's that Juggy Hanlon? Don't be affeard, Mr. Dooley," she interpolated to me, with a momentary playfulness, "she shan't lay a finger on you. Call two coaches, Juggy, and don't be while ye'd be lookin' about ye—mind. Run in and get ready, Theo, my child." And she added more vehemently to her helpmate, "Shake them crumbs off your small-clothes, Mr. Molloy, and for dacency's sake, will ye wipe that butter off your chin?"

So, issuing her orders in hot haste, Mrs. Molloy fussed and wheezed, and bustled about. Mundy was arranging his curls, and smiling blandly at his handsome features in the looking-glass; and Lieutenant Kramm was entertaining old Molloy with terrific anecdotes of his sporting and military life; and The O'Kelly was taking his leave with all the fascination and gallantry that belonged to his courtly manners. From the window I saw him get into a battered gig, and drive off at a hideous pace, pretty much at the mercy of a mad-looking horse, in a westerly direction. That red-faced thief made me very uneasy; and you may be sure it wasn't altogether about his neck I was anxious.

Well, he was gone; that was one comfort. I shook myself up, and strutted from one window to another, and Mrs. Molloy's words and looks of encouragement came back, and I began to think if a little beast like that chooses to pin himself to a girl's apron-string, what is she to do? I dare say she hated the whisky-faced rascal as much as I did; and didn't she give me a smile over her shoulder as she left the room!

My spirits rose. I was glad to observe that Mundy, who was six feet high and wore a red coat—decisive odds—was not in the running; and Kramm was direct-

ing his attentions chiefly to the old people. The opportunity would, after all, prove as fortunate as my wildest hopes had painted it.

In a few minutes more we were rolling and rattling away to the theatre. Mrs. Molloy distinguished Kramm and Mundy by placing herself under their escort, and starting first, with a tipsy coachman and a horse that had a morbid jerk in one of its legs, and seemed at every fifth step to be on the point of pitching, with a curtsy, on its head. Away they went in full fig, merrily, in this conveyance: Mrs. Molloy, as proud as a peacock, to take her seat in the box next his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant! I, old Molloy, and the lovely Theodora, whom I kept till the last, as children do their best bit, followed in our jingling, thundering, rolling coach, and in a few minutes down slammed the steps in front of the box-entrance, and I had the happiness of giving my arm to the beautiful girl I had never ceased thinking of since I saw her for the first time, in the barouche, outside the pickle-shop on Stephen's Green. Can I ever forget it!

Here we are now, in all our glory, under the blaze of the lamps. Mrs. Molloy's turban, or, as she persisted in calling that sort of coiffure, to her dying day, her "turbot," was the finest thing in green, yellow and pink that night in the play-house, with a big pin—I suppose they were precious stones—stuck in the front of it; her dress was of corresponding magnificence. At that time ladies wore next to no waist at all, and their clothes were made almost as tight as bolster-cases, if you just suppose a bit of string all round tied tight, and as close under the arm-pits as anatomy would permit. Whatever advantages this style of dress had, I think it was rather trying to persons of Mrs. Molloy's figure, and was calculated, with uncommon candor, to display every pound of flesh she boasted. She had three necklaces on, and a roll of fat for every one, and a pair of Roman-pearl pendants, that were as big as duck-eggs, and kept swinging and knocking on her inflamed shoulders whenever she turned her head. I will say this for Mrs. Molloy, that for her time of life she was as showy and plentiful a figure, and as roomy a woman as you could wish to fill a window with on a Lord Mayor's Day; and this night, in the front row of the box, next his Excel-

lency, she was looking her very best, and, I dare say, a more striking figure than the Lord Lieutenant himself.

Mrs. Molloy was so anxious to get next the Lord Lieutenant, and her daughter to get as far as possible from Mrs. Molloy, that Mundy and I were put side by side in the middle, Miss Theodora on my right, and the old lady on Mundy's left next the viceregal box. I remember the arrangement well, because we were hardly in our places, and I saying something engaging to Miss Theodora Molloy, sitting as I was side by side with my friend the lieutenant, when a fellow in the gallery calls out, "Three cheers for *Mundy* and his man *Friday*," and three cheers followed that made the lustres tremble.

This you may be sure made me feel rather fidgetty, more especially as who should I see but that blackguard young Figges, and all his malevolent family, grinning and sniggering away in a front row, only a box or two off. He was watching me, and laughing, you'd say for a wager, and bursting with spite.

I was as sure as could be of a thing I did not actually see, that the sneaking rascal had sent a lot of his shop-boys into the upper gallery to make fun of me before the people. Of course he saw my name down and who I was with when he went to take his places.

It was a terrible unlucky thing. It was putting me out. I could not hear half she said; and two or three times I was very near talking nonsense.

In a minute more another chap calls out from the gallery: "A cheer for the big soger with the little *hyacinth* in his button-hole," and off goes another cheer.

Well, this blew over like the last, leaving me feeling rather small and blushing all over. But I did not pretend to think they meant me, and went on talking all the same, thinking the overture would never begin, and the curtain go up to put me out of pain.

Then there comes a thundering cheer for Mr. Toole, in the box next his Excellency, and I saw the Figgeses tittering.

No matter, I was determined to keep never-minding, and to talk on to that beautiful girl as if nothing in the world was going the least bit wrong.

"May I make bold," says I, "to ask you, Miss Molloy, how long it is since you and Mr. O'Kelly were first acquainted?"

"And why should you care a brass farthing, Mr. O'Toole, to know?" says she, looking as innocent and startled-like as a little frightened bird. "Sure there's no harm in poor little Mickey O'Kelly!"

"No harm, I dare say, and not much good," said I; "but whatever he is, I envy him, Miss Molloy, and lament all the precious time I have lost."

I said this as tenderly as I could.

"I hope you're gettin' on with her, Mr. Toole," calls out a fellow affectionately from the gallery.

"Never mind," says another, "he's the boy that'll melt her soon."

I felt my very cheeks tingling with shame. There was another cheer, and those accursed Figgeses grinning. Well, it could not last for ever, I thought. "Will those beastly fiddlers never begin?" I thought. "Is there no one else in the house to make fun of but me? Will I ever be out o' this, dead or alive?"

The house was now filling fast; the box-doors were opening and clapping; a human flood was oozing and tumbling into the pit from every entrance. The gallery was becoming more noisy every minute; the orchestra were assembling, were chatting together, turning over music, and tuning violins, double-basses, and all sorts of instruments. There was a cheer for "Nosey," which was the nickname of the "leader" of those days. There was the usual "groan for the man in the white hat," and call for "music," and two or three fruits, small and hard, of that popular kind which were displayed by the vendors at the corner of Carlisle Bridge, in old jappaned snuffer-dishes, and offered from 11 o'clock A. M. to sun-setting, with inviting monotony, in the words, "Fourteen scarlet *craftons* for a halfpenny," hit a hat or two in the pit, and one sounded the big drum with a spirit that made the accomplished drummer start, and drew upon him a glance of indignation from "Nosey," now upon his throne. These "fine scarlet *craftons*," as I knew from experience, were as cheap and convenient an ammunition as a man could take with him to the upper gallery, when he wished to take half-an-hour's innocent diversion with bald heads in the pit. Only two or three came down now; but they were "like the first of a thunder-shower," as Lord Byron says, and I knew they were signs of the coming storm.

And now, on a sudden, every one in the house stood up, the orchestra struck up "God save the King." The Lord Lieutenant was taking his place in state, in the box next ours, and such a storm of clapping, cheering, hooting, groaning, hissing, whacking of sticks on the front of the gallery, whistling, cat-calls, and other sounds rose all at once, as made the music totally inaudible, and deafened the entire audience for a time. During the whole of this period, while we could see by the elbows and fiddlesticks of the orchestra that the national anthem was still being played, much to my chagrin, I saw Mrs. Molloy, in whom I felt an interest, reflected from her lovely daughter, and a responsibility though not quite so near as Mundy's, behaving herself in a manner that, I confess, scandalized me a good deal; for, with her side and shoulder on the cushion of our box, she contrived to get her face round the partition of his Excellency's, and indeed, I may say, pretty well into it. One of her objects had been to get a good look at that dignified personage. I could soon perceive that she was engaged in a violent altercation with some one in the vice-regal box, in which her face was, I may say, established.

I thought I could distinguish in her powerful voice an allusion to the well-known privilege that cats enjoy, of looking at kings; but, except the constant and vehement nodding of her turban, I could see nothing of what was going on in the state box.

Tom Barnacle was in the pit, a little way out, and told me next day all he saw; and from that and Mrs. Molloy's narrative, I can relate that when her face presented itself considerable surprise and even consternation appeared in the countenances of those members of the household that were stationed in the rear of "his Excellency," who looked straight before him, as if unconscious of the appearance of the disc that had risen so unexpectedly on his horizon.

Mrs. Molloy nodded repeatedly to "his Excellency," and smiled affably, assuring him that she was proud to see him there, and that Molloy himself and her daughter being in the next box she did not think it would be manners if some one of the family did not wish his Excellency health, wealth, long life, and prosperity, which she

did with a *cead mille failthe* from the heart of a Connaught woman, and the *boosom* of Ireland.

His Excellency, she complained afterwards, did not appear to hear what she was saying—"them ignorant blackguards were making such a noise"—but as the speech exhibited no symptoms of drawing towards its close, one of the gentlemen, in Castle uniform, stepped forward, and said with very marked distinctness: "Unless you withdraw your face a constable shall take you from the next box and convey you to the watch-house."

It was upon this that Mrs. Molloy, who had a "sperit" befitting her ancient lineage, had retorted in high and scornful terms upon the "gentleman-at-large," who looked as if he would have liked to take by the throat that turbaned Turk; and it was not until she saw him, as she thought, make a sign to some one in the rear of the box that her prudence overcame her indignation, and, with a face of flame and many a sniff and snort, she resumed her original pose, and stared fiercely across at the side-scene opposite, and her gills palpitated for half an hour afterwards.

The frightful discord with which the representative of majesty was received, foreboded the political storm that was brewing.

"Macbeth" was the play, and my troubles, to return from great things to small, were not over yet, for when the witches came on, and the caldron appeared, a chap calls out from the gallery: "The boiling-pot, Mr. Toole."

I felt it the more that there was a dead silence in the house at the moment. And when the smoke began to come up, and the witches said:

"Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble."

"Melting-day, Toole," says another
And when Macbeth said:

"Out, out, brief candle."

There was a roar of "Short sixes."

I give you my sacred honor, I felt as if I was melting myself. I'd have liked to stand up that minute and tell the whole world I was a chandler. There's nothing on earth so torturing as a mystery, with a lot of fellows that know all about it, pok-

ing it under your nose every minute in the presence of a great assembly.

Between the acts it was one succession of groans, and hisses, and political sentiments, and it was plain that the Lord Lieutenant and the government big-wigs were in ill odor with the gallery. It was just when Macbeth was on the point of murdering King Duncan, a chap among the gods called out, by way of a joke: "God save the King," and with that another calls for "Patrick's Day," and then the whole gallery round set up one roar for "Patrick's Day," and nothing could you hear but "Patrick's Day—Patrick's Day," in one thunder; you'd think the ceiling would come down. And out comes the manager, and stood bowing in front of the footlights, turning up his eyes to the gods, and Nosey waiting for a signal from him to strike up the tune they wanted. He made no sign; the clamor rose awfully; he smiled, he shrugged, he bowed very low, he expanded his white gloves imploringly, as he slowly looked from one side to the other of the gallery. All would not do; they would not give him a hearing. The manager went off, bowing and smiling regretfully, and he sent on Lady Macbeth to proceed, if she could; but the storm was rising steadily, and even that royal virago was forced to submit; Lady Macbeth courtesied low, and in turn withdrew. Again the manager came forward. He gesticulated before the gentlemen in the gallery, conveying as well as he could that their demands were complied with; he stepped forward to the footlights, signed to Nosey, who rapped on his desk with his fiddlestick, and waved that wand of power over his musical familiars, and it was to be supposed the tune, so tumultuously demanded, was at last being executed by the full strength of Nosey's band; but, of course, not a note could any one hear in the house. The magic of "Patrick's Day" was powerless to abate the storm. That quarrel was but a pretext: there was something deeper in it. The manager bowed very low, and a sucked orange hit him on the head. At the same moment a whisky-bottle, from the upper gallery, hit the front of the Lord Lieutenant's box, and a shower of glass splinters flew in all directions. Now there were gentlemen standing up in the boxes, and gesticulating fiercely at the gallery; box-doors were

opened and peaceable people were drawing back and some getting out on the corridors; the same agitation was visible in the pit. Smash goes another bottle on the side of the vice-regal box.

The Viceroy, being a plucky man, continued to sit serenely with his eyes on the stage. Old Molloy popped his bald head out to see what was going on, and instantly, not a scarlet "crafton," but one of those big, yellow apples that were called cannon-balls—never did they better deserve their name—burst with a thump on his shining bald head; a bit of it, as big as a walnut, hit me in the eye, exactly as I was saying, with a look of unutterable love in the unfortunate eye that I had fixed on her: "Dear Miss Theodora, fear nothing; am not I beside you?" Some pulp marked the spot where it had hit her papa, and a "noggin" of cider was streaming over his massive forehead and intelligent eyes, and I dare say old Molloy thought, for a minute, he was back again on the fair green of Ballynawhop.

If we had known that the Lord Lieutenant's box was likely to become the mark for all this artillery, I doubt if Mrs. Molloy would have been in such a hurry to secure the place of honor.

"Papa dear, are ye hurted?" Miss Theodora exclaimed with much trepidation; and "Oh, la! There's mamma!" And sure enough a cat had at that moment alighted with great directness on the head of Mrs. Molloy, whirling her tasteful turban and wig over her left cheek, and displaying instead a head as bald as her husband's. A live cat, be-dad! If it had dropped into the box among us, Saint Peter would not have kept *me* in it an instant! Luckily it tumbled off Mrs. Molloy's turban, head over heels among the groundlings in the pit. Grasping her wig and turban with both hands she rose, exclaiming, "Take me out of this hell upon earth some of ye."

At the same instant the Lord Lieutenant, having made up his mind to retire, rose with much dignity, and received a large lemon on his back; and I myself saw a mutton kidney in the eye of the Attorney-General, in the box opposite to ours.

It was indeed high time for all who had ladies to look after to beat a retreat, and we were soon in the corridor, and making

our way down the stairs. Theodora was on my arm. I was afraid she might faint before we got her into the coach.

"Are you ill?" I whispered, squeezing her arm gently to the lappel of my coat with my elbow. "I hope you were not very much frightened?"

Upon this the charming girl treated me to a dazzling stare of her fine black eyes, and burst out laughing.

"Ah! Then, is it what you're jokin' me, you are, Mr. Toole?" says she. "Afeard, indeed! I wish you saw the stones and clacalpins hoppin' on and off the boys' polls at the Fair of Killbattery. Ha, ha! Papa's nothing the worse, ye see; and, indeed, the smack of it took a start out of me, for I only saw it with the corner of my eye, and I could not tell but it was a paving-stone was in it, and the pulp flying out alarmed me for a moment for the dear man's brains. And mamma got it, too; that was a cat, or my name's not Theodora. Mamma! Who's shewith? Oh, Mundy, I see. Mamma, dear, how's your head?"

"Bad enough, joole," rejoined Mrs. Molloy. "My beautiful turbot's rooned and smathered on my head!"

The people who looked round to see who the speaker was who had suffered in so unusual a way, beheld Mrs. Molloy with old Molloy's red and yellow silk pocket-handkerchief tied under her chin, holding her wig and turban down in their place, and looking, certainly, not unlike that class of ladies who used to carry flatfish on their heads, and certainly I did feel a little bashful about her, for one side of her wig was dangling from under Molloy's handkerchief between her shoulders, and the Figgesses, who were coming down the stairs behind us, were laughing like hyenas. I don't think there was an unlucky thing happened to us that night but the eyes of that same beastly family were upon us.

I was thankful when Mrs. Molloy was shut up in her hack coach, and her daughter, her husband and myself in ours.

We had all recovered our spirits by the time we had reached our destination on Ormond Quay. Up the stairs we stumbled, talking altogether, and into the front drawing-room, where Juggy Hanlon had already lighted candles. Mrs. Molloy slipped quietly upstairs to restore her dis-

tracted head to order, while we talked on in the room where we had first mustered, and we could hear the servants tramping up and down the back drawing-room, clinking plates, and jingling spoons and knives and forks, and squabbling in loud and voluble accents over the arrangement of the supper.

"Mr. Lieutenant Kramm has just been telling me, Miss Theodora, that your music is all that I should have anticipated," said I; "would it be asking too great a favor from a nightingale to sing us a song from the perch of that music-stool, and to accompany itself with a few harmonious touches of that forte-piano?"

I give you this pretty speech in full, to show you how much pains I was taking to gain the beautiful creature's heart.

Lieutenant Kramm says more than his prayers, I'm afraid," says she, sitting down carelessly before the instrument. "Not that I sing like a nightingale, for I know very well that I don't."

But she looked all the time as if she thought that she did.

"You don't sing like the nightingale in this one respect," said I, "that you excel it beyond all calculation."

"I don't mind a word you're saying, Mr. Toole; I think it's what you want to make a fool of me," said the young lady.

"Miss Molloy does not sing like the nightingale for *all* listeners," says Kramm, "only for her particular friends."

"That's it, I *hope*," said I, "and I devoutly entreat that I may be included among the number."

"Sing that glorious thing you astonished me with the other morning," said Mundy, joining the chorus of supplication.

"If you don't, I'll beg of Mr. Molloy to use his influence as a father."

"Well, then, I suppose I may as well," says she. "I'll sing you one of Tommy Moore's melodies."

And, by the powers, so she did! She struck up on the piano, and I was delighted and, I do assure you, half frightened by the power of her voice. Since I heard old "Whisky Tay" in the black-hole I had never listened to anything in the way of music half so loud! She had a way of throwing her voice into the words and swelling them out that I never heard equalled; and when she came to the part:

"The mo-hoon hid her li-*hight*,
In the heavens that ni-hi-*hight*,
And wept behind a clou-*hould*,
O'er the maiden's shee-*aim*."

I was perfectly ravished.

"More power! My blessing! May I never, but that *was* singing!" said I, in a state of extraordinary enthusiasm; and I do assure you I hardly knew whether I was on my head or my heels. "Thank you! *thank you!!* THANK YOU!!!" I cried with growing fervor. "God bless you, my darling Miss Theodora, that was astonishing!"

Mundy was laughing all this time with a "Ha! ha! ha!" and no more disguise than he would at a clown in a circus.

"What are you laughing at, Mundy?" said I, turning on him as if I'd eat him up, with a stamp on the floor, for which I afterwards apologized to Miss Molloy, for it raised such a dust between me and Mundy I could scarcely see him, and I heard the young lady blowing and phewing, and slapping her hair with her pocket-handkerchief; and old Molloy was taken with a fit of coughing.

"*Laughing!*" says Mundy. "Ha! ha! ha! phew! I say, where's the good of smothering us? Ha! ha! ha! why, man, I tell you it is—ha! ha! ha!—hys-sis-sis-sisterical—ha! ha! ha! I can't help it, I tell you, I—ha! ha! ha!—have a sort of trembling inside whenever I'm very much moved. Miss Molloy knows all about it. Don't be a fool; I told her long ago. I've had it on parade, and at funerals, and at divine service, by Jove, and I'll not be cross-questioned, nor bamboozled, nor made more nervous by any man living. *You* believe me, Miss Molloy, and that's all I care about."

"Ah! Be quiet, Toole, will ye!" It was the first time she called me by my surname, and I felt so happy I could have forgiven Mundy if he had pulled me by the nose. "It's true for him; he does really—he laughs whenever he's near cryin'. It happened to myself once, when I was getting well o' the swine-pock. Sure didn't I see the way he was over the beautiful verses my poor Uncle Barney wrote, when he was leaving Ireland in a decline, and he called the pome a 'Farewell to Allyballyearick-o-dooley,' which was the name of his place, and there's hardly one in the world could read it without cry-

ing; and I give you my word, it was from one split of laughing with him into another! Not but what I think it would be better manners if he run his head in a pittaytie-pot, and clapped it out o' the windy, sooner than offend people by his weakness, when he felt the fit comin' on him," she concluded, with a little severity.

The discussion was ended at this point by the return of Mrs. Molloy, with her second best wig and "turbot" on her head; and just as we were going into supper in came Sidebotham. His eye was a little more than sky-blue and yellow now, and a small slip of black plaster, instead of the bit of basilicon, as big as a turnpike-ticket, that was stuck across the bridge of his nose. He was not by any means so stand-off with me as when I last met him, and seemed disposed to be conciliatory, and indeed he went the length of borrowing five pounds from me as we went away.

I don't know how we bundled in to supper. I only know that I found myself beside Theodora. It was really an elegant supper. I remember it well, and I may as well tell you that old Molloy had a loin of roast pork before him; and there was a big square of bacon, with greens, before Sidebotham—we were running, you see, a good deal on the pigs; before Mrs. Molloy, and as fat as herself, there was a grand roast goose, that came all the way from Connaught, and more fool it, considering all the good it got by the journey! And there was cow-heel and tripe, a dish that old Molloy fondly lost himself in, whenever he could get at it. There was enough cold-cannon to load a hod with; potatoes with and without the skins; there was a mountain of pancakes you might put a child to bed on; and such a good smell of stuffing, and onions, and gravy over all, that I declare to you I don't think the Prince Regent had a finer supper that night.

We were mortal hungry, and for a time conversation was a little dull; but I had the pleasure of hearing Theodora's beautiful voice every now and then, between the sounds of chumping, and munching, and gulping all round, calling on me for those little refined attentions that constitute, I may say, all the chivalry of the supper-table. Now it was:

"Mr. Toole, may I be troublesome to you for the gherkins?" And again—

"Another help o' the stuffin', ask mam-ma, Mr. Toole." Or—

"Show me the mustard, if you please?" Or—

"Will ye give me a dust of that pepper, Mr. Toole?"

I do assure you it was one delightful round of similar requests and attentions all through the supper-time, and as the glorious girl had a fine appetite, she worked me, in that way, to my heart's content.

But this was only child's play compared with what followed, when the old lady called out: "Come, Molloy, where's the punch? What are you foosthering about? We're all choking with the drooth, and lookin' at ye like so many dying fishes out o' water. There's Mr. Upside—"

"Sidebotham," said the lieutenant.

"Upsidedownbotham—well, whatever it is, the young captain there, that we knew in Athlone, is makin' signs to me this half hour for drink. Come, man, stir. Juggy, good girl, bring the *kittle*; there's two bottle of the right sort at your elbow, and half a dozen elegant lemons. *Putt* down the bowl before him, Juggy, that's a darlint, and don't be sousing the wather in as if you were drowning so many rats. Do you know what, Mr. Upside, Mr. Downbotham, that's it; just look at that bowl—it houlds seven pints and about a wine-glass; that's the very bowl Molloy was baptized in!" And she nodded impressively at Sidebotham, just as Molloy squeezed a lemon into the sacred vessel. "As sure as you sit there, Mr. Back—what's your name?—no matter, I wish there was no such things as names, barrin' Christian names, of course, for the sake of religion; but what was I saying? Yes; he was baptized in that very bowl!"

"Not *ducked* in it?" says Sidebotham.

"No; but sprinkled out of it by the Reverend Father Haddock."

"He drank like a fish, I dare say, ma'am," said Sidebotham, who didn't care a fig what he said to any one.

"I don't know, my dear, but he baptized like a Christian; and he met his death, most unfortunately, by being drowned in a bog-hole. He being a portly man, standing too near the edge, the bank gave way, and himself, and a child, and an ass and cart was all drowned together. I remember seeing him myself."

"Not in the bog-hole?" said the lieutenant.

"No, honey! It was in the high street of Athlone, when I was only a little slip of a colleen."

"We must drink to his memory, ma'am," said Sidebotham.

"With all my heart, joole," said Mrs. Molloy, who, barring a few political toasts, did not object to drink to anything.

By this time the punch, one of the few good things we unquestionably owe to England, was brewed; and infinite credit it did its "composer."

Our Philomel was the only one of the party who partook of that wonderful elixir with extreme moderation. That nightingale only touched it lightly, as it were, with her musical beak, once or twice, and, content with this little sip, listened to our agreeable conversation, our toasts, and sentiments, and to a great deal of fiery and confidential nonsense from your humble servant.

After this, I can recall nothing distinctly, except the general consciousness that I never was so happy in the course of my life; only I once or twice observed that Kramm, who sat at Theodora's other side, and did not seem to hear a word I said, kept interrupting the girl with his long-winded stories; and then I remember Sidebotham seeing me home, and talking to him a great deal about Theodora, and something very touching was said that affected me, for I remember crying while he held my hand, and I held the railings, and I lent him some money, and how I got to my bed I don't know.

* * * * *

J. SHERIDAN LE FAUN.

DIARY OF A SEA VOYAGE.

(A *Journal of Misery*.)

THURSDAY—(SECOND DAY. OUT).

Rolling and pitching. Not hungry as usual.

Kept on deck, except sundry visits to Neptune.

A. M., sick. P. M., sicker.

Accounts continually cast; never balanced.

Went below. Will appear at Queens-town.

FRIDAY.

Warm water diet; not nutritious, but sufficiently so for the purpose designed.

Ate no food. Want to go home.

Sickness increasing. Gag and agag. Steward busy.

No conveniences for suicide.

Would like to walk home.

Beef tea and crackers. Down and then up.

P. M., worse. Moans and groans.

Why did they let me go?

Gulf streams, temp. 80. State-room stifling.

Warm water diet continued.

Doctor appeared. Administered tar pill. Very choice. Held it five minutes.

Bandages and plasters. Arrowroot tea. Quite soothing.

First drink came up on time; second remained. Felt encouraged.

SATURDAY.

Better, but weak. Slept on galley loft from 4 to 10 A. M.

Hard tack for breakfast. Appeared convalescent.

Congratulations from those who knew how it was themselves.

Many had been there; others were going.

I—'s turn next. Accounts rendered on time, and in perfect order.

A model of precision. Neatness exemplified.

Wanted to go back. Disgusted with life.

Inward emotions overpowering. Steward said, fight against it.

Tried to, but couldn't.

Mental determination insufficient.

Victory of matter over mind.

Meals at a discount. Dining-room kept aloof.

Lemons and remedies of no use.

Beef tea a failure. Seidlitz powders of no avail.

Surgeon at loss. Says will be better soon.

Don't want to be better. Prefer extermination.

Steward calm and serene. Smiles ghastly.

Holds on to the door. Says, "This is a calm."

Proffers the basin.

Says "Sea is smooth as a bowl of milk." Very consoling.

Groans from *A flat* to *G sharp*.

Up notes the worst.

Adjoining rooms melodious.

Same tunes but different keys.

Closets reverberate similar strains.

Hurrah without the "h."

Portholes barred. Fresh air to be avoided.

Don't want to see Europe. Nothing there to see. Won't pay for this.

A sail passing to starboard! Don't want to see a sail.

A whale spouting near "the banks!"

Don't want to see a whale.

Want to go home. Had enough.

Evening, carried on deck by steward (or rather dragged).

Stopped at half-way house for refreshments. Felt better.

Rested an hour on deck. Gazing toward the setting sun.

Homesick! Oh, no!

Tried to go back alone. Slipped and rolled down stairs. Stopped at bottom.

Convenient resting-place.

Hauled to room by steward.

More arrowroot and brandy. Quite soothing.

Hat and shawl hung up on floor.

Slept on lounge with overcoat and boots.

Dreamed of home, sweet home!

SUNDAY.

Improving.

Washed face and hands for first time.

Combed my hair.

Recognized by friends as a man that was.

First clean collar. Brushed and cleaned my clothes.

More recognitions. Service in saloon.

Prayers read for the Queen.

Quite appropriate. Shall see her shortly.

Dinner at 4. Fearful appetite.

A pig in appearance. A pig in fact.

Iceberg at 5. Served up on deck. Left table at once.

100 feet high and 2 miles square. Very cooling.

Next course, fruits and coffee. 6 P. M. —5 sails in sight.

MONDAY.

Recovered. A new man. Exquisite toilet.

Smooth sea. Portholes opened. State-room steady and quiet.

Brushed teeth and cleaned nails.
Wonderful transformation! Cravat tied.
Very distingué.
Looked around to see if any had been sick.
How could they on such a quiet voyage?
Walked the deck like an old salt.
Greeted as such by officers.
Homesick? How absurd!

TUESDAY.

Fine weather. Little motion.
Invalids coming to the surface.
Present appearances indicate past distress.

I greeted some and congratulated others.

Said they had not been well. [I believed them.]

Expressed my sorrow and extended my sympathy.

WEDNESDAY.

Not sea-sick, but sick of the sea.

A COLONEL ON GUARD DUTY.

Lieutenant —, of one of the Ohio regiments, was making a detail of men to guard a lot of army stores captured from the enemy. He approached a crowd of men all wearing overcoats, such as Uncle Sam gives his "soger boys," and selected four or five for special duty. It happened that Lieutenant-Colonel Gazley, of the Thirty-seventh Indiana, was in the crowd, and was selected by the lieutenant. This was fun for the colonel, who without a word shouldered a gun and went to his post of duty. Not long afterward, the lieutenant, going his rounds, discovered by the firelight the bugle upon Gazley's cap. He rather authoritatively inquired where he got that bugle? The colonel dryly replied that he "must have picked up an officer's cap somewhere," and with this very reasonable explanation the lieutenant passed on.

The colonel stood his turn of "special detail" all night long, and was found in the morning walking his post with true soldierly gait and pace. Having laid off his overcoat, his shoulder-straps appeared very conspicuously in connection with the musket on his shoulder. As soon as the lieutenant discovered a colonel on guard,

he approached him and courteously inquired how he came to be there.

"Well, sir, you placed me here."

With no little agitation the lieutenant inquired who he was.

"My name is Carter Gazley, and I am Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-seventh Indiana regiment."

The colonel was speedily "released," but the lieutenant was not so speedily relieved of his embarrassment. It is to be supposed that the lieutenant "stood treat" in this case.

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?

Why don't the men propose, mamma?

Why don't the men propose?

Each seems just coming to the point,

And then away he goes!

It is no fault of yours, mamma,

That ev'rybody knows;

You *fête* the finest men in town,

Yet, oh! they won't propose!

I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,

To make a proper match;

For coronets and eldest sons

I'm ever on the watch:

I've hopes when some *distingué* beau

A glance upon me throws;

But though he'll dance, and smile, and flirt,

Alas! he won't propose!

I've tried to win by languishing

And dressing like a blue;

I've bought big books, and talk'd of them

As if I'd read them through!

With hair cropp'd liked a man, I've felt

The heads of all the beaux;

But Spurzheim could not touch their *hearts*,

And oh! they won't propose!

I threw aside the books, and thought

That ignorance was bliss;

I felt convinced that men preferred

A simple sort of Miss;

And so I lisp'd out naught beyond

Plain "yesses" or plain "noes,"

And wore a sweet unmeaning smile;

Yet, oh! they won't propose!

Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,

I heard Sir Harry Gale

Exclaim, "Now I *propose* again;"

I started, turning pale;

I really thought my time was *come*,

I blush'd like any rose;

But oh! I found 'twas only at

Ecarte he'd *propose*!

And what is to be done, mamma?
 Oh, what is to be done?
 I really have no time to lose,
 For I am thirty-one:
 At balls I am too often left
 Where spinsters sit in rows;
 Why won't the men propose, mamma?
 Why *won't* the men propose?

T. H. B.

WHY THE MEN DON'T PROPOSE.

"Why don't the men propose," indeed?
 I wonder why they do!
 When from a sober single life
 Such benefits accrue;
 I wonder most that women boast
 Their many score of beaux,
 Yet "sit and sigh," and sadly cry—
 "Why don't the men propose?"

'Tis very well to greet each belle
 At revel or at rout;
 To see them flirt, with jewels girt
 Their fairy forms about.
 No quiet scene, to intervene,
 The youthful rev'ller knows;
 Yet will she sigh, and sadly cry—
 "Why don't the men propose?"

Romance they read—reality
 Is studied but by few;
 Each lady scribbles poetry,
 And thinks herself "a blue."
 Fancy a curtain-lecture read
 In poetry and prose!
 How *can* they sigh, and sadly cry—
 "Why don't the men propose?"

Silks, satins, millinery new,
 And bills (of course) abound;
 Such proofs of their extravagance
 All steadier thoughts confound.
 Balls, music-master, all that brings
 One's fortune to a close,
 Cry out against that silly cry—
 "Why don't the men propose?"

If, 'spite of all, some "simple swain"
 Would play the *constant* beau,
 In vain he tries; *la belle* replies,
 In angry accents, "No."
 The fault is not with *us*, I'm sure
 (THAT ev'rybody knows);
 Yet still they ply the idle cry—
 "Why don't the *men* propose?"

"Why don't the men propose?" 'tis vain
 To think of such a thing;
 Who, to abate a hapless fate,
 More miseries would bring?

Think of "a family," and all
 That mars man's daily doze!
 'Tis certain WHY the ladies cry—
 "Why don't the men propose?"

J. E. C.

THE JUDGE ON THE TREADMILL.

The fact has been solemnly telegraphed to London that one of the judges has been on the treadmill (experimentally, of course), and the incident has been made the subject of several editorial comments and not a few ponderous jokes. Mr. Justice Day was the experimentalist, but the reporters do not say how his lordship liked the task of going upstairs and never getting to the top. It is to be hoped his experience was not so bad as that of one of the English judges a few years ago, of whom the following ludicrous story is told: His lordship, while visiting a model show prison in the provinces, noticed a treadmill, and his curiosity being excited, he determined to try the labor to which in his time he had sentenced so many prisoners. He was not to be persuaded out of the notion, and, stepping on to the machine, told a warder to set it going.

The man did so, and after about one and a half minutes' experience his lordship's curiosity was quite satisfied, and he ordered the mill to be stopped. But it turned out that although the mill was set to do the shortest possible spell, it could not be stopped until that time was finished, so the judge had to go grinding on until twenty minutes had expired. His lordship afterwards remarked that there was only one man in the world he would like to sentence again to hard labor on the treadmill. Need I say that that one individual was the stupid warder who had neglected to explain the "spell principle" before his lordship took his "turn?"

"Pull out, Bill!" shrieked an engineer's son to one of his playmates, a brakeman's boy, who was in imminent danger of getting smashed up by his mother, who was coming after him, "Git on the main line and give her steam! Here comes the switch engine!" But before the juvenile could get in motion, she had him by the ear, and he was laid up with a hot box.—*Hawkeye.*

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND.

[J. STIRLING COYNE, the eminent English dramatist, was born in London in 1805, and died 1868.

Mr. Coyne was the author of many successful dramas, all of a racy and humorous character.

He was one of the coterie of wits who had the credit of starting *Punch*.]

CHARACTERS.

MR. FELIX FEATHERLEY,
MR. ICEBROOK,
MAJOR WELLINGTON DE BOOTS,
COACHMAN,
GARDENER,
TRAP.

MRS. FEATHERLEY,
MRS. MAJOR DE BOOTS,
MRS. SWANDOWN,
FANNY,
COOK.

ACT I.

SCENE.—MR. FEATHERLEY'S HOUSE AT CLAPHAM.

MRS. F. (to COOK). A neat little dinner, cook, with fish and soup, and a small dessert, will suffice when we dine alone. I have marked some items in your weekly bill that may be dispensed with in future. (*Gives COOK a paper.*)

COOK. Oh, very well, ma'am. (*Aside to the SERVANTS.*) Calls herself a lady, and cuts down her cook like that.

MRS. F. (to GARDENER). I find, Drill, that growing early peas is a very costly economy; those we had the other day cost us a shilling a pea. We'll have no more early peas!

GARDENER. As you please, ma'am. (*Aside.*) Rob a gardener of his early peas! I'll never stand that.

MRS. F. Where's the coachman?

COACHMAN. Here, madam!

MRS. F. This account of yours is not correct, Harris; I can't make thirty-five days in a month. (*Gives him paper.*)

COACHMAN. I beg pardon, madam. (*Aside.*) I'll give warning to-morrow.

COOK (*and the others talk apart*). I never was so insulted in my born days.

GARDENER. The place won't suit me, I see.

COACHMAN. Nor me. I hate missuses who pry into what don't consarn 'em.

GARDENER. But master's a perfect

gentleman; he never troubles himself about servants.

COOK. No, he's too busy about other people's affairs to mind his own—but as for missus, agh!

Exeunt SERVANTS.

FEATH. (*speaking outside*). Trap! here, take these letters to the post, and let my horse be at the door in half an hour.

Enter FEATHERLEY, followed by TRAP, with letters in his hand.

FEATH. (*turning over the leaves of his memorandum book*). Let me see what engagements I have to-day! Um! to call at Grip and Grind, the lawyers, about my executorship under old Bagley's will. It seems I've been unconsciously doing something I should not have done, and that I'm to be simultaneously made the defendant in twenty-four actions at law, besides standing a good chance of being committed by the Lord Chancellor for contempt. I, that have always had the highest respect for that exalted functionary. (*Looks at memorandum book.*) Twelve o'clock I'm to be at Grip and Grind's offices, Bedford Row. Twelve—that's awkward. I've promised Crawford to introduce him to Lord Lazytongs at twelve, and there are half a dozen other appointments that I *must* keep—but how is it to be done?

MRS. F. (*at her accounts at table*). Put down six and carry nothing.

FEATH. Hey! (*turns, and sees MRS. F.*) Eugenia, I did not perceive you. What are you doing, my love?

MRS. F. Casting up my monthly bills; would you like to look over them?

FEATH. By no means, my dear; I have the most unbounded confidence in your correctness, morally and arithmetically. I audit your accounts without looking at them, and pass them unanimously.

MRS. F. (*rising, and crossing*). At least, you'll sit down, Felix, and check the butcher's pass-book for me. I suspect he has put down a leg of mutton, which we have never had, and I'm not sure that his charges are always right. Sit down; here are pen and ink.

(*Puts the pass-book into his hands, and sits at work-table.*)

FEATH. I—I—(*takes seat at table, and sighs.*) What's this? "B-f—" oh, ah, that's the phonetic for beef—and here, in

the next line—"Brush, brash, breast—of w-h-e-a-l!"

MRS. F. Veal, my dear!

FEATH. What a superfluity of literature your butcher bestows upon a breast of veal. Um! "nine lb. ten oz., at seven pence three farthings, six and two pence three farthings." (*Aside.* I might as well try to discover the longitude.) I've a dreadful headache this morning, which quite unfits me for abstruse calculation. That confounded Benson would insist on my supping with him last night, after the opera. You know Benson, my dear, an old friend of mine—capital fellow, the best cigars in London. I resisted as long as I could, knowing you were here alone, and should have been so delighted to have spent a quiet, sociable evening together; but a man must sometimes make a sacrifice of himself for his friend.

MRS. F. Undoubtedly, my dear, "sometimes," but you are perpetually offering yourself on the altar of friendship, and in your eagerness to render yourself useful to any one who needs your assistance, you entirely neglect your own affairs.

FEATH. Now, really, my dear Eugenia, you are too severe. I confess, when a friend wants a helping hand, even on a bill of exchange, I can't refuse him—it's a constitutional weakness; sternly speaking, it may be a fault—but it's not pleasant to be reminded of one's faults.

MRS. F. Forgive me, dear Felix; what I said was not meant as a reproof. Our friends have claims upon our active services, but to devote one's whole time to them—

FEATH. Is preposterous! You are right, Eugenia, as you always are; from this very day forward I'll not take the slightest interest in anybody's affairs but our own.

MRS. F. How glad I am to hear you say so, for now I want to consult you on the propriety of having one of those new washing-machines; I'm told the saving they effect in soap is immense.

FEATH. (*who is turning over the leaves of his memorandum-book*). Certainly, my dear, by all means let us save in soap.

MRS. F. And here are the plans for the cottages (*taking them from table*) I wish to have built for six poor families on your Hampshire estate. Are they not pretty?

FEATH. (*looking at them carefully*). Charming cozy little nests, with the wood-

bines and roses climbing over the walls—a perfect paradise for hedge-sparrows.

MRS. F. I have calculated they can be built for a very moderate sum indeed; and although we are not rich, we may, by retrenching a few of our expenses, and by—

FEATH. Saving in soap—

MRS. F. Be enabled to contribute to the comfort of these poor people, without materially inconveniencing ourselves.

FEATH. And the consciousness of having done a benevolent action will make us endure our privations with fortitude. By the bye, Eugenia, don't you think this room wants refurnishing? The curtains are as faded as a fashionable beauty at the end of the London season.

MRS. F. We must send them to the dyer, then, to recover their good looks. Here are the estimates for my cottages. (*Taking paper from table.*) Will you examine them, dear?

Enter TRAP, flat with letter on salver, which he hands to MRS. FEATHERLEY, who opens and reads it to herself.

TRAP exits.

FEATH. Estimates! I'm utterly incompetent to the task! I haven't a head for bricks and mortar. Pray, my dear, take all these matters into your own hands (*looking at his watch*), for I really have not time. (*Aside.*) She's a charming little creature, and so good. I'm sure if she had been anybody's wife but my own I should be distractedly in love with her.

MRS. F. I have invitation cards here, Felix, to Mrs. Grimshaw's *Excelsior Conversazione* this evening. Will you come?

FEATH. Mrs. Grimshaw! (*Aside.*) I know that terrible piece of intellectuality who stands up for the rights of woman in undarned stockings. I'll not be lured to her den, if I can help it.

MRS. F. Well—what do you say? Miss Thornback, the famous American advocate for abolishing the distinction between the sexes, is to be there.

FEATH. (*Aside*). Heaven preserve me! On consideration, my dear, I have an engagement this evening. The fact is, I have promised to meet Sir Twamley Turner at the Megatherium—I want to secure his interest to get young Wotherspoon a place under government, where there's a good salary, and nothing to do for it.

MRS. F. Wotherspoon! Why, you know almost nothing about him.

FEATH. So much the better. I can draw on my imagination for his merits, which I could not do if I knew him more intimately.

MRS. F. Then you cannot accompany me:—but this afternoon, you remember, you have promised to take me to the flower-show at Chiswick.

FEATH. This afternoon! Well, now that is particularly unfortunate—I quite forgot the flower-show, and I have—a—

MRS. F. Made another engagement (*with emotion*). 'Tis the first time since we were married that I felt the bitterness of being forgotten:—but I have no right to be exacting—I claim neither your time nor your thoughts—nothing, Felix—nothing that your heart does not spontaneously yield me. (*She turns away to conceal her tears.*)

FEATH. Hem, hem! (*Aside.*) There, I've brought tears to her eyes, and rashly charged those formidable engines against myself. Hem! I can't stand it. I find I must give up the day to domestic exigencies. Eugenia, my love, don't:—nothing spoils the eyes so much as tears, and yours are such beautiful ones. As you seem to desire it, I will remain at home with you this morning, and in the afternoon we'll go together to the flower-show.

MRS. F. (*delighted*). Dear—dear Felix, have I, indeed, not lost the power of rendering you happy in my society? Do I still possess the empire I once held over your heart?

FEATH. Undivided and absolute—with all the rights, privileges and prerogatives appertaining to the sovereignty of that vital organ. I have discussed the matter seriously with myself, and have arrived at the conclusion that man can nowhere be so happy as in his own home, when that home is brightened by the presence of a beloved object. (*Sighs.*)

MRS. F. (*caressing him*). Dear Felix, now you speak as you used to do. (*He puts his arm round her waist.*) This is so like your manner when we were married twelve months ago.

FEATH. Only twelve! I thought it was much longer.

MRS. F. Has the time, then, been wearisome to you?

FEATH. Oh, no, no—it has been one long—very long dream of happiness.

(*Yawns slightly, and sits in an easy chair.*) I beg your pardon, my dear, that confounded Benson and his late suppers! Come, now, can't you give me a little music?

MRS. F. Certainly. (MRS. FEATHERLEY opens piano.) What shall I sing you? (*Turning over some music.*) Ah! here's that pretty little romance you wrote for me—when—need I say when, Felix?

FEATH. Oh, no; I remember perfectly—it was one of my nonsensical effusions, when I was spoons about you.

MRS. F. Spoons!

FEATH. Well, when I was dying in love with you, my dear. Have you nothing from the new opera, or that last pretty ballad?

MRS. F. You know, dear, that since we came to town my time has been so completely occupied by household duties I have not had leisure to open the piano.

FEATH. Very true, and I have no doubt you performed those duties with unflinching zeal, and managed the affairs of the pantry with an executive skill that merits my warmest acknowledgments. Never mind the ante-nuptial romance.

MRS. F. Well, then, I will read for you, Felix. You used to be fond of poetry. (*Takes an album from table.*) And here are some beautiful pieces I have copied in my album.

FEATH. Yes, I am particularly partial to poetry, and should like, of all things, to hear you read to me.

MRS. F. How singular! I have opened at a sonnet addressed to me by yourself. We may fancy ourselves lovers again, Felix, as on the day you gave it to me.

FEATH. Ah, that was an eventful day! I remember, I had half an ounce of prussic acid prepared to swallow in your presence if you had rejected me. But the sacrifice was averted—for, like a pitying angel, you accepted me, and my life was saved, with the loss of my hand. (*Nestling comfortably amongst the cushions.*) What followed is matter of parochial history. Ah, well, let me hear it.

MRS. F. (*reads*). "The harp I take—
but I can choose no theme,
Eugenia, but thyself, when thou art nigh.

Oh, grant me inspiration from the beam
Of liquid light that laughs in either eye,
Like twin stars, mirrored in the dimpling stream."

FEATH. (*drowsily*). "Dimpling stream." That's pretty!

MRS. F. "Grant inspiration by those lips' sweet sigh,
Which flies as odor-laden zephyrs fly,
O'er beds of infant roses—"

(FEATHERLEY *slightly snores*.) Hey?

FEATH. (*rousing himself*). Charming—charming! Your reading has such a tranquillizing effect.

(*While MRS. FEATHERLEY continues to read, FEATHERLEY gradually falls asleep.*)

MRS. F. "Grant inspiration by those lips' sweet sigh,
Which flies as odor-laden zephyrs fly,
O'er beds of infant roses—lips, which seem

Sweet music's ruby gates—and I will try,

By one ethereal presumptive flight,
To woo the muses in their native sky:
But look not so; with eyes so killing bright,

They scorch, they dazzle, and consume me quite.

Yet better thus, to perish in their light,
Than live without their beams in darkest night."

ICEBROOK *appears at the door, while MRS. FEATHERLEY is reading. When she has concluded, he applauds—FEATHERLEY, awakened by the noise, jumps up and applauds too.*

FEATH. } Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!
ICE. } ful!

FEATH. Capital! (*Returning to consciousness.*) Ah! what, my dear fellow, Icebrook! Ha, ha, ha! You have surprised us in one of our little conjugal matinées. I'm an enthusiast in poetry—and my wife's reading—

ICE. (*significantly*). Sets every care to sleep.

FEATH. (*apart to him*). Don't—don't. The heat of the weather, and—a drowsy calmness to which I am occasionally subject—

MRS. F. (*laughing*). It was scarcely fair of you, Mr. Icebrook, to play the eaves-dropper—I never read aloud but to please my husband.

FEATH. Never, but to please me. (*Yawns slightly.*) It's delightful when we're alone (*chimney clock strikes eleven*).

MRS. F. Eleven! dear me, how time flies—and I have a thousand things to do.

Shall we expect you to dinner, Mr. Icebrook?

ICE. Madame—I—I—a—fear that—I—

FEATH. Oh, hang your fears! you must come—we shall be quite alone and dull—hem—I mean quiet and sociable.

MRS. F. We shall reckon on you, then? (*ICEBROOK bows.*) Let me see, now, I have first to visit our girls' school, then to call on one or two tradespeople: but you shall find me ready at one o'clock to accompany you to the flower-show; so till then, good-bye, dear.

MRS. FEATHERLEY *courtesies to ICEBROOK, and exits.*

FEATH. Frank, that's an adorable woman! But I've discovered she has one serious fault, she's—(*sighs*).

ICE. What?

FEATH. She's too good for me.

ICE. Ha, ha, ha! That's a strange fault in a wife.

FEATH. It's a melancholy fact, though. Eugenia was intended by nature to shed a mild lustre on a family hearthrug. She should have been united to a man who could appreciate as they deserve her devotion to domestic duties and her talent for pickles. Would you believe it, Frank, that angel knows the multiplication table in all its complex ramifications. In an abstract point of view, I don't object to the intellectual advancement of the sex—but a man feels himself humbled in the presence of a woman who knows the multiplication table.

ICE. Poor fellow! how deeply you are to be pitied! But if I could picture such a future to myself, with the woman I love, what a happy dog I should be!

FEATH. Ah! I envy you those delicious sensations. I once experienced them myself, when I was Eugenia's lover. Days of blissful illusion! We loved (*sighs*), and we married. For one whole month I floated in Elysium—not a cloud dimmed our honeymoon; but, alas! honeymoons don't shine all the year round (*sighs*). By the bye, Frank, how goes on your suit with the widow you were pursuing? Has she consented to throw herself and three per cent. consols into your victorious arms?

ICE. Pray don't make a jest of my suffering. I am really and seriously in love with the paragon of women.

FEATH. Seriously?

ICE. Seriously! It's not a matter to be laughed at.

FEATH. You are quite right ; we must not make a jest of your misfortune. In the course of nature, every man is liable to love—we take it like the measles—I know all its symptoms from experience—there are three stages to the complaint—first, you love, very bad, indeed ; secondly, you are beloved—slight improvement ; thirdly, you are married—and the cure is complete.

ICE. You traitor to the noblest passion that ever warmed the human breast—do you deny the eternity of love ?

FEATH. By no means. It sometimes lives through a whole honeymoon. But about your widow, Frank. You never told me her name.

ICE. Her name is Swandown.

FEATH. Swandown ! What a nice, soft, comfortable name—Mrs. Swandown. Ah ! it's a name to love—and this delicious Swandown—I know she must be delicious—is she propitious to your suit ?

ICE. That's precisely what I want to discover. I cannot any longer endure my torment.

FEATH. Is it a chronic attachment on your part ?

ICE. Decidedly—from my earliest childhood I secretly loved my little playmate.

FEATH. Precocious susceptibility !

ICE. I was sent early from college to travel, and during my absence she was married to a rich old city merchant.

FEATH. Ay, the vagrant Cupid—though he flutters about a good deal amongst bowers and flowers and cottages, generally closes his wings near the Bank of England.

ICE. I can't describe to you the effect her marriage had upon me. I was miserable, and had serious notions of retiring to a hermitage on the summit of Mont Blanc ! but at the end of five years, and before I put my solitary project into execution, Mrs. Swandown's husband died.

FEATH. Heaven released the poor man from his labors, and his inconsolable relict, I dare say, dropped a warm tear upon the cold stone where his numerous years and virtues were recorded.

ICE. At all events my love revived when I heard she was again free, and for eighteen months I have followed her with the fidelity of her shadow or her puppy dog, but somehow I never seem to come nearer to my object.

FEATH. And whose fault is it ? Not

the lady's, I'll be sworn. The fact is, you're so cursedly cold and reserved amongst women—

ICE. No—no—'tis not coldness ; 'tis the profound awe which a petticoat inspires, that strikes me dumb. When Mrs. Swandown is not present, I compose speeches full of poetry and passion, but the moment she appears I lose the power of speech.

FEATH. Ha, ha, ha, ha ! If you can't speak, why don't you take her hand ?

ICE. So I do, every time we meet. Oh, that lovely hand ! so white, so small, so soft, that I—

FEATH. That you kiss it rapturously. If you were an anchorite you could not do less—I couldn't—no man could—

ICE. Me kiss it—I never attempted anything so daring :—though I confess I should greatly like it. Sometimes when she abstractedly leaves that little hand in mind, I am sorely tempted, but I call resolution to my aid, and respectfully let it go.

FEATH. Frank, I wish you were not my friend—I wish I did not respect your high moral principles, that I might kick you out of my house this moment. You a lover, and drop the hand of your charmer as if it was the claw of a griffin !

ICE. I wish I had a little of your impudence ; but I haven't. I can't look in the face of a woman under sixty years of age without blushing, and I feel more alarmed at a glance from a pair of bright eyes than at a brace of pistols levelled at my head. Therefore, I am come to ask your assistance. I haven't an idea how you can help me, but you're such a clever fellow, and so good-natured, that I make no apology for troubling you.

FEATH. Not the least occasion, my dear fellow. I live but to oblige my friends, and my friends kindly live to make use of me. Now let's see what's to be done for you. Have you ever written to Mrs. Swandown ?

ICE. Never. I tried, but my hand shook so I was obliged to give it up.

FEATH. There you were wrong—that shaking hand would have won her heart. A woman always believes in the sincerity of a lover when he shows an indecision in his "p's" and "q's," or a forgetfulness of dots to his "i's," and crosses to his "t's." She attributes them to his distraction—and a few blots of ink on the

paper are mistaken for the scalding tears of despair.

ICE. Dear me !

FEATH. Why don't you attack her with love verses ? they have often been found efficacious in stubborn cases. (*Takes the album MRS. FEATHERLEY has been reading.*) Something like this sonnet, which Eugenia was reading when you came in and disturbed me. (*Reads.*)

"The harp I take, but I can choose no theme,
Eugenia, but thyself—"

What's Mrs. Swandown's name ?

ICE. Julia !

FEATH. Ah ! Julia wants another foot.

ICE. Nonsense—she's got two already !

FEATH. Stupid ! I mean the poetry—

"I can choose no theme,
Sweet Julia, but thyself, when thou art nigh.
Oh, grant me inspiration from the beam
Of liquid light that laughs in either eye,
Like twin stars mirror'd in the dimpling
stream." Etc., etc., etc.

How do you like the style ?

ICE. Beautiful ! Beautiful ! There's passion in every line.

FEATH. I wrote them to Eugenia before we were married—they gave the finishing blow to her disdain—her heart could not stand a double fire of love and poetry, and I carried off the prize from a dozen envious rivals.

ICE. But unfortunately I can't write poetry ; the muses nine did not smile upon my natal hour.

FEATH. Then you shall have the use of these. I'll warrant them killing ; read them, and present them to Mrs. Swandown. They'll do your business for you. (*ICEBROOK sits at table reading.*) Or stay—(*aside.*) He'll ruin everything with his modesty. If I could manage to introduce myself to the widow, and give the verses to her myself, in his name, with an eloquent appeal to her feelings—hinting that her cruelty has driven him to despair and brandy and water, which are rapidly hurrying him to an early grave—it could not possibly fail. Um ! but he must know nothing about it ; and how am I to introduce myself to her ? (*To ICEBROOK.*) Frank ! has Mrs. Swandown any particular passion ?

ICE. Passion ! What do you allude to ?

FEATH. Has she any fashionable mania

—for rare flowers, ugly china, parrots, poodles, or preachers ?

ICE. Ah, yes ; she's excessively fond of pets, and was especially attached to a beautiful Angola cat, lately deceased.

FEATH. An Angola cat ! (*Aside.*) I know where there's one to be sold. (*To ICEBROOK.*) Don't take any further trouble in the matter, my dear fellow—Mrs. Swandown is yours—ask me no questions, but I repeat she is yours. (*Takes album from table—aside.*) I'll copy the verses this moment in the library, and then fly to secure the Angola cat. Excuse me, Frank, for a few minutes.

ICE. Don't mind me—I'm going. (*Exit FEATHERLEY into library, taking album with him.*) What a capital fellow he is—so frank and generous with men, and so audacious with women. Why should not I be audacious with them too ? There's no reason why I shouldn't—nothing seems easier—it's only plucking up a little manly resolution, and marching boldly to the attack. I really fancy I feel sufficient courage at this moment to reveal the state of my heart to Mrs. Swandown.

Enter MRS. SWANDOWN and TRAP.

TRAP. My mistress will be home, ma'am, before one o'clock, if you will wait.

ICE. (*aside and starting.*) Mrs. Swandown ! I—bless me—my breath is quite gone !

MRS. S. No ; I think I will leave a note for her, if you will oblige me with writing materials.

TRAP. (*going to table.*) They are here, madame.

(*Arranges writing materials on table and exits.*)

MRS. S. (*perceiving ICEBROOK.*) Mr. Icebrook !

ICE. Yes—ha, ha ! How strangely people meet, Mrs. Swandown—I did not know you were acquainted with—our—my—friends, the Featherleys !

MRS. S. My acquaintance with them is as yet confined to Mrs. Featherley. We were friends and school-fellows, but I have not met her since we left Mrs. Twittenham's boarding-school. I heard by accident that she was married and had come to reside in town. I'm told Eugenia's husband is one of the most elegant fellows in London.

ICE. Hum—a—yes! He's all very well, but nothing particular.

MRS. S. But how is it I find you still in town? Two days ago you were on the wing for Paris!

ICE. (*with attempted gayety*). Yes—yes—but as Horatio says, "a truant disposition" keeps me in London. There are attractions which draw us in spite of ourselves, towards—hum—towards—(*getting embarrassed*)—the—a—that is—in the direction of a—(*aside*)—oh, lord!

MRS. S. (*smiling*). I can easily imagine the influence to which you allude, and which must be powerful indeed, since it moves one whom the world believes to be insensible.

ICE. (*eagerly*). Oh, the world don't know me—You don't know me—I don't know myself sometimes—but I feel—(*aside*)—Good heavens! I'm on the brink of a precipice—one word more and I'm over. Ah—I—can't get it out! Hah! I—

MRS. S. What's the matter, my dear Mr. Icebrook? you have such a strange look.

ICE. Hah! have I? It's nothing, I assure you. I wish you—um—a—good-morning. Hem! good-morning, Mrs. Swandown (*going*).

MRS. S. Stay a moment—I want your opinion about this ring, which my jeweller has just sent home (*holds out her hand*). What do you think of it?

ICE. Beautiful! superb! magnificent!

MRS. S. But you can't see it at that distance—come nearer, and look at it closely. How do you like the setting? Emeralds and pearls, you see.

ICE. (*still at a respectful distance*). Nothing can be finer!

MRS. S. But you have not examined the workmanship. Is it not remarkably delicate?

(*Gives him her hand, which he takes with evident embarrassment.*)

ICE. Superlatively delicate. (*Aside*.) I wonder is it her hand or mine that trembles so!

MRS. S. (*putting her hand close to his face*). Are not the pearls beautifully white?

ICE. (*abstractedly*). Deliciously white and—soft.

MRS. S. (*smiling*). Soft pearls!

ICE. (*confused*). No, no, I mean—smooth and taper—no, that's not it. (*Aside*.) I'm nearly at my last gasp.

MRS. S. Yet, do you know, the ring don't altogether please me. It's very pretty, but I should like something more plain. I wish you would select one for me—I leave the choice entirely to your own judgment.

ICE. To mine, Mrs. Swandown—to mine? But—I—ha, ha, ha!—you may dislike my choice.

MRS. S. Whatever it may be, I promise to wear it.

ICE. (*aside*). A daring thought has entered my head.

MRS. S. You can carry back this ring to the jeweller's.

ICE. Certainly—that ring—but—a—it's still on your finger.

MRS. S. I declare, so it is. Well—ha, ha, ha, ha! you may take it off.

ICE. May I? (*Aside*). I shall never be able to accomplish the delicate operation (*endeavoring to get off the ring*). This is too trying a situation—five galvanic batteries shooting their electric currents through my body. (*He gets the ring off.*) Hah! I have it.

MRS. S. (*aside, and going to table*). If that don't make him speak, the man is a downright fool. (*ICEBROOK is about to go.*) Wait a moment for me while I write a few lines to Mrs. Featherley.

ICE. (*aside*). I hope she's not going to take me in her brougham—I haven't nerve for that. Good gracious!—I'm all in a tremor! (*Puts on his hat.*) What a sweet little ring! (*Kisses the ring.*) I hope she didn't see me.

MRS. S. (*writing*). I'm so sorry to keep you, Mr. Icebrook.

ICE. Don't mention it—I'm not pressed for time.

MRS. S. There (*folding note—strikes table-gong*).

TRAP comes in.

When your mistress returns, give her that note. (*Leaves note on table.*) Now, Mr. Icebrook. (*She takes his arm, to his evident embarrassment—he does not move—she draws him gently on.*) Let us go.

ICE. I—I beg pardon. (*Walks rapidly, and pulls MRS. SWANDOWN after him.*)

Exeunt.

TRAP. Poor fellow! He don't seem to go comfortable in double harness.

Enter FEATHERLEY from library; he reads from a paper the first line or two of the poetry.

FEATH. That will do famously—there's a tenderness, a passionate earnestness in the lines that must subdue her, Trap!

TRAP. Sir!

Enter MRS. FEATHERLEY in a plain walking-dress.

FEATH. (*looking at his watch*). Let my horse be brought round in fifteen minutes—not a minute later. *Exit TRAP.*

MRS. F. Are you going to ride, Felix?

FEATH. Just a gallop in the park, my dear, for half an hour. I have still this racking headache, and the fresh air may do me good.

MRS. F. Do not seek to make excuses—I perceive the constraint you impose upon yourself when compelled to sacrifice any portion of your time in my company—my affectionate solicitude becomes irksome.

FEATH. Now, my dear, what could have put such an absurd idea in your head? It's perfectly ridiculous to fancy—

Enter TRAP, with cards on a salver, which he hands to MRS. FEATHERLEY.

MRS. F. (*reading cards*). "Major Wellington de Boots—Mrs. Wellington de Boots."

FEATH. (*aside*). A most fortunate interruption! Ah, my old friend, De Boots. I haven't seen the poor fellow since he was married. I suppose we are at home, my dear?

MRS. F. Certainly. Show the lady and gentleman up.

Exit TRAP.

FEATH. You remember Mrs. de Boots when she was Aurelia Mandeville?—we used to call her the patient angler.

MRS. F. Why, was she an adept in the ungentle craft?

FEATH. Oh, a perfect mistress of it—but not in the Waltonian sense—she employed her time in angling for a husband. She knew all the most killing baits for young greenhorns, tough bachelors, and elderly widowers—but somehow, though, poor Aurelia angled year after year at all the watering-places in England and the continent, the fish wouldn't bite. At length by a lucky cast on the Esplanade, at Hastings, she hooked my unwary friend, De Boots, and landed him one fine morning in the parish church, a married man. (*Aside*). By the bye, I hope she has forgotten that little flirtation we had

at Scarborough. I remember one beautiful moonlight evening, while wandering with her on the seashore, I was so carried away by my emotions that I threw myself on my knees in the sand at her feet, and—Ha, ha, ha! it was decidedly wrong, but I actually made her a declaration of love. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! (*Suddenly becoming serious*). What dreadful things we do in our mad youth!

Enter TRAP, followed by MAJOR and MRS. DE BOOTS.

TRAP. (*introducing them*). Major and Mrs. Wellington de Boots.

MRS. DE B. Eugenia, my sweet friend!

MRS. F. My dear Mrs. de Boots, this is most kind of you.

FEATH. Major, my dear fellow, I'm delighted to see you.

MAJOR. Thank you; thank you. We heard you had come to town, and hurried to see you. I have given up my bachelor liberty since we last met—joined the Benedictine corps. Duty rather severe—discipline strict.

MRS. DE B. Major!

MAJOR. But remarkably pleasant. Featherley, you know my Aurelia?

FEATH. I have the happiness of reckoning myself an old friend of Mrs. de Boots (*crosses to MRS. DE BOOTS*), and use the privilege of one. (*Kisses MRS. DE BOOTS' cheek*.)

MAJOR. Very good. Ha! recover arms! As you were!

MRS. DE B. Ha, ha, ha! (*She turns to MRS. FEATHERLEY*). Friendship's humble offering.

(*MRS. FEATHERLEY and MRS. DE BOOTS go up conversing into conservatory.*)

MAJOR. (*suppressing laughter*). I say—ha, ha, ha! Featherley—ha, ha, ha! are you aware you kissed my wife?

FEATH. Well, my dear fellow, I hope I have given no offence either to you or Mrs. de Boots.

MAJOR. Me!—not in the least. I'm not afraid of *you*—you're an old friend—but eod! I wonder *she* bore it so quietly—I dare not take such a liberty with her.

FEATH. No! ha, ha, ha! Is she so very particular?

MAJOR. Particular! She's a perfect porcupine of female propriety. You should see how she bristles up when I

overstep the bounds of delicate decorum.

FEATH. Ha, ha, ha! But you don't submit to it?

MAJOR. I do. It's inconvenient, certainly; but then, my Aurelia is a woman of such refined delicacy, such elevated sentiment, such a—

FEATH. Yes, I know.

MAJOR. Quite superior to me. She tells me that I can't comprehend her aspirations, because I'm not a homogeneous particle. But she's an exalted woman! In fact, I don't mind telling you, as a friend, I suspect she looks down upon me.

FEATH. How? Mentally, or physically?

MAJOR. Both, both, and I'm proud of it. I'm proud of being the husband of a woman who can look down upon me.

FEATH. Well, that's a matter of taste; but I should have fancied that you—a soldier—

MAJOR. In the militia—

FEATH. Even in the militia—I thought you would have asserted the dignity of a husband, and have maintained it, like a brave man.

MAJOR. My dear Felix—I call you Felix because I believe you're my best friend—I'll confide a secret to you. I'm not a brave man.

FEATH. Pooh, nonsense! Everybody knows that beneath that braided breast of yours beats the heart of a lion.

MAJOR. Everybody's deceived, as everybody generally is; it's not the heart of a lion, but of a mouse—the meekest of mice. I confess to you, I'm an impostor—a humbug—a swindle; but the fault's not mine—nature and my godfathers and godmothers are alone to blame. Nature bestowed on me a warlike pair of whiskers, and my godfathers and godmothers gave me the name of Wellington. I couldn't help it—and so I have been obliged to support the courageous character attached to the name with the smallest amount of pluck that ever fell to the lot of mortal man.

FEATH. Ha, ha, ha! Rather a difficult task, Major. But how have you managed to gain a reputation for bravery?

MAJOR. By bounce—by tremendous bounce—you have no idea how bounce carries a man through the world.

FEATH. And your wife—does she believe in your lion courage?

MAJOR. Oh, no—ha, ha!—she knows

me. Bounce won't do with her—and she snubs me accordingly.

MRS. FEATHERLEY and MRS. DE BOOTS re-enter from the conservatory at the same time. TRAP enters, and gives MRS. FEATHERLEY a card.

But then she's such a superior woman. Hem!

MRS. DE B. (in a sentimental tone). Felix—pardon the familiarity of former times—I should say, Mr. Featherley—how very odd; but when I gathered this blushing rose just now—ha, ha!—it brought to mind a sweet sentiment—you may remember—

FEATH. Oh, yes, I recollect it perfectly!

MAJOR. He never forgets anything.

MRS. DE B. Major!

MAJOR. Present!

MRS. F. Will you excuse me, Mrs. de Boots? Our lawyer, whom I must see on particular business, has called. Pray, don't leave till I return—I have a thousand apologies to make.

MRS. DE B. Don't mention it, dear Eugenia. (FEATHERLEY goes to door with MRS. FEATHERLEY.)

MAJOR. We're in no hurry this morning.

MRS. DE B. (apart, to MAJOR). I must have left my handkerchief in the brougham, or dropped it on the stairs. Go and seek for it, Major.

MAJOR. Certainly, my love. On the stairs—in the brougham?

MRS. DE B. Or somewhere.

MAJOR. Or somewhere—I'll be sure to find it if it's somewhere! *Exit.*

MR. and MRS. FEATHERLEY have been conversing apart at the door. MRS. FEATHERLEY now exits and FEATHERLEY comes down on her—MRS. DE BOOTS has seated herself in a pensive attitude at table.

FEATH. My dear madame!

MRS. DE B. (affects to start). Ah, Felix! Excuse my abstraction—Mr. Featherley—but fond memory will bring back the feeling which propriety forbids in present positions—you're married—and I hope happy.

FEATH. I have every reason to be so; and you I trust have found happiness in the man you have selected.

MRS. DE B. (sighs). Ah! don't probe that wound too deeply. De Boots loves

me, but our souls don't assimilate—he's not a homogeneous particle.

FEATH. But he's a capital little fellow, and so good-tempered.

MRS. DE B. Yes, he's tractable enough, but *(confidentially)* so dreadfully jealous!

FEATH. Jealous! Impossible!

MRS. DE B. Ah, you might not think it; but he's a white Othello—a perfect demon when his suspicions are aroused.

FEATH. But your character, my dear madame, is irreproachable—calumny itself never dared to utter a word in disparagement of virtue so impregnable.

MRS. DE B. *(looking around in alarm)*. For heaven's sake don't speak so loud. Hah! you don't know the unsuspected thorn that rankles in my bosom—the hidden sorrow that consumes me.

FEATH. *(aside)*. She don't seem to waste much by consumption.

MRS. DE B. You cannot guess the secret, the terrible secret which I am now going to confide to you.

FEATH. To *me*, madame! to *me*? The confidence is highly flattering—but excuse the suggestion, would not the Major, your husband, be the proper depository for it?

MRS. DE B. He! Oh—no—no! You—*you*—Felix—pardon my forgetfulness, Mr. Featherley—you are my friend—you are everybody's friend!

FEATH. So I am, but—*(aside)* what dreadful revelation is she about making?

MRS. DE B. Listen to my agonizing recital. *(Sits down.)*

FEATHERLEY *runs to the door to see that no one is listening, then returns and sits beside her.*

FEATH. Now, my dear madame, I am ready for your harrowing history.

MRS. DE B. *(sighs)*. I was young, innocent, and confiding, when I first met the most elegant and falsest of men at Ramsgate—

FEATH. At Ramsgate! *(Aside.)* Hum! I'm glad it wasn't at Scarborough!

MRS. DE B. Under the aristocratic title of Count Videpoche—he sought to win my affections.

FEATH. Miscreant!

MRS. DE B. That, however, I could have forgiven—

FEATH. Certainly—certainly—and so could I!

MRS. DE B. He sang the newest opera

airs to me, and in the evening we walked together.

FEATH. By moonlight?

MRS. DE B. By the softest of moonlight.

FEATH. On the sands?

MRS. DE B. On the smooth silver sands.

FEATH. *(aside)*. Ah, the old story!

MRS. DE B. He vowed in the tenderest broken English to love me.

FEATH. And, as usual, his vows were as broken as his English. The scoundrel deserted you?

MRS. DE B. Worse, far worse, he married me. My little fortune I placed in his hands, and he went to Paris, where soon after—pardon this emotion—the count was arrested one morning at breakfast, on a charge of—how shall I utter the dreadful word—on a charge of swindling.

FEATH. Dear me! A little eccentricity of the count's to which the prejudices of society are rather opposed.

MRS. DE B. He wasn't even a count—he was nothing better than an ex-waiter at a café. At all events he was tried, found guilty, and sent to the galleys for twenty years; but he broke his noble heart, and died before twelve months were over *(sobbing)*, leaving me with a sweet little cherub—

FEATH. Oh, oh! a limited liability in long clothes—

MRS. DE B. My angel Adolphe! I returned with him to England without delay; and in order to avoid impertinent observations, I resumed my maiden name, put my sweet babe privately to nurse, and stifled the feelings of a mother.

FEATH. *(aside)*. The romantic Aurelia a mother! But what did De Boots say to this?

MRS. DE B. Oh, he knows nothing about it. Men are such strange creatures, they object to these family incumbrances—and De Boots has no enlarged sympathies. Up to the present moment I have contrived to keep the secret from him; but now I'm in a dreadful dilemma, for the woman with whom I placed my darling Adolphe in the country is dead, and they're about sending the child home to me.

FEATH. Hem! that's decidedly awkward.

MRS. DE B. Distressingly so—but I have confidence in your friendship, Felix

—pardon inadvertent liberty—Mr. Featherley—you can confer an eternal obligation on me by assisting me out of this embarrassing difficulty.

FEATH. Me, my dear madame? (*Aside.*) She means to throw the little cherub on my hands. Well—a—the—the matter, as you observe, is embarrassing, and inexperienced as I am in infantine arrangements, what can I possibly do with your angel?

MRS. DE B. You may procure a protector for him—one who would cherish my sweet blossom.

MAJOR (*is heard speaking without*). It's very extraordinary, very extraordinary, indeed.

MRS. DE B. (*alarmed*). There's my husband!

FEATH. Your husband! (*Reflecting a moment.*) You shall have a protector for your Adolphe—I promise it, and it shall be done—I have the guardian of unprotected innocence in my eye. Step into the conservatory for a few minutes. Stop, one moment—how old is the cherub?

MRS. DE B. Four years next month.

FEATH. That will do.

MRS. DE BOOTS *exits hastily into conservatory, and FEATHERLEY seats himself at table in a desponding attitude. DE BOOTS looks in at door.*

MAJOR (*at door*). I can't find the handkerchief anywhere. Ah—

Enter DE BOOTS.

She's not here.

FEATH. (*soliloquizing*). Oh, that I had but one friend in the world—one kind disinterested friend—one noble-hearted friend to whom I could turn and say—(*turns towards DE BOOTS*) De Boots is the man. (*Starting up and shaking DE BOOTS' hand warmly.*) You'll be the protector of innocence—won't you, my dear fellow?—say you will.

MAJOR. Will—of course! But you seem excited—sit down and tell me calmly what I can do for you.

FEATH. Generous man! Incomparable DE BOOTS! You consent then, to receive the sacred trust.

MAJOR. What sacred trust? Explain yourself.

FEATH. I will. My story is brief, but pathetic. Sit down. (*They sit.*) In early life I loved an angelic being who shall be nameless—I was loved in return, but a

haughty parent's will forbade our union. We fled together one dark night.

MAJOR. Oh! where did you fly to?

FEATH. To an undiscovered island in the Pacific Ocean. There we pledged our hearts on nature's eternal altar, and there, like Juan and Haidée, we lived for three years in a stalactite cavern by the sea shore on periwinkles. Ah! you cannot imagine the happiness of Periwinkles and Freedom.

MAJOR. No, but I've an historical recollection of *Wilkes and Liberty*.

FEATH. Happiness, my dear friend, is transitory. My beloved Oriana caught the whooping-cough and died—and I returned broken-hearted to my native land, with one sweet blossom of our love—a beautiful boy.

MAJOR. Good gracious! your little tale becomes deeply interesting.

FEATH. I concealed his existence from the whole world—(*mysteriously*) especially from my wife—she is—

MAJOR (*mysteriously*). Yes, I know—they all are.

FEATH. Circumstances, which I need not explain, now oblige me to resign the child to some dear friend who will preserve my secret, and be a father to the boy. You're the man for the solemn trust.

MAJOR. Me, a father! Oh, impossible—quite impossible.

FEATH. Nothing is impossible to friendship—and in the delicate position in which I am placed—

MAJOR (*starting up*). What is your delicate position to mine—don't ask me—I wish I could oblige you, but I can't. (*Walking to and fro followed by FEATHERLEY.*)

FEATH. My dear Major—

MAJOR. I tell you I can't.

FEATH. A charming little prattler.

MAJOR. I hate prattlers. I never let one of them come near me—I've a natural antipathy to them.

FEATH. But you'll learn to love this sweet cherub, as if it were your own.

MAJOR. I'd strangle or drown the cherub in the waterbutt, before a week.

FEATH. No you wouldn't.

MAJOR. I tell you I would.

FEATH. I know the tenderness of your heart too well to believe you. You'll take the child.

MAJOR. Zounds, sir, do you think I'm to be bullied into doing what I've an ob-

jection to? I have already expressed my determination in decided terms, and I now emphatically say—damme, sir—keep your child yourself.

FEATH. Gently, gently, Major—keep your temper—I can be as decided as you, and I have made up my mind that you shall receive the child.

MAJOR. Ho, you have! Perhaps you take me for a foundling hospital?

FEATH. No; but as, in a moment of unguarded friendship, I made you the depositary of a secret which I have confided to no other person:—you cannot shrink from the responsibility of the attitude you have assumed.

MAJOR. What do you call an attitude? I never assumed an attitude in my life—and I don't want any responsibility.

FEATH. Major de Boots, I find I have been the victim of misplaced confidence—you have betrayed my friendship, sir, and I shall expect satisfaction from you.

MAJOR. Satisfaction! Ho, ho! my dear Featherley, why will you talk in that savage and bloodthirsty strain? Between friends—for you are my friend—I really wish I could oblige you. (*Grasps his hand.*) But there's Mrs. de Boots to be consulted—what would that superior woman say to me if I was to introduce a miscellaneous little stranger from the Pacific Ocean to our domestic hearth?

FEATH. I'll answer for her; she'll make no objection—consult her—confide my secret to her, and let her decide—she's in the conservatory—go to her this moment—go.

MAJOR. Very well; but mind, she'll never consent—I know she won't—a woman of her severe principles.

He goes into the conservatory, and joins

MRS. DE BOOTS, with whom he appears to enter into earnest conversation.

FEATH. So I fancy I have managed that matter to the satisfaction of all parties.

Enter MRS. FEATHERLEY—she has a bundle of law papers in her hand.

MRS. F. My dear Felix, your solicitor tells me it is necessary that you should examine these papers immediately—when you have done so, I am ready to accompany you to the flower-show.

FEATH. (*aside*). Hem!—that's awkward—for I have Icebrook's affair to at-

tend to. (*Looking at MRS. FEATHERLEY's bonnet.*) Good heavens! Eugenia, you don't imagine I could compromise myself with such a bonnet at Chiswick.

MRS. F. What is wrong with it?

FEATH. Why, my dear, it positively belongs to the antediluvian animals—to a race of bonnets before the flood. (*Aside.*) That's a good come off.

MRS. F. Yet it is the very bonnet in which you once said you admired my face so much.

FELIX. So I might—but taste changes, and the prettiest bonnets go out of fashion. (*aside*) like the prettiest faces.

Enter, from the conservatory, MAJOR and MRS. DE BOOTS.

MRS. DE B. Well, now, we really must go—we only waited to say good-bye.

MAJOR (*aside*). I'm perfectly confounded!

MRS. DE B. I haven't mentioned to you that we have removed to Bayswater, where I hope my Eugenia will sometimes fly, to cheer her friend's solitude:—just now we are being painted and papered; but I'll drop you a note, dear, as soon as we get settled.

MAJOR (*aside*). It's something I can't comprehend.

MRS. F. Don't forget, then. Stay; you must take a few flowers with you.

MRS. FEATHERLEY and MRS. DE BOOTS go to a console table—MRS. FEATHERLEY selects some flowers from a vase on the table, and gives them to MRS. DE BOOTS.

MRS. DE B. Thanks, dear—flowers are my passion.

While the TWO LADIES are at the table, FEATHERLEY enters—he has a note in his hand, which he hastily puts in his pocket—MAJOR beckons him.

MAJOR (*aside to FEATHERLEY*). It's done—Aurelia has consented.

FEATH. (*aside to MAJOR*). I knew she would.

MAJOR (*aside to FEATHERLEY*). So far from raising any objection, she seemed delighted at the proposal.

FEATH. (*aside to MAJOR*). Quite natural, and only what I expected. The fact is, my dear De Boots, if you only touch a woman's sympathies you can do anything with her.

MAJOR (*aside, to FEATHERLEY*). I could never touch my Aurelia's sympathies. (MRS. FEATHERLEY and MRS. DE BOOTS *make their adieux*.)

MRS. DE B. Come, Major. Mr. Featherley (*significantly*), our visit has been most delightful.

Enter TRAP.

TRAP. Your horse is at the door, sir.

FEATH. Very well. (*To MRS. FEATHERLEY*.) Put the papers aside till to-morrow, or the next day. I really cannot give my mind to business to-day—my hat and gloves, Trap—or can't you look over them yourself, my dear—my whip—you have such a clear head for business—I trust everything to your discretion and judgment. (*TRAP gives FEATHERLEY his hat, gloves and whip, and exits.*)

MRS. F. (*reproachfully*). You are going, then?

FEATH. Can't possibly avoid it, my dear. You know how irksome it is to me to be engaged in other people's affairs; but a man cannot live in this world without making sacrifices.

MRS. F. (*aside*). For everybody but the one who would sacrifice all to him.

FELIX (*kisses her cheek carelessly*). Good-bye, love—don't wait dinner for me—so sorry to leave you—but you don't mind being alone.

Exit with MAJOR and MRS. DE BOOTS.

MRS. F. (*apart, sadly*). Alone—'tis the wife's fate.

The papers drop from her hand, and she hides her face in her handkerchief, as FEATHERLEY, MAJOR and MRS. DE BOOTS exeunt.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*An apartment handsomely furnished on the ground floor of Mrs. Swandown's house, at Maida Hill.*

FANNY, *Mrs. Swandown's maid, discovered feeding and tending the pets under the veranda.*

Enter FANNY.

FANNY. There—there, I've done with them—the cats, the dogs, and the birds

are all fed. I do really wonder how my mistress can be so fond of pets! (*At the parrot's cage.*) There's a nice biscuit for you, Polly. If Mrs. Swandown was an ugly, frumpish old maid, it wouldn't be surprising; but to see a woman young enough, and rich enough to have her pick out of a dozen of good-looking young fellows, hugging a poodle—agh! it's dreadful!—that's what it is. I wish there was a law against a woman kissing any brute, except one on two legs. (*Looking off at back.*) Bless me, what's that in the garden? I declare, it's that funny looking little military gentleman, who has come to live in missus's house, next door. (*MAJOR DE BOOTS appears in the garden.*) He must have crossed the fence between the gardens.

Enter MAJOR DE BOOTS.

MAJOR. Hem! Ha, young woman! is your mistress, Mrs. Swandown, at home?

FANNY. I believe so, sir.

MAJOR. Pray, inform her the gentleman next door, Major Wellington de Boots, has done himself the honor to call upon her on a matter of business.

FANNY. I'll tell her, sir.

MAJOR. Don't forget—*Major Wellington de Boots!*

Exit FANNY.

It's remarkable; although I have been Mrs. Swandown's tenant for three weeks, I have never seen her yet—I tried repeatedly to obtain admission at the front door, but I have been invariably repulsed on the door mat. At last, by a bold military manœuvre, and a rapid flank movement, I've taken the enemy in the rear. I dare say she's a vulgar, purse-proud commodity, the relic of some respectable soap-boiling or dry-salting firm in the city.

Enter MRS. SWANDOWN and FANNY.

FANNY. My mistress, sir! (MRS. SWANDOWN *courtesies*.)

FANNY exits.

MAJOR (*bows with extravagant politeness*). Mrs. Swandown, pardon the liberty I have taken in overstepping the absurdly low fence which the rights of property have raised between our respective gardens. (*Aside.*) She's a remarkably fine woman!

MRS. S. Major de Boots, I believe—

MAJOR. Major Wellington de Boots,

madame, your new tenant and semi-detached neighbor.

MRS. S. I trust, Major, you have no reason to regret our relations? To me they are in every respect agreeable.

MAJOR. And perfectly so to me, Mrs. Swandown. (*Aside.*) Upon my word, she's a very charming sort of woman. (*Aloud.*) It isn't often that fortune favors a tenant with a lady—I should say, a landlady, so prepossessing in appearance, so amiable in manners, so attractive in—

MRS. S. Pardon me, Major, I understood you had business with me.

MAJOR. Oh, yes—business, certainly, but—ha, ha, ha! 'pon my life, Mrs. Swandown, the pleasure of conversing with you puts business completely out of my head. I wished to speak to you about a few repairs which my house requires.

MRS. S. In that case, I must refer you to my agent, to whom I leave these matters entirely.

MAJOR (*aside*). I'm not going to abandon my position so easily. Hem! hem! (*To her.*) But there are occasions, my dear madame, when it may be more agreeable to the principals to come to a personal understanding—mutual confidence, you know.

MRS. S. (*laughing*). Well, Major, although I shall always be happy to merit your confidence, I don't see how I can make you a suitable return.

MAJOR. My dear madame, don't mention return—nothing could be more disagreeable, for I was about to observe that every chimney in our house smokes.

MRS. S. I'm really very sorry—it must be exceedingly unpleasant—some chimneys do smoke when the wind is in a particular point.

MAJOR. So I'm told; but my chimneys make a particular point of smoking all round the points of the compass. Look at me, Mrs. Swandown, my nearest friends are beginning to doubt my identity—I'm rapidly assuming the appearance of a Yarmouth bloater or a London sparrow:—as Hamlet says, "To this complexion have I come."

MRS. S. I'm truly concerned—only say what you will have done.

MAJOR. Well—a—I should think, as the chimneys will only draw the wrong way, if they were turned upside down it might effect a cure.

MRS. S. (*laughing*). All I can say is,

that I will endeavor to have the cause of complaint removed without delay. I regret exceedingly I should have been the unconscious means of injuring your complexion.

MAJOR. Oh, never mind, brown is a soldierly color, and it's pleasant to know that a man may, if he pleases, convert himself into a statue of bronze by his own fireside.

MRS. S. But bronze is a metal, Major, that you will never be at a loss for.

MAJOR. Oh, no, never! Ha, ha! thank you! (*Aside.*) She's really very complimentary! (*Aloud.*) I don't think I've anything else to observe—so I wish you good-morning, Mrs. Swandown.

MRS. S. Good-morning, Major. (*Aside.*) What an odd little man!

MAJOR (*aside, and going*). She's remarkably engaging! (*Going, returns.*) By-the-bye, Mrs. Swandown, I forgot to mention, that all the locks in the house are out of order, and not one of the bolts will shoot.

MRS. S. We must have the bolts put in a state of military efficiency, Major.

MAJOR. I'm very much obliged. Good-morning, Mrs. Swandown. (*Going, stops.*) I beg your pardon, there's another little matter has just struck me;—the boiler in the back kitchen has a hole burnt through it.

MRS. S. I will give directions for a new boiler, if that will satisfy you.

MAJOR. Oh, perfectly—perfectly. Good-morning, Mrs. Swandown. (*Aside, going.*) She can refuse me nothing. (*Stops, returns.*) Ah, I had nearly forgotten—the paper for the drawing-room—we must talk about the paper.

MRS. S. My dear sir, pray take a *carte blanche* for the paper, and let me hear no more about it.

MAJOR. Nothing can be more satisfactory. I can think of nothing else at present. I wish you good-morning, Mrs. Swandown. Ha, ah! (*Going, returns.*) I'll come in again by-and-bye. Good-morning! *Exit.*

MRS. S. I thought I never should have got rid of him.

Enter FANNY.

FANNY. Mrs. Featherley, ma'am.

Enter MRS. FEATHERLEY—MRS. SWANDOWN runs to embrace and welcome her.

MRS. S. My dear Eugenia, thanks for this early visit.

MRS. F. I was so vexed at not being at home when you called yesterday—it's so long since we met, and yet it seems only the other day that we were eating thick bread and butter, and going to bed at nine o'clock, at Mrs. Twittenham's school.

MRS. S. I hope, now, you've come to spend a long day with me—we shall have such a delightful chat about old times—but where is your husband? I'm dying to see him. Why did you not bring him with you?

MRS. F. Oh, he was engaged—he generally is engaged.

MRS. S. Come, sit down. Tell me, what is he like—is he good-looking, kind, affectionate, domestic;—does he, in short, resemble the fancy portrait you used to draw of the man whom you would select as your partner for life? I remember how you painted this imaginary paragon of yours—youthful as love—handsome as Adonis—brave as a lion—gay as a summer bird—witty, without malice, and learned, without display:—kind and affable to all, but tender, loving, and constant only to you.

MRS. F. (*sighs*). Ah, that was a school-girl's ideal; reality paints with very different colors.

MRS. S. Ah, then you have discovered the delusion we practise on ourselves, and find that the idol you fancied was pure gold has proved to be an image of common clay.

MRS. F. 'Tis too true. We have only been married twelve months, and already my husband treats me with a coldness that his politeness cannot conceal.

MRS. S. Impossible, my dear Eugenia—impossible! if he ever loved you.

MRS. F. He *did* love me—oh, most devotedly!

MRS. S. And how have you let his heart escape?

MRS. F. I know not—I am sure, to please him, I have neglected the world—his interests have engrossed all my thoughts; the hours which a woman of my age usually spends at her toilet, I have given to regulating his household.

MRS. S. Hem! Interests—household—go on, my dear.

MRS. F. No wife ever attended more closely to her domestic duties:—to devote myself to them I have given up my music,

drawing and accomplishments:—as for my economy, I have carried it even to my own dress, which you see is of the plainest description.

MRS. S. Plain, indeed—and men, unfortunately, are too apt to confound a woman with her dress. Mr. Featherley is doubtless a man of taste.

MRS. F. Exquisite. And you think, then—

MRS. S. I think you have neglected the very means by which you could have retained his affections. Instead of worrying him by details of housekeeping and monotonous lectures on domestic economy, you should endeavor to charm him as you used to do, by your wit, your gayety, and your accomplishments—sing to him, play to him, dance to him, if he will; fascinate him by your graces; even pique him by your coquetry, for these are the cages in which we keep men's hearts our prisoners.

MRS. F. How, Julia! do you recommend me to employ such frivolous arts with a sensible man?

MRS. S. Ah, my dear, the most sensible men are fools where our sex is concerned. As to those arts you call frivolous, they are the only weapons nature has given us; and if we employ them to gain a victory, why should we neglect them to secure a conquest?

MRS. F. Perhaps you're right; but is a wife's truth, her affection, her virtue, to go for nothing?

MRS. S. Oh, no, they will always command the respect and esteem of a husband; but if you want to fix his love, you must employ a little artifice, a little delicate management. Be yourself the centre of those pleasures which attract him; surround yourself with all that he admires, all that can please him, and never neglect those accomplishments which first charmed him in you.

MRS. F. And then—?

MRS. S. Then, my dear, the neglected wife will become the enthroned mistress of his heart.

MRS. F. But if Featherley, as I dread, has formed an attachment elsewhere?

MRS. S. Ah, that would be serious:—still, I see no occasion to despair of bringing back the wanderer. I will lay my life that your rival, if you have one, cannot boast the graces of mind and person which you possess, but want confidence to use.

MRS. F. I confess, this is to me a new chapter in the matrimonial code. And you, Julia, who have studied so deeply the science of conquering the hearts of others, how have you defended your own?

MRS. S. Well—ha, ha, ha, ha! if I have a heart—which I don't positively assert—I fear it is gone where I shall never be able to recover it.

MRS. F. Oh, that would be dreadful. You cannot surely mean to devote the remainder of your life to cats, dogs and parrots.

MRS. S. Heigho! I fear that will be my fate. They, at least, return the affection I bestow upon them; but the only man whom I could like or love is so—so—oh, I have no patience with him—he's so insensible, or so cold that I can make no impression on him.

MRS. F. Some men are slow to warm—give him a little time, Julia.

MRS. S. Time! Why, if he had been a man of brass, he has had time, not only to warm, but to melt; and I know I never spared the fuel. But though I've given him every modest encouragement to speak, the wretch remains provokingly dumb.

(*Knock at the hall door outside.*)

MRS. F. Visitors! you must allow me to leave you—I am not in spirits to meet strangers.

MRS. S. You shall not think of going—I have a thousand things to say to you still.

Enter FANNY—MRS. SWANDOWN gives her a card.

(*Reads card.*) "Mr. David Bangle." Bangle! I have no recollection of the name! However, show the gentleman in, Fanny.

Exit FANNY.

And you, dear, step into my boudoir until I have dismissed my visitor. (*She opens door of boudoir.*) He shall not remain long.

MRS. F. Oh, never mind. I can amuse myself with your books and portfolios.

Exit into boudoir.

Enter FEATHERLEY, carrying an open basket in which is an Angola cat, covered with a silk handkerchief.

MRS. S. Mr. Bangle! (*Looking at his card.*)

FEATH. Bangle—David Bangle, madame—from the coast of Africa. You have never been to the coast of Africa. I can assure you it's a delightful climate—not much warmer than the opera house in the dog days—population dark, but intelligent—the perfection to which the natives have arrived in the art of cooking missionaries is proof of a high state of civilization.

MRS. S. I have no doubt of it, sir, but really—

FEATH. I know what you're going to say—you don't perceive what the sanitary and social condition of Africa has to do with my appearance here to-day—that's coming. Africa is celebrated, as Pinnock and other popular authors inform us, for the production of gold dust, elephant's teeth, Ethiopian minstrels, and Angola cats.

MRS. S. Well, sir!

FEATH. One of the last-named beautiful animals I have brought here for your inspection. (*Puts basket on table, takes off the handkerchief which covers the basket, and exhibits the cat lying on a silk cushion.*) There, madame!

MRS. S. (*delighted*). Oh, the lovely creature!

FEATH. I knew you would be charmed with it, madame. Observe the elegance of its shape, the softness of its fur, and the gentleness of its manners.

MRS. S. It is a beauty. What is the price of it, Mr. Bangle?

FEATH. Price, madame! Good heavens, madame—do you think any money could purchase such a treasure? (*Aside.*) I paid five guineas for it. No, madame, no—the creature is not for sale; deign to accept it as the humble offering of one who respects and admires you.

MRS. S. Oh, Mr. Bangle! (*Looks at the cat.*) The sweet beauty! (*Aside.*) This cannot be a dealer in animals—as I fancied; some unknown admirer of mine, I'll wager, who has hit on this ingenious expedient to introduce himself to me. Ha, ha, ha, ha! let us see what he is like. I scarcely know, Mr. Bangle, that I should accept this valuable present—it would be a robbery.

FEATH. A trifle, madame—a mere trifle—nothing to the robberies you daily commit.

MRS. S. Robberies!

FEATH. Call them by the milder term

of petty larcenies—larcenies of hearts, madame—hearts most precious to their unhappy owners, but on which you set no value. You steal them for sport as boys do birds' eggs, to display as trophies of your cruel pastime.

MRS. S. Good heavens, Mr. Bangle—what a monster you would make of me. Do you imagine I hang the hearts of martyred lovers round my neck amongst my trinkets and charms?

FEATH. To hang so near your charms, madame, would make all men wish to be martyrs.

MRS. S. (*aside*). A pretty compliment. Ah, if Frank Ioebrook had spoken it.

FEATH. (*aside*). She begins to soften.

MRS. S. I think, Mr. Bangle, this interview has lasted long enough—I have a friend waiting for me (*going*).

FEATH. One moment, Mrs. Swandown. (*Aside*.) I must strike the blow now.

MRS. FEATHERLEY appears at door, she starts on seeing her husband, clings to the door for support, and remains an unobserved witness of what passes.

FEATH. The secret that consumes a fond heart must be disclosed.

MRS. S. Another martyr (*laughing aside*).

FEATH. Despise not the adoration of one who never loved woman but you, whose hopes of happiness hang upon your lips, whose life is in your hands. (*Drops on one knee and rummages his pockets—*MRS. FEATHERLEY, *covering her face with her hands, retires into boudoir—*FEATHERLEY *pulls a letter out of his pockets.*) I repeat, in your hands; and who implores you to cast your eye over these few verses—(*gives her the letter*)—the last, perhaps, that ever his trembling hand will trace.

(*A slight scream heard in the boudoir.*)

MRS. S. What was that?

Enter FANNY, hastily, from the boudoir.

FANNY. Oh, madame, madame, the lady has fainted!

FEATH. (*jumping up*). Fainted! Lady! what lady? where is she? Allow me to offer my services as a friend.

MRS. S. You must excuse me, my maid and I can render her any assistance she requires.

FEATH. Oh, I don't wish to intrude,

but as I once had an idea of studying medicine, I thought that in a case of emergency I might be permitted as a professional friend.

(MRS. SWANDOWN *goes into boudoir.*)

FEATH. (*to FANNY, who is following*). I say—hum! who is she—the fainting lady—is she young—pretty, eh? what's her name?

FANNY. Don't know!

Exit into boudoir, and closes the door.

FEATH. Well, now, that's devilish provoking—just as I was making such irresistible love for my friend—or myself—for in the ardor of my passion—I mean of his passion, I was not particular—to be interrupted at such a juncture—who the deuce can this fainting lady be! (*He runs to the door and tries to peep through the keyhole.*) It's impossible to get a glimpse of her. (MAJOR DE BOOTS *is seen coming through the garden.*) This is downright ingratitude—it's not treating me like a friend.

DE BOOTS enters through door at back—he carries several rolls of room paper under his arm.

MAJOR. My dear Mrs. Swandown, here I am again.

(FEATHERLEY turns suddenly, and they recognize each other with an exclamation of surprise.)

MAJOR. Ha, Mr. Featherley! (*To-*

FEATH. Ha, Major! } *gether.*)

MAJOR. What are you doing here? I didn't know you were acquainted with Mrs. Swandown.

FEATH. Not know it! ha, ha! very extraordinary—very! Have I never mentioned to you that I'm her particular friend?

MAJOR. Never!

FEATH. Well, that is singular. But, my dear Major, I must inform you, in strict confidence, I'm here on a diplomatic mission.

MAJOR. A diplomatic mission!

FEATH. Of a very delicate nature—purely an act of friendship. You'll not be offended, if I ask you not to know me—let us be perfect strangers.

MAJOR (*shaking his hand*). With the greatest pleasure, my dear fellow; what's the use of a friend if you can't make a stranger of him?

FEATH. But you seem to be quite at home here—on a pleasant, familiar footing, eh?

MAJOR. Oh, ah, yes! *en famille, en famille*, as we say. I'm Mrs. Swandown's tenant and semi-detached neighbor. Remarkably fine woman, she is—eh?

FEATH. Charming—charming! Every glance of her joy-giving eyes shoots directly to your heart. Then her voice—did you ever hear anything so deliciously musical?

MAJOR. A speaking nightingale!

FEATH. And her figure—there's a matchless form, in which the gently undulating graces of the Medicean Venus seem to blend and melt into the richly-rounded outlines of the—

MAJOR. Stop! don't—it's too much. D'ye know I ventured to pay her one or two compliments, and she actually smiled on me—evidently struck by my martial bearing—hey! "None but the brave deserve the fair."

FEATH. Hallo! Major, I'll tell your wife.

MAJOR. Hey, you won't do that—d—n it, no—if I admire Mrs. Swandown, it's purely in a military capacity—the professional gallantry of a soldier.

FEATH. Hush! she is here!

MRS. SWANDOWN *enters from boudoir*.

MRS. S. (*aside*). Poor dear Eugenia, I pity her from my soul! to think that chance should have brought her here to discover her husband in the *soi-disant* Mr. Bangle. We are both insulted, and if we do not punish him as he deserves—(*Sees DE BOOTS.*) Oh, that tormenting little tenant of mine again!

MAJOR. Mrs. Swandown—hem—I have brought some pieces of room paper for you to select a pattern. (*Rolls out one of the pieces.*) There, what is your opinion of that?

MRS. S. Really, Major, I am the worst judge.

MAJOR. Don't say so. You have an exquisite taste and a fine eye—hem—for color. (*Unrolls some of the pieces of paper.*) There! how d'ye like that nice all-over pattern?

MRS. S. Vulgar!

MAJOR. Well, I quite agree with you. (*Unrolls another piece.*) Ha! there's a beautiful design—red and blue stripe—fine bold pattern—nice for trousers or a tuck-up skirt.

MRS. S. Horrid!

MAJOR. I think it's dreadful. (*Unrolls another piece.*) Now, that's not so bad.

MRS. S. (*doubtingly*). M—m—m, I don't much care for it!

MAJOR. Neither do I—ha! (*Unrolls another piece.*) Ah, you won't fancy that.

MRS. S. Well, I decidedly do. I particularly admire dove color.

MAJOR. It's very extraordinary, I have always had a particular partiality for dove color. How wonderfully our tastes agree. (*Aside.*) Dove rhymes with love. Good gracious! if she should—the idea is tremendous.

FEATH. (*speaking half aside to Mrs. SWANDOWN*). Mrs. Swandown, I wish you good-morning. (*In an undertone.*) Is there any hope?

MRS. S. (*mysteriously*). Hush!—don't go.

FEATH. I—I really fear I must. (*Looking at his watch.*) An engagement that cannot be postponed, and—(*looks uneasily at MAJOR.*)

MRS. S. (*apart to him*). I am absolute here, Mr. Bangle, and I command you to remain. (*He bows.*)

MAJOR (*coming down and taking her apart*). There's another matter, Mrs. Swandown, I wish to mention to you. One of our chimneys is in a most dangerous state—a deflection of ten degrees from the perpendicular. Fancy my feelings, going to bed at night with the idea of finding myself buried under a stack of chimneys in the morning—just come into the garden and look at it.

MRS. S. I have perfect confidence in your report, Major.

MAJOR. But I shan't be satisfied till you have seen it—it won't take you a moment.

MRS. S. (*aside*). I can only get rid of him by complying. Well, we'll hold a survey upon the chimney.

MAJOR. That's right—"Come into the garden, Maud."

(*He gives her his arm, and they go into the garden.*)

FEATH. Humph, ha! I don't quite understand these confidential communications between Mrs. Swandown and De Boots. I fancy my eloquence did not make the impression on her I expected. Once I thought I detected her suppressing a laugh while I was making a most pa-

thetic appeal. (*Knock at hall door outside.*) Hey! Confound it! 'tis Icebrook himself! What shall I say—how shall I explain my ingenious plan for making love for him by proxy? especially as I'm not certain that I have succeeded; on the contrary, I'm not sure that I have not rendered him and myself ridiculous. (*DE BOOTS is heard laughing in the garden.*) I dare say she and that infernal little De Boots are laughing at us.

Enter ICEBROOK.

ICE. Very well, I'll wait! (*Sees FEATHERLEY.*) Bless me, Featherley, you here! What are you doing in this house?

FEATH. My dear Frank, curiosity is a passion unworthy of a noble mind—you should endeavor to get rid of that objectionable habit of asking questions—you don't perceive it yourself, but your friends do.

ICE. Do they? I'm very much obliged to you then for telling me—but how long have you known Mrs. Swandown?

FEATH. There you go again—I'll not answer you—you shall die of curiosity before I tell you!

(*MRS. SWANDOWN appears in the garden, followed by DE BOOTS.*)

ICE. (*perceiving them.*) Hah! Featherley, look there! There she is—in the garden—beautiful vision! How my heart goes thumping against my ribs—I'm not afraid—but I have a catching at the breath—a sort of gasping sensation that—Hah! who's that with her, hey?

FELIX. Don't you know? Major de Boots, Mrs. Swandown's tenant and next door neighbor.

ICE. De Boots! I've an instinctive antipathy to the fellow. I feel we are mortal foes from this moment.

FELIX. Hark ye, Frank—I've my suspicions the little Major is smitten with your widow. I don't like these familiar visits without his wife.

ICE. Without his wife! Hah! monstrous independence! I see it all. Mrs. Swandown has been fascinated by the little rascal—she's gratified by his attentions—and—look there—

(*MRS. SWANDOWN re-enters garden with the MAJOR, who is seen to use animated gestures, and to point upwards towards the chimneys.*)

What is he doing?

FELIX. Don't you see? He's doing the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." I know every word he says by his action.

"What light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun."

ICE. I'll strangle the villain! (*MAJOR points again to chimneys.*)

FELIX. Now he's protesting—

"Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I swear, That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops."

ICE. That decides the business. I'll insult the fellow—I'll pull his nose, and compel him to challenge me—you'll be my friend, Featherley?

FEATH. With the greatest pleasure, my dear Frank. (*Shakes ICEBROOK's hand.*) If you are not provided with pistols, I have a lovely pair of hair triggers, which I keep for the service of my friends.

ICE. You're a capital fellow, Featherley.

FEATH. (*aside.*) This will be a famous opportunity to escape. (*Going.*)

ICE. Stop—stop—don't go till you have witnessed how I treat him.

Enter MRS. SWANDOWN, from garden.

(*Apart to FEATHERLEY.*) Ha! look at her. Heaven gave her beauty to betray mankind.

MRS. S. Ah, Mr. Icebrook! How long have you been here? Did not Fanny tell you I was in the garden?

ICE. Yes, Fanny told me, Mrs. Swandown—but she did not tell me you were so—so agreeably engaged.

(*Goes up to door and meets MAJOR, who turns and goes off, ICEBROOK following quickly after him.*)

MRS. S. (*aside.*) Ah, jealousy! Then the man has a heart, and I have at last found a key to it. Poor little Major! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

FEATH. (*aside.*) I wish I was well out of this. (*Taking his hat.*)

MRS. S. (*to FEATHERLEY.*) You must not go. I wish you particularly to remain—the lady—

(*Points to boudoir, and talks with him apart—ICEBROOK and MAJOR walk to and fro in the garden, stopping frequently, and seemingly in angry conversation—MRS. SWANDOWN exits into boudoir.*)

FEATH. So I shall see this mysterious fainting lady. Mrs. Swandown says she has recovered from her sudden illness, and wishes so much to see my Angola cat. (*Looking towards the garden, where ICEBROOK and MAJOR appear to be quarrelling.*) Hey! 'Gad! they're at it. Frank looks as if he meant mischief, and the Major swells and reddens like a turkey-cock. (*Sits in easy chair.*) As a friend, I don't think I should interfere. But why will they lose their temper when they quarrel?

(*The contention, which has become violent, is terminated by ICEBROOK pulling MAJOR'S nose.*)

MAJOR (*shouts*). Ooh! (*Rushes in from the garden, holding his handkerchief to his nose.*) Hoh! Mr Featherley, that friend of yours has assaulted me—pulled my nose—actually pulled it, as if it was a doctor's night-bell. I shouldn't have minded a slight tweak, but to have the most interesting feature of my countenance treated with such contumely, is not to be endured.

(*ICEBROOK has entered from the garden.*)

ICE. Well, sir?

MAJOR. Oh! are you aware, sir, you pulled my nose?

ICE. Perfectly. I hope I have done it effectively.

MAJOR. Quite so—quite so. Hem! (*Aside.*) I must bounce with this fellow. (*Assuming an imposing attitude, and speaking loud.*) Observe me, sir, I'm an officer and a gentleman—Major de Boots, sir—damme!

ICE. Well, sir.

MAJOR. Well, sir, you have wronged my honor and wrung my nose. Now, sir, I'm not going to bear it tamely—you have roused the tiger, and stirred up the rhinoceros within me—I'm a roaring volcano, a laughing hyena—a withering simoon. Ha, ha, ha! Hey? (*Aside to FEATHERLEY.*) I'm afraid bounce won't do with him.

ICE. Well, sir!

MAJOR. It is not well, sir; it's particularly d—d disagreeable, sir! (*Apart to FEATHERLEY.*) Do you think he will fight?

FEATH. (*apart to him*). Undoubtedly.

MAJOR (*aside to FEATHERLEY*). I wish you had told me that before.

ICE. Major de Boots, I'm aware of the disgraceful part you are playing here—the object of your visits to this house is known.

MAJOR. Oh, well, it's a perfect matter of indifference to me whether it's known or not.

ICE. (*to FEATHERLEY*). There, he does not attempt to conceal his profligacy. (*To MAJOR.*) You admit, then, that your views were directed to a certain object?

MAJOR. Decidedly; and I'm happy to say, Mrs. Swandown's views coincide with mine.

ICE. What, sir! do you dare to insinuate one word against that lady's reputation?

MAJOR. No—but I assert that her chimneys are in a dangerous state—ten degrees of deflection from the perpendicular.

ICE. You think to make a laughing matter of this.

MAJOR. Well—ha, ha, ha, ha! I have no objection, if you have none. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! (*MRS. SWANDOWN heard speaking outside.*)

ICE. Mrs. Swandown is coming—laugh away, that she may suspect nothing. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

ALL. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Enter MRS. SWANDOWN from boudoir.

MRS. S. Why, gentlemen, you seem highly amused. It's quite delightful to see people so perfectly happy, and in such excellent spirits.

FEATH. Oh, yes. Ha, ha!—a capital joke, was it not, Major? Ha, ha, ha, ha!

MAJOR. Devilish good. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

MRS. S. Now I'll lay a trifling wager, gentlemen, I have a better joke than yours. (*To FEATHERLEY.*) And you shall be the judge.

FEATH. Shall I? Ha, ha, ha, ha! Very well, Mrs. Swandown. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Let us have it. I'm so fond of a joke—out with it. (*MRS. SWANDOWN opens door of the boudoir.*)

MRS. FEATHERLEY enters.

FEATH. (*aside*). My wife!—that's no joke.

MRS. S. Mrs. Featherley, permit me to introduce to you Mr. David Bangle.

ICE.

MAJOR. } Bangle!

MRS. S. From the coast of Africa.

MAJOR. The coast of Africa. Ho, ho, ho, ho!

MRS. F. (*courtesying formally*). I am delighted to make Mr. Bangle's acquaintance; and if ever he should have another Angola cat, such as that he presented to-day to my dear friend Julia, (*takes MRS. SWANDOWN'S hand*) may I hope he will think of me.

FEATH. (*aside*). Her friend, Julia! I've made a confounded blunder here.

MRS. F. You may come when you like, Mr. "David Bangle;" my husband is so constantly engaged with important affairs, which take him from home, that I shall be thankful to any one who will help to dissipate the *ennui* of a neglected wife.

FEATH. But, my dear Eugenia—

MRS. F. (*courtesies*). "Mr. Bangle!"

FEATH. I must speak—I *will* speak. I wish to explain how I came—

ICE. From the coast of Africa.

FEATH. I appeal to Mrs. Swandown.

MRS. S. Pray, don't appeal to me. (*Coquettishly*.)

ICE. This must be explained.

FEATH. Of course it must. But how the devil can it be explained, when nobody will listen to me? Let me find my hat—I'll not stay here a moment longer, to be baited and made the subject of ridicule for my friends. (*Takes his hat from table*.) So good-day, ladies and gentlemen!

MAJOR. Good-day, Bangle, my boy! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

ICE. Good-bye, Bangle.

MRS. S. } Good-morning, Mr. Bangle.

MRS. F. }

All laugh, as FEATHERLEY exits, and act drop descends.

END OF ACT II.

Three days are supposed to have elapsed since the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*An ante-room in Mr. Featherley's house, communicating at the upper angles with a large saloon.*

MRS. SWANDOWN and MRS. FEATHERLEY enter together, dressed as for a ball.

MRS. S. So you have followed my advice, and instead of making an open quar-

rel with your husband, have accepted his lame excuses, and affected to believe that his masquerading scene at my house was a mere frolic.

MRS. F. Undertaken to serve a friend who loves you.

MRS. S. Ha, ha, ha, ha! With what flimsy pretences men fancy they can hood-wink their wives!

MRS. F. Oh, that I could still be happy in the ignorance of his errors.

MRS. S. Would you still play the credulous, neglected wife, to be scorned or pitied by the world? Depend upon it, Eugenia, you have adopted the only course which a woman of sense and spirit could take.

MRS. F. And *you* answer for the result?

MRS. S. I will stake my life upon its success. You must no longer be content with your position as a domestic wife, which is but another name for a domestic animal—assume your proper place in the world of fashion—be the gayest amongst the gay—court admiration, and let your husband see that your attractions can still draw worshippers to your feet.

MRS. F. The remedy is desperate, but I have resolved to try it; and though this effort may cost me a pang, you will find I have spirit enough to play my part properly. This ball which I give to-night he knows nothing about;—I mean to take him by surprise!

MRS. S. And dazzle him with your new-born splendor. Ah! you will be the queen of the ball.

MRS. F. I shall make but a poor sovereign, for my ambition has no higher purpose than to secure the allegiance of one loyal heart.

MRS. S. For heaven's sake, don't let your husband imagine anything of the kind—men only prize a woman in proportion as they feel insecure of her affections. (*Knock outside, back*.) There—your guests have begun to arrive—don't forget the part you have to play.

MRS. F. Oh, fear not! my woman's pride will help me.

Enter MAJOR and MRS. DE BOOTS.

MAJOR. You see, Mrs. Featherley, we are with you early—nine o'clock—military time. (MRS. DE BOOTS and MRS. FEATHERLEY meet.) Mrs. Swandown. (*Bows*.) 'Pon my word, this is a pleasure.

MRS. DE B. My sweet Eugenia, faithful to friendship's claims, we are come—the Major and myself—to join your festivities, and mingle the dark cypress of the past with the bright roses of the present! (MRS. FEATHERLEY and MRS. DE BOOTS retire a little.)

MAJOR (*apart to MRS. SWANDOWN*). By-the-bye, I've got the dove-colored paper you selected for our drawing-room. Charming taste—so quiet and subdued in tone—

MRS. S. To contrast with the powerful color of the principal figure.

MAJOR. Ha, ha, ha! Alluding to my new militia uniform? I thought you would remark it! I fancy the sight of it would rather surprise the enemies of our country.

MRS. S. (*laughing*). Astound them, Major.

MRS. DE B. What beautiful rooms you have, Eugenia!

MAJOR. Splendid for a waltz; and if Mrs. Swandown will do me the honor—

MRS. DE B. (*overhearing him*). Major!

MAJOR. Present!

MRS. DE B. You don't waltz, dear.

MAJOR. Don't I? Ha, ha! I am under the impression I do!

MRS. DE B. You don't waltz, Major!

MAJOR. Ha, ha! Why, it seems you are not aware of half my accomplishments—you should see me spinning round like a teetotum, when I've got a spanking partner! (*Hums a waltz air, and waltzes to it.*)

(MRS. FEATHERLEY and MRS. SWANDOWN *exit*, *laughing*—DE BOOTS continues to waltz, till, finding no one left but MRS. DE BOOTS, he takes her round the waist, and compels her to waltz.)

MRS. DE B. Major—Major—are you—are you—mad? (*They stop.*) You should learn to comport yourself with greater dignity.

MAJOR. Dignity be hanged! I'm going to waltz with Mrs. Swandown, our lovely landlady and semi-detached neighbor.

MRS. DE B. Major—Major—you're becoming profligate. You had better return home.

MAJOR. Home! What! before I've had an ice or a glass of champagne?

MRS. DE B. Mere sublunary considerations. I will remain and make your

apologies to Mrs. Featherley. Our darling Adolphe requires your presence.

MAJOR (*aside*). I don't wish to make use of strong expressions towards that child—but damn our darling Adolphe!

MRS. DE B. You know how the infant angel suffers with his teeth.

MAJOR. It's so long since I was an infant angel, that I forget how they suffer; but I know how an adult angel may be made to suffer.

MRS. DE B. Your unfeeling conduct makes me shudder—I don't want to be imperative, but—go home directly!

MAJOR. This is tyranny. I've a good mind to mutiny, if I durst—I'm going, my love—I'm going—(*aside*) but it's not improbable there will be an infant angel less in the world to-morrow morning.

Exit DE BOOTS.

MRS. DE B. His attentions to that handsome widow are becoming too particular—I must keep a watchful eye on my little man.

Exit.

Re-enter DE BOOTS, hurriedly.

MAJOR. Bless me! that fellow who pulled my nose the other morning is coming up-stairs, and looking as if he meant to repeat an operation of which the recollection is far from pleasant.

ICEBROOK enters.

Lord! here he comes! Now, shall I boldly run for it, or meet him with gentlemanly indifference? I wish my nose wasn't so attractive an object!

(*Holds his nose in his hand, ICEBROOK comes down frowning.*)

ICE. (*aside*). He's evidently trying to avoid me! (*Folds his arms, and stands, looking sternly at DE BOOTS.*)

MAJOR (*aside*). He don't seem inclined to advance—perhaps after all he's only a sham—a humbug—it's within the scope of possibility he may be as great a coward as myself—I'll try a gentle feeler! (*To ICEBROOK.*) Well, sir, you are here?

ICE. (*quickly*). I am, sir.

(MAJOR starts and claps his hands to his nose.)

MAJOR (*aside*). "I am, sir"—that's decidedly mild. (*To ICEBROOK.*) Have you any private or confidential communication to make to me, sir?

ICE. (*makes a sudden step towards MAJOR, who claps his hand to his nose—aside*). If I quarrel with him here, I may compromise Mrs. Swandown. None, sir.

MAJOR. None! (*Aside*.) He's a humbug! My courage begins to revive. (*Assuming a fierce air, and speaking loudly*.) Then, sir, let me tell you, that your past, present, and future conduct is highly objectionable—and offensive, sir.

(MRS. SWANDOWN *appears in entrance to ball-room*.)

ICE. (*losing his self-command*). Do you think—?

MAJOR, (*retreating and holding his nose*). No, I don't. (*Perceiving MRS. SWANDOWN, and aside*.) Ah, Mrs. Swandown! I always feel brave in the presence of a woman. (*To ICEBROOK*.) Well, sir—what if I do. I don't know what I think—and I don't care what you think of it.

(MRS. SWANDOWN *comes down between them*.)

MRS. S. What, Major! Mr. Icebrook! for shame—at high words.

ICE. Mrs. Swandown, I can't remain silent. You may not be aware, madame, that the attentions of Major de Boots to you have not escaped notice.

MAJOR. My attentions!

MRS. S. I confess the Major has importuned me a great deal—I really could not get rid of him;—and he was so pressing, so persevering in his suit—

ICE. His suit! He's a married man.

MAJOR. Well, sir—what of that? There is no occasion to remind a man of his misfortunes.

MRS. S. I must, however, say for my gallant tenant—

MAJOR. And semi-detached neighbor—

MRS. S. That, in our frequent interviews he never hinted at any damage to his heart.

MAJOR. Never—not in the least. I confine myself strictly to the dilapidations in my house;—and as the present may be a favorable opportunity for saying a word about the boiler in the back kitchen—

MRS. S. Another time, Major.

MAJOR. Very well—the boiler can wait. (MRS. SWANDOWN *speaks to ICEBROOK aside*.) Hem! I don't think the pleasure of my company is desired here.

ICE. Major de Boots, allow me to apol-

ogize. I perceive I have been mistaken, and if you give me your hand—

MAJOR (*suspiciously and holding his nose*). I don't know, you may have designs.

ICE. On my honor—

MAJOR. Oh! there, then. (*Gives him his hand, they shake hands*.) I dare say you are a capital fellow, but allow me to give you a piece of gratuitous advice; whenever you have occasion to pull a gentleman's nose again—do it gently—gently, remember.

MRS. S. (*laughing*). Upon my word, Mr. Icebrook, you seem to take an extraordinary interest in my affairs.

ICE. I—I—have a thousand apologies to make, madame, but Featherley told me he suspected the Major was desperately in love with you.

MRS. S. Oh! Mr. Featherley told you so—hem! (*Aside*.) I owe that gentleman a debt which I hope to pay shortly. Mr. Icebrook, I can completely exonerate the poor little Major, although I cannot do so much for your friend Featherley, who has had the presumption to make love to me!

ICE. My friend Featherley—the man to whom I confided the secret of my bosom! He to betray me! and you listened to him?

MRS. S. Only under his assumed name of Bangle, and then he was so eloquent and persuasive, that I was induced to—

ICE. What—what? Induced to what?

MRS. S. To accept these verses, which you will confess are rather pretty for an amateur. (*She hands him a paper in which the verses are written*.)

ICE. (*looking at them*). Why, these—these are the very verses he showed me the other morning—he wrote them to his wife before they were married:—I wanted to get a copy of them to send you.

MRS. S. To send me, Mr. Icebrook! Ha, ha, ha! impossible! Sentiments so warm, protestations so fervent, thoughts so glowing—

ICE. They're mine! they're mine! I adopt them unreservedly. (*Aside*.) I've broken the ice, and now I may as well plunge boldly in.

MRS. S. Ha, ha, ha! I really—cannot think how you—a shy, almost timid man, where our sex is concerned—

ICE. Oh, that's all over. I feel I have crossed the Rubicon of bashfulness. Men have grown gray in one night—I have become impudent in five minutes.

MRS. S. (*coquettishly*). And you expect me to believe all that you here protest?

ICE. Every word of it, and a great deal more. I love you, Julia—may I call you Julia—I know I may—I adore you, and I swear on this delicious little hand—(*kisses her hand*).

MRS. S. Come, come, sir! (*Draws away her hand.*) I'm not to be carried off by a *coup de main*, even with your impudence to help you.

ICE. Consider the time I have lost. Eighteen months of dumb devotion—

MRS. S. They go for nothing.

ICE. And this ring—the one you desired me to select for you. (*Producing a ring which he shows her.*)

MRS. S. (*smiling*). I declare it's a wedding ring.

ICE. Exactly! It was the only one that pleased me—and I thought it might not be disagreeable to you.

MRS. S. If you hope to obtain my consent to wear it, you must gratify a whim of mine.

ICE. A thousand, if you desire it.

MRS. S. It is merely to pay your court to me to-night—not in my own person, but in that of Mrs. Featherley.

ICE. Mrs. Featherley!

MRS. S. As my representative, nothing more. You must devote yourself to her—follow her—be assiduous in your attentions—in short, play the lover as you would to me. She may be angry, but you must not let that deter you—Mr. Featherley may be displeased, but don't mind that,—and fear not that I shall be jealous;—every compliment you pay her, I shall know is meant for me—every pretty speech you make to her shall be registered in my heart to your account.

ICE. 'Pon my life, there's something novel in the idea. I feel I have impudence enough for the attempt.

(GUESTS are seen to enter ball-room.)

MRS. S. Hist! the company is arriving;—go into the saloon, and let us not be seen together.

(ICEBROOK *kisses her hand and exits.*)

This will be a glorious retaliation on Featherley for his attempt to impose upon me with his Angola cat.

FEATHERLEY enters followed by TRAP—he

is in walking dress, and appears greatly fatigued—throws himself on sofa.

FEATH. (*yawns*). A-aw! I'm completely done up. I have tired myself to death running all over the town on the business of my friends, and I find the greater the service I render them the more ungrateful they are. Trap—any letters for me?

TRAP. Two, sir! (*Gives him two letters.*)

FEATH. Fetch my slippers and the boot-jack. *Exit* TRAP. (*Opens one of the letters, which he glances over.*) Hum—hum—hum—ah! from old Sir Colin Fotheringay, promising to propose Major de Boots at the Megatherium Club:—the Major will make a very respectable fossil in the collection. (*Puts the letter in his pocket and opens the other.*) Hey; who is this from? (*Reads the signature.*) "Aurelia de Boots!" oh, hem! (*Reads.*) "My dear Felix,—pardon the old familiar style—your plan has been completely successful—poor unsuspecting De Boots actually requested me to receive the child—your child:—scarcely able to conceal my joy, I consented—and to-day my adored Adolphe was clasped to his doting mother's bosom. May blessings ever attend you, dear Felix. Excuse maternal emotion and a bad pen. AURELIA DE BOOTS." (*Puts the letter in his pocket.*) Well, that's gratifying. I'm glad to find that business has been successful, for by some chance or another, all my ingenious plans to serve my friends have latterly turned out failures, and the very people I meant to serve have had the ingratitude to reproach me, as if I was their worst enemy. I believe, on my soul, the only way to make your friends remember you, is to do them some injury.

Enter MRS. FEATHERLEY—she is now in full ball dress.

MRS. F. Ah, my dear Felix, I did not know you had come home.

FEATH. (*without looking at her*). Aw! how d'ye do, Eugenia—have you been out to-day, my love?—aw—I'm confoundedly tired. I intended to drive you in the park this afternoon, but—aw—business, you know.

MRS. F. There was not the slightest necessity for neglecting your important affairs for me:—I was in the park this afternoon—I drove for two hours there,

and was so much amused that I never once thought of you.

FEATH. I'm delighted, my dear, at anything which contributes to your happiness. Depend upon it, there's nothing makes us enjoy each other's society so much as these little absences. Where the devil is that fellow with the bootjack?

MRS. F. I quite agree with you, Felix—the monotony of married life would be intolerable if wives and husbands were to be condemned to be inseparable.

FEATH. Quite true—perfectly true. (*Aside.*) I never before heard a sentiment of that kind from her.

MRS. F. (*aside*). Not one look at me! (*Walking to and fro to engage his attention.*) Not a thought to waste upon me! He seems scarcely conscious of my presence—and I might, for all he knows, be old, ugly, and disagreeable. (*Glancing at herself in the glass.*) In truth, I scarcely know myself—and as the moment of trial approaches, I cannot help trembling for the result. But it must be—so no more weakness.

FEATH. Aw! I think I shall go to bed.

MRS. F. Then I shall not have the pleasure of your company this evening? I give a little party to a few friends—

FEATH. A party—here!

MRS. F. Only a few friends. Will you join us?

FEATH. (*aside*). Her friends. Horribly slow people. I know what their parties are—three hours of scientific knowledge and domestic economy, served up with sherry and sandwiches. (*To MRS. FEATHERLEY.*) You really must excuse me, my dear—I'm so dreadfully fatigued—aw! Will you have the goodness to ring for Trap—I want my slippers.

MRS. F. (*strikes gong on table*). Certainly. Then I'll say good-night, love—*bon repos*.

(*She comes and kisses him on the cheek—FEATHERLEY then, for the first time, perceives that she is in ball dress.*)

FEATH. (*starting up, surprised*). Why, Eugenia—what—I'm amazed—that—that dress—!

MRS. F. (*aside*). At last I have attracted his notice. (*Turning round.*) You like it—'tis the latest fashion, direct from Paris. What do you think of the manner my hair is dressed?

FEATH. I—I think it is in admirable taste—I never saw you look half so beautiful.

MRS. F. Ha, ha, ha! That's exactly what Mr. Icebrook has just been saying to me.

FEATH. Icebrook! (*Aside.*) Has she made that statue speak? (*Waltz music heard at back.*) Hey! music, too!—a dance, by all that's enchanting!

MRS. F. Yes, my dear—you know I was passionately fond of dancing before we were married, and Mr. Icebrook tells me I waltz divinely. (*She waltzes a few steps to the music.*)

FEATH. What the devil is it to him how you waltz? Why, this is a ball you give to-night?

MRS. F. (*pointing to saloons at back, which are now filled with GUESTS*). As you see. (*Music ceases.*) You have complained of the dullness of home, and the unvarying monotony of our life. I mean to change all that, and have determined for the future to live in the world, and for the world—to make our house the rendezvous for all that is gay, elegant and frivolous in London—to become a leader of fashion—to be as extravagant as you can desire, and to allow you to enjoy your own pleasures, on condition that you do not interfere with mine. Ah, we shall be the most careless and happiest couple in the world!

FEATH. Yes, possibly. But may not your scheme of happiness be carried a little too far?

MRS. F. Oh, not at all. The notion of married people being eternally united, like a pair of snuffers, has become obsolete—I feel how ridiculous it was of me to forego, at my age, the pleasures of life. Let us, then, agree to mutual independence—you do as you please, and let me follow my own inclinations. And when I give a party—you can go to bed, my dear.

FEATH. No—on second thoughts, I think I'll join your charming reunion.

MRS. F. Pray, my dear, don't think of inconveniencing yourself on my account—I shall enjoy myself quite as well without you. You really must go to bed, you look so wretchedly tired.

FEATH. Excuse me, Eugenia, I feel quite fresh now, and a little amusement will do me good.

Enter ICEBROOK from ball-room.

MRS. F. Allow me to differ with you—

you require repose and quiet. Mr. Icebrook, what do you think? I'm persuading Felix to go to bed: he's really not fit for the excitement of a ball. Did you ever see any one look so dreadfully haggard—so completely worn out, as he does?

ICE. Never. Take my advice, and go to bed directly—Mrs. Featherley will be under my protection.

FEATH. But, Eugenia, you are not going—I want to speak with you.

MRS. F. You must excuse me, my dear, I must return to my guests. Besides, you are so tired and sleepy, you'll be better left to yourself. (*Music of waltz in ball-room.*)

ICE. Ah, there's the *deux temps* commenced! (*To MRS. FEATHERLEY.*) You're engaged to me. (*Gives his arm to MRS. FEATHERLEY.*) Now do go to bed, Featherley; make your mind perfectly easy—I will waltz with your wife all to-night—so go now, my dear fellow, and let me recommend a basin of gruel, with a glass of sherry in it, before you go to sleep.

Exeunt ICEBROOK and MRS. FEATHERLEY into ball-room.

Music ceases—Enter TRAP.

TRAP. Bootjack and slippers, sir.

FEATH. Confound your bootjack and slippers!

(*Takes them and throws them at TRAP, who exits.*)

Eugenia's sudden metamorphosis astonishes me! What does it mean? Her splendid dress—her altered manner? She, that was so staid—so reserved—so domestic—to blaze out suddenly a woman of ton and fashion—and to recommend me to go to bed, while she's waltzing with that fellow, Icebrook. No, I'll not stand that. I'll not be treated like a school-boy in my own house.

MAJOR DE BOOTS, *who has come from ball-room, stops FEATHERLEY as he is going hastily towards door.*

MAJOR. Ah, Featherley! I feared we should not have seen you to-night. Where are you going?

FEATH. Going to dress for my wife's ball—don't detain me.

MAJOR. Oh, you need be in no hurry. Mrs. Featherley makes such a delightful hostess that we can very well do without you. There she is, all smiles and graces,

and spirit—the most brilliant beauty in the room. Egad, Featherley, you'll have to take care of your wife—nobody suspected you possessed such a treasure.

FEATH. Well, well, d—n it—let me go.

MAJOR. I repeat, there's no occasion to be in a hurry—nobody wants you—nobody thinks of you there. I wish you'd tell me—what have you done about having me proposed at the Megatherium Club?

FEATH. Oh, it's all right—I managed that business for you with Sir Colin Fotheringay—there's his letter. (*Takes MRS. DE BOOTS' letter, by mistake, from his pocket, and gives it to MAJOR.*) I hope it will satisfy you. *Exit.*

MAJOR. I knew Featherley would do the business for me! (*Opens the letter.*) What does Sir Colin say? (*Reads.*) "My dear Felix—pardon the old familiar style—" A very extraordinary style for a baronet! "Your plan has been completely successful"—A little management was necessary, I suppose. "Poor, unsuspecting De Boots actually requested me to receive the child—your child—" Hey? what does it mean? Um, um! "adored Adolphe—mother's bosom—bad pen." Ha! ah! "Aurelia de Boots." Oh, my wife—it's her writing. My wife—my friend—my child—his child—her child—our child! Oh, good heavens! I see through the whole stratagem. I've been duped by that superior woman—betrayed by that false friend. But the villain shall perish by this outraged hand—he shall fight me—he shall—I feel a sudden valor inflame me—my wounded honor calls for vengeance, and vengeance it shall have. My pistols—ha!

Exit precipitately.

Enter MRS. FEATHERLEY from ball-room, followed immediately after by ICEBROOK.

MRS. F. What shall I do? Mr. Icebrook, whose modesty I thought would scarcely suffer him to look a woman in the face, has been suddenly transformed to the most impudent of men. Have I been playing a hazardous game, and unconsciously drawn upon myself this persecution? There is no escaping from him.

ICE. Why will you fly me, loveliest of women? Why repel me by those disdainful glances, when my hopes of life and happiness hang upon your smile?

MRS. F. Mr. Icebrook, I cannot listen to you—leave me, sir, this moment.

ICE. I can't—I must unfold my heart to you.

MRS. F. What have you seen in my conduct, sir, that warrants your addressing such language to me?

ICE. Nothing;—you are propriety personified. But I have a mission to perform.

MRS. F. A mission to insult me, sir?

ICE. Not in the remotest degree. All I ask of you, is to say you love me—to look upon me with tender regard.

He drops on his knees before her at the moment that FEATHERLEY, in evening costume, enters, without being perceived—he stands overwhelmed with astonishment.

Only say you love me—think of the years that my passion has been pent up in this burning bosom—cast a pitying eye on the most devoted of your adorers!

(FEATHERLEY rushes forward—MRS. FEATHERLEY screams, and attempts to retreat, but is withheld by ICEBROOK.)

MRS. SWANDOWN appears at entrance of ball-room.

Say you love me, dearest!

FEATH. You infernal scoundrel!

ICE. My dear fellow—don't interrupt me—it's no affair of yours. (To MRS. FEATHERLEY.) One word of hope—one smile of comfort—

MRS. F. (snatching away her hand, crosses to FEATHERLEY). Begone, sir. Felix, believe me, I am not to blame in this.

ICE. (rising). Why the devil did you interfere, when I told you it was no business of yours?

MRS. S. It was highly imprudent to do so.

FEATH. No business of mine—no business of mine? although I find you on your knees making love to my wife!

ICE. I don't deny it—I did give utterance to my passion in the language of the heart—I couldn't help it—and if you had not popped in so awkwardly—

MRS. S. You might have achieved a victory?

ICE. That is what I was modestly about to suggest.

MRS. F. Julia! Felix! I could cry with vexation to be made the jest and scorn of a fool!

ICE. Fool! Ha, ha, ha, ha! I expected it. Fool!

FEATH. Villain, if you prefer it!

ICE. Villain! from my friend, too! But love supports me under every indignity.

MRS. S. (half apart to ICEBROOK). And if love does not reward you for your fidelity, never trust more in woman's word.

Enter MAJOR DE BOOTS with pistol-case.

MAJOR. If you want a villain, he stands there. (Pointing to FEATHERLEY.) There—the ruthless destroyer of my peace!

Enter MRS. DE BOOTS from ball-room.

The trampler on the tenderest corn of my heart—the domestic vampire, who has betrayed the unsuspecting De Boots. (MRS. DE BOOTS screams and faints in the arms of ICEBROOK.) Ha, ah! there, feast your eyes upon the wreck you have made—contemplate your victim, and prepare to give deadly satisfaction to an infuriated husband. (Tapping his pistol-case.)

FEATH. My dear Major, don't excite yourself—keep quiet!

MAJOR. No, sir, I won't—my days of quietness are over—the lion has taken the place of the lamb in my bosom, and demands death or satisfaction—satisfaction or death!

MRS. F. Good heavens! what does it mean? Of what crime are you accused?

FEATH. A very serious one, madame—that of trying to serve my friends.

MAJOR. And here's the proof how you serve them—this letter, written to you by that superior victim who lies there insensible—

ICE. A lovely load of grief.

FEATH. (aside). What a confounded blunder I have committed—I've given him the wrong letter.

MAJOR (offering MRS. FEATHERLEY the letter to read). Read it, Mrs. Featherley!

MRS. DE B. (suddenly starting up and snatching the letter). That secret is mine—it must not be profaned by common eyes—'tis I who must explain it—let me, however, add, that Mr. Featherley's conduct has been dictated by the purest friendship.

FEATH. Bravo! There's gratitude still in the world.

MRS. S. (apart). And retaliation—as you will find!

MRS. DE B. (*in a commanding voice*). Major!

MAJOR. Present.

MRS. DE B. Retire with me, if you please; I wish to confer with you in private.

MAJOR. Certainly, my love! (*Aside*.) I am a lamb again!

(*He follows her into the entrance of the ball-room, where they converse.*)

MRS. S. And while Mrs. de Boots is confiding her delicate mystery to the Major, let me confess that it was I who made Mr. Icebrook pay such violent court to Mrs. Featherley.

MRS. F. You, Julia?

ICE. But only as Mrs. Swardown's representative.

MRS. S. I enjoined him, as he expected my favor, to devote himself to you, and play the lover to you all through this evening.

ICE. And for a modest man, I flatter myself I acquitted myself very satisfactorily.

MRS. F. Pray, never let me hear you disparage your merits by calling yourself a modest man again.

ICE. Well! I believe modesty was only the shell to my native assurance;—and now I've broken it, I dare say in time I may come to be as impudent a fellow as our friend Featherley.

FEATH. Oh! very well—very clearly explained;—but what was the object of this little mystification? for I suppose there was an object?

MRS. S. Undoubtedly:—to punish a certain Mr. David Bangle for an impertinent trick he played upon me—and to teach Mr. Felix Featherley that the husband who carries his merchandize abroad should take care that his market be not forestalled at home.

FEATH. I candidly confess the Bangle imposture, but it was practised in the sacred cause of friendship.

MRS. F. Friendship! Did I not hear you protest your love for Mrs. Swardown? Did I not see you kneeling at her feet?

FEATH. Very likely—but for whom was I in that humble posture? My friend! I was merely holding a brief for Icebrook, who wanted courage to speak for himself—I did all I possibly could for you, Frank.

ICE. So it seems, by making love for yourself!

FEATH. No—for *you*—for *you*! Mrs. Swardown will bear witness to that.

MRS. S. I wish I could; but you never alluded to your friend!

MRS. F. Oh! never.

ICE. Never.

FEATH. That's nothing to the purpose. It was for Frank I was eloquent and passionate—it was for him I endeavored to soften Mrs. Swardown's heart by a sonnet.

MRS. F. The sonnet which in the days of our first love you gave to me.

ICE. The sonnet which you said would do my business with the widow.

MRS. S. The sonnet which I now return to the inflammable writer. (*Offers him the paper.*)

FEATH. Stay! have you read it?

MRS. S. At a distance—I dare not trust my eyes too near such a glowing composition.

FEATH. And you imagine I had incendiary designs upon your heart?

MRS. S. That is an inevitable conclusion.

FEATH. Now have the goodness to turn over the leaf and read what you find on the other side.

MRS. S. (*turns over the leaf on which the sonnet is written, and reads on the back*): "Dearest lady, in your presence love is dumb:—read the confession of my heart with pity, and believe in the eternity of a passion which can never decay—FRANK ICEBROOK."

ICE. Did I really write that? Ha, ha! I like my prose much better than my poetry.

MRS. S. To be candid with you, so do I; and if you are still in the mind to acknowledge this writing as your hand and deed, why, I'll not be cruel—there's my hand, and whenever you please, you may seal the bond.

ICE. Upon the fairest skin that ever love engrossed! (*Kisses her hand.*) 'Pon my life, I'm very much obliged to you, my dear Featherley; you really *are* a friend!

MRS. S. The kindest and best of friends!

MRS. F. Felix—dearest Felix, your heart then has never wandered from me?

FEATH. Never for a moment! The fault that has too often made me a truant from your side, was the desire to serve everybody who needed my help, while I

neglected my home. But the error shall be corrected, Eugenia—henceforward I'll leave my friends to Providence, and devote myself to my wife!

(*Embraces her*—MR. and MRS. DE BOOTS *come forward.*)

MRS. F. Enough, dear Felix—I'm satisfied.

MAJOR. And so am I—perfectly satisfied. Featherley, your hand—I ask your pardon for my insane suspicions. (*Apart to FEATHERLEY.*) That superior woman has disclosed her delicate secret to me. Ah! you are a friend!

MRS. DE B. (*apart, to FEATHERLEY.*) I've told all to De Boots, and he has consented to adopt my darling Adolphe. 'Tis to you I owe this happiness, dear Felix—pardon inadvertence, Mr. Featherley—you whom I shall ever call my friend.

FEATH. Egad! it seems they're determined to stick to their friend.

MRS. S. But friends are only prized when they are rare;

A common friend is like the common air
Which thankless blows on all.

MRS. DE B. But if for life
You seek a bosom friend

Turn to a wife—

ICE. Or widow, who may be a wife ere long.

MAJOR. Allow me to observe you all are wrong:

Choose for a friend a party without fear
Of man or woman.

MRS. DE B. Major!

MAJOR. Dumb, my dear!

FEATH. (*to AUDIENCE.*) "To err is human, to forgive, divine,"

I think I've somewhere heard or read that line;

But still a good thing can't be said too often,

If but one critic's heart it helps to soften.
Our fate is in your hands, if you commend,
I'll still be yours and "Everybody's Friend."

THE END.

A Richmond paper says that "the moon has been rising for some nights with a face as red as a toper's." No imputation ought to be cast upon Cynthia's sobriety. She fills her horn only once a month.

G. D. PRENTICE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

[The Right Hon. GEORGE CANNING. Born 1770. Educated at Eton. Entered Parliament in 1793, and was Secretary of State in 1796. Died 1827.]

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view

This dungeon that I'm rotting in,

I think of those companions true

Who studied with me at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen,

—niversity of Gottingen!

Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he proceeds to wipe his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,

Which once my love sat noting in!

Alas! Matilda then was true!

At least I thought so at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen!

—niversity of Gottingen.

At the repetition of this line Rogers clanks his chains in cadence.

Barbs! Barbs! alas, how swift you flew,

Her neat post-wagon trotting in!

Ye bore Matilda from my view;

Forlorn I languished at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen,

—niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!

This blood my veins is clotting in;

My years are many—they were few

When first I entered at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen,

—niversity of Gottingen.

There, sweet, for thee my passion grew,

Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!

Thou wast the daughter of my tu—

—tor, law professor at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen,

—niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu!

That kings and priests are plotting in;

Here, doomed to starve on water gru—

—el, never shall I see the U—

—niversity of Gottingen,

—niversity of Gottingen.

During the last stanza Rogers dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion; he then throws himself on the floor in agony. The curtain drops; the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.

VER-VERT.

[JEAN BAPTISTE LOUIS GRESSET was born in Paris, 1709; died 1777. He was educated for the priesthood.]

It is the fate of some writers to be remembered by a single piece, that of most not to be remembered at all. So that Gresset, whose literary baggage consists of tragedies, comedies, and verses of all kinds, may be considered fortunate, inasmuch as the world yet reads one of his poems, his first and best. It is a whimsical, absurd, extravagant, mirthful little poem, all about nuns and their ways, full of the innocent babble, the extravagant trifling, of the sisters, shut up with nothing to think about but the little gossip, all about nothing, of the convent. This wonderful production was the work of a serious and sober young *professeur* entirely given up to his work of teaching, never seen in society, of studious and silent life, and selected for the scholastic profession by the Jesuits his masters, because he was so quiet, so good, so *doux*. And yet, at the age of twenty-five, when the first hot youth had been passed without a sin, and all seemed to promise a sober manhood devoted to Latin grammar, this young man, forsaking the traditions of his youth, must needs write and print "Ver-Vert." Worse than that, three editions followed each other in rapid succession, and all France began to talk of the young *professeur* who knew the ways of the nuns so well, and could rhyme about them so glibly. The Jesuits, alarmed at the gayety of the verse, and unable to see anything to laugh at in nuns, sent the offender for a term to La Flèche. After a brief exile, he returned to Paris, where he brought out his "Chartreuse," a long account of a garret in a college, with rambling remarks upon everything, remarks that tumble headlong from the poet's brain, not original, not striking, and certainly not calculated to do any harm to even a child. But the order were scandalized, and took up the matter seriously. It is truly difficult to fathom the delicacy of the ecclesiastical mind. For when the lady superior of the Visitation nuns found the following lines in "Ver-Vert"—

Désir de fille est un feu qui dévore,
Désir de nonne est cent fois pis encore—

she made a grand state affair of it, and

wrote to her brother, a man in high place. He complained to the Jesuit superiors, and Cardinal Fleury wrote to the lieutenant of police on the subject:

Here is a letter from the Père de Linyères, on the subject of the young man whose three little works you have sent me. That about the parrot is extremely pretty, and much superior to the other two; but it is libertine in tone, and will certainly give trouble to the Jesuits if they do not take care. All the young fellow's talent seems turned to the side of license, and such geniuses never get corrected. The best plan would be to expel him from the society.

Poor Gresset!—all his talents devoted to licentious writing! And he so religious, and "Ver-Vert" so innocent.

Gresset has no more history. Henceforth he is a *cagot*, an abject slave to the priests, a grovelling observer of outward rites and ceremonies, trembling lest a Pater should be omitted, careful to obey in the smallest particulars. Let us read his "Ver-Vert."

At Nevers once, not long ago,
The pet of certain sisters there,
Flourished a parrot, one so fair,
So trained in all a bird can know,
As to deserve a better fate,
Did happiness on merit wait.
Ver-Vert, such was the parrot's name,
Young yet, and innocent of wrong,
Transplanted from some Indian stream,
Was placed these cloistered nuns among.
Bright-hued was he, and gay, but sage;
Frank, as befitted childhood's age,
And free from evil thought or word:
In short he was the very bird
To choose for such a sacred cage.

Needs not to tell what love he won,
What cares received, from every nun;
How, next to the confessor, he
Reigned in each heart; and though it be
Sinful to weakness to succumb,
Ver-Vert the bird was first with some.
He shared in these serene retreats
The syrups, jellies, and the sweets
Made by the sisters to excite
The holy father's appetite.
For him 'twas free to do or say
Whate'er he pleased—'twas still his way.
No circle could be pleasant where
There was not in the midst Ver-Vert,
To whistle, chirrup, sing and fly;
And all the while with modesty,

Just like a novice, timid yet,
And ever fearful to forget;
Never, unquestioned, silence broke,
Yet answered all, though twenty spoke;
Just as great Cæsar, between whiles,
Wrote all at once five different styles.

At night his pleasure was to roam
From one to other for a home;
Happy, too happy, was the nun
Whose cell his wayward choice had won.
He wandered here and wandered there,
But, truth to say, 'twas very rare
That fancy led him to the cell
Where any ancient dame might dwell.
No, rather would his choice be laid
Where some young sister's couch was made;
There would he sleep the long night through,
Till daylight broke and slumbers flew;
And then, so privileged and free,
The sister's first toilette might see.
Toilette I say, but whisper low,
Somewhere I've read, but do not know,
Nuns' mirrors must be quite as true
As, ladies, is required for you;
And, just as fashion in the world
Must here be fringed and there be curled,
So also in the simple part
Of veils and bands there lies an art;
For that light throng of frivolous imps

Who scale o'er walls and creep through
bars,

Can give to stiffest veils and gimps
A grace that satin never wears.
Of course, you guess, at such a school,
Ver-Vert, by parrot's instinct-rule,
Endowed with speech, his ladies took
For pattern; and, except at meat,
When all the nuns in silence eat,
Talked fast and long, and like a book.
He was not, mark, one of these light
And worldly birds, corrupted quite
By secular concerns, and who
Know mundane follies through and through;

Ver-Vert was piously inclined;
A fair soul led by innocence,
Unswayed his intelligence,

No rude words lingered in his mind.
But then he knew each canticle,

Oremus, and the colloquies,
His *Benedicite* said well,

The *Notre mère*, and charities.
Instructed still, he grows more wise,
The pupil with the teacher vies;
He imitates their very tones,
The softened notes, the pious groans,
The long-drawn sighs, by which they prove
How they adore, and how they love;
And knows at length—a holy part—
The Breviary all by heart.

But fame is full of perils; well
In lowly lot obscure to dwell.
Success too great, without reverse,
Oft makes the moral nature worse.
Thy name, immortal parrot, spread
Still wider, till by sad fate led,
It reached as far as Nantes. Here stood
The chief house of the sisterhood.

Now not the last, as might be guessed,
Are nuns to hear of what goes on;
And chattering still, like all the rest,
Of what was said and what was done,

They heard of Ver-Vert, wondered much,
They talked and envied, talked and sighed
(Great though his powers, his virtues
such,

Had been by rumor magnified),
Till last a common longing fell
On all alike this miracle

Themselves to see. A girl's desire
Is like a flame that leaps and burns;

But ah! a fiercer, brighter fire,
Is when a nun with longing yearns.

To Nevers fly all hearts; of nought
But Ver-Vert can the convent think.

Could he—ah! could he here be brought!
The Loire is swift; ships do not sink.
Oh! bid him come, if but to show
For one day what a bird can know.

They write to Nevers; then, how long
Before an answer? Twelve whole days?

So long? So far? Alas! 'tis wrong.
We sleep no more; pale every face,
And sister Cécile wastes apace.

On board the bark that on the wave
Bore Ver-Vert from his patrons' care
Were three fair nymphs, two soldiers brave,
A nurse, a monk, a Gascon pair.
Strange company and sad, I ween,
For Ver-Vert, best of pious birds.
Innocent quite of what might mean
Their strange garb and their stranger
words,

He listened, 'mazed at first. The style
Was new, and yet the words were old.

It was not gospel, truly; while
The jokes they make, the tales they told,
Were marked by absence of those sweet
Ejaculations, vows and prayers,
Which *they* would make and he repeat.

No Christian words are these he hears.
The bold dragoons with barrack slang

Confused his head and turned his brain;
To unknown deities they sang

In quite an unaccustomed strain.
The Gascons and the ladies three
Conversed in language odd but free;

The boatmen all in chorus swore
Oaths never heard by him before.

And, sad and glum, Ver-Vert sat still
In silence, though against his will.

But presently the bird they spy,
And for their own diversion try
To make him talk. The monk begins
With some light questions on his sins;
Ver-Vert looks up, and with a sigh,
"Ave! my sister," makes reply:
And as they roar with laughter long,
Suspects, somehow, he's answered wrong.
Proud was his spirit, until then
Unchecked by scoff of vulgar men;
And so he could not brook to see
His words exposed to contumely.

Alas! with patience, Ver-Vert lost
The first bloom of his innocence.
That gone, how little did it cost
To curse the nuns and their pretence
To teach him French? well might they
laugh,

The nuns, he found, had left out half—
The half, too, most for beauty made,
The nervous tone, the delicate shade;
To learn this half—the better lore—
He speaks but little, thinks the more.

At first the parrot, so far wise,
Perceives that all he learned before,
The chants, the hymns, the languid sighs,
And all the language of the nuns,
Must be forgotten, and at once.
In two short days the task was done,
And the soldiers' wit 'gainst prayer of nun,
So fresh, so bright, so pleasant seemed,
That in less time than could be dreamed
(Too soon youth lends itself to evil)
He cursed and swore like any devil.

By steps, the proverb says, we go
From bad to worse, from sin to crime;

Ver-Vert reversed the rule, and so
Served no novitiate's tedious time.
Full-fledged professor of all sin,
Whate'er they said he marked within;
Ran their whole dictionary through,
And all the wicked language knew;
Till one day, at an oath suppressed,
He finished it, with swelling breast.
Loud was the praise, great the applause;

Poor Ver-Vert proudly looked around,
He, too, could speak by boatman's laws,

He, too, this glorious half had found.
Then to his genius giving play,
He cursed and swore the livelong day.
Fatal example this, how pride
Young hearts from heaven may turn aside.

The boat arrives, and at the stage
A sister waits, to take the cage.

Since the first letter sent, she sits

With eyes turned ever up the stream,

And watching every sail that flits
Across the wave, each, in her dream,
The bark that brings the saint Ver-Vert.

He knew—corrupted bird—aright,
By that half-opened eye, that bare
And scanty dress, those gloves so white,
The cross—by all these tokens good—
He knew, he knew the sisterhood.
Seeing her there, he trembled first,
And then in undertones he cursed,
For much he feared, and much he sighed,

Thinking that all the blasphemies
In which he took such joy and pride
Would change again to litanies.
And then he shrieked; she seized the cage,
In vain he pecked in useless rage;
Bit the poor sister here and there,
For still she bore him to his fate,
Arrived within the convent gate,
And told the advent of Ver-Vert.

The rumor ran. They ring the bells,
The sisters troop from choir and cells:
"Tis he, my sister, come at last."
They fly, they run, the old forget
The burden of the winters past;
Some who were never known as yet
To haste their steps, came running now
All joyous, eager all, and bright,
As happy as if Ver-Vert's sight
Released them all from convent vow.

They see at last, and cannot tire,
That form so full of youth and fire:
For Ver-Vert, though now steeped in harm,

Had not, therefore, become less fair;
That warlike eye, that dandy air,
Lent him at least a novel charm.
Ah, heaven! why on a traitor's face
Waste all this beauty, all this grace?

The sisters, charmed with such a bird,
Press round him, chattering all at once,
As is the way, I'm told, with nuns;
That even thunder fell unheard.

He during all the clatter sat,
Deigning no word, or this, or that.
Only with strange libertine gaze,

Rolling his eyes from nun to nun.
First scandal. Not without amaze,
The holy ladies saw how one

So pious could so rudely stare.
Then came the Prioress, and there
First questioned him. For answer all,

Disdainfully spread his wings,
Careless what horror might befall,

And thus replied to these poor things,
"Par le corbleu! Lord! Lord, what fools!"

At this infringement of the rules
Which mere politeness teaches, "Fie,

My dearest brother," one began.
In mocking tones he made reply,
Till cold her very life-blood ran.

"Great Heaven! Is this a sorcerer?
 Is this the saintly praying bird
 They boast so much of at Nevers,
 Ver-Vert, of whom so much is heard?
 Is this—" Here Ver-Vert, sad to say,
 Took up the tale in his new way.
 He imitated first the young,
 The novices with chattering tongue;
 Their babble and their little ways,
 Their yawning fits at times of praise.
 Then turning to the ancient ones,
 Whose virtues brought respect to Nantes,
 He mocked at large their nasal chants,
 Their coughs, their grumbings, and their
 groans.
 But worse to follow. Filled with rage,
 He beat his wings and bit the cage,
 He thundered sacrilegious words
 Ne'er heard before from beak of birds;
 All that he'd learned on board the ship
 Headlong from that corrupted lip
 Fell mid the crowd—words strange to see
 (Mostly beginning with a *d*)
 Hovered about his impious beak—
 The young nuns thought him talking Greek,
 Till with an oath so full, so round,
 That even the youngest understood,
 He ended. At the frightful sound
 Multivious fled the sisterhood,
 All smitten with terrific panic,
 Ran pell mell from the imp Satanic;
 'Twas by a fall that Mother Ruth
 Then lost her last remaining tooth.

Ver-Vert, replaced his cage within,
 The nuns resolved without delay
 To purge the place of heinous sin
 And send the peccant bird away.
 The pilgrim asks for nought beside,
 He is proscribed, pronounced accurst,
 Guilty pronounced of having tried
 The virtue of the nuns; called worst
 Of parrots. All in order due
 Attest the truth of this decree,
 Yet weep that one so fair to view
 So very black of heart should be.
 He goes, by the same sister borne,
 But now with feelings changed and sad.
 Ver-Vert, of all his honors shorn,
 Is yet resigned, and even glad.
 So is brought back to Nevers. Here,
 Alas! alas! new scandals come.
 Untaught by shame, untouched by fear,
 With wicked words he welcomes home.
 To these kind ladies manifests,
 Reading the dreadful letter through,
 With boatmen's oaths and soldiers' jests,
 That all their sisters' wrath was true.
 What steps to take? Their cheeks are pale,
 Their senses overwhelmed with grief,

With mantles long, with double veil,
 In council high they seek relief.
 Nine ancient nuns the conclave make—
 Nine centuries assembled seem—
 Here without hope for old love's sake,
 Far from the girls whose eyes would stream
 At thought of hurting him, the bird,
 Chained to his perch, is duly heard.
 No good he has to say. They vote.
 Two sibyls write the fatal word
 Of death; and two, more kindly taught,
 Propose to send him back again
 To that profane stream whence he came,
 Brought by a Brahmin. These in vain—
 The rest resolve, in common sense,
 Two months of total abstinence.
 Three of retreat, of silence four—
 Garden and biscuits, board and bed,
 And play—shall be prohibited.
 Nor this the whole; in all the space
 Forbidden to see a pretty face.
 A jailer harsh, a guardian grim,
 With greatest care they chose for him,
 The oldest, ugliest, sourest nun,
 An ape in veils, a skeleton,
 Bent double with her eighty years—
 Would move the hardest sinner's tears.

So passed Ver-Vert his term; in spite
 Of all his jailer's jealous care,
 The sisters gave him some delight,
 And now and then improved his fare.
 But chained and caged, in dungeon fast,
 Bitter the sweetest almonds taste:
 Taught by his sufferings to be wise,
 Touched, may be, by their tearful eyes,
 The contrite parrot tries to turn
 Repentant thoughts from things of ill,
 Gives all his mind again to learn,
 Recovers soon his ancient skill,
 And shows as pious as a dean.
 Sure the conversion is not feigned,
 The ancient conclave meet again,
 And to his prison put an end.
 Oh! happy day when Ver-Vert, free,
 Returns the sisters' pet to be.
 A real fête, a day of joy,
 With no vexation, no annoy,
 Each moment given up to mirth,
 And all by love together bound.
 But ah! the fleeting joy of earth,
 Unstable, untrustworthy found.
 The songs, and chants, and joyful hours,
 The dormitory wreathed with flowers,
 Full liberty, a tumult sweet,
 And nothing, nothing that could tell
 Of sorrow hiding 'neath their feet,
 Of death advancing to their cell.
 Passing too quick from diet rude,
 From plain dry bread to richer food,

With sugar tempted, crammed with sweets,
Tempted with almonds and such meats,
Poor Ver-Vert feels his roses change
Into the cypress dark and strange.
He droops, he sinks. In vain they try

By every art to stave off fate.
Their very love makes Ver-Vert worse,

Their cares his death accelerate,
Victim of love, of love he tires,
And with a few last words expires.
These last words, very hard to hear,
Vain consolation, pious were.

THE TOWN DRUMMER.

For many a year one Robin Boss had been town drummer;—he was a relic of some American war fencibles, and was, to say the God's truth of him, a diyor bodie, with no manner of conduct, saving a very earnest endeavor to fill himself fou as often as he could get the means; the consequence of which was, that his face was as plooky as a curran bun, and his nose as red as a partan's tae.

One afternoon there was a need to send out a proclamation to abolish a practice that was growing a custom in some of the by-parts of the town—of keeping swine at large—ordering them to be confined in proper stykes, and other suitable places. As on all occasions when the matter to be proclaimed was from the magistrates, Robin, on this, was attended by the town officers in their Sunday garbs, and with their halberts in their hand; but the abominable and irreverent creature was so drunk that he wamblit to and fro over the drum, as if there had not been a baie in his body. He was seemingly as soopie and as senseless as a bolster. Still, as this was no new thing with him, it might have passed; for James Hound, the senior officer, was in the practice, when Robin was in that state, of reading the proclamation himself. On this occasion, however, James happened to be absent on some hue-and-cry quest, and another of the officers (I forget which) was appointed to perform for him. Robin, accustomed to James, no sooner heard the other man begin to read, than he began to curse and swear at him as an incapable nincompoop—an impertinent term that he was much addicted to. The grammar-school was at the time skayling, and the boys, seeing the stramash, gathered round the officer, and, yelling and shouting, encouraged

Robin more and more into rebellion, till at last they worked up his corruption to such a pitch that he took the drum from about his neck and made it fly like a bombshell at the officer's head.

The officers behaved very well, for they dragged Robin by the lug and the horn to the tolbooth, and then came with their complaint to me. Seeing how the authorities had been set at nought, and the necessity there was of making an example, I forthwith ordered Robin to be cashiered from the service of the town, and, as so important a concern as a proclamation ought not to be delayed, I likewise, upon the spot, ordered the officers to take a lad that had been also a drummer in a marching regiment, and go with him to make the proclamation.

Nothing could be done in a more earnest and zealous public spirit than this was done by me. But habit had begot in the town a partiality for the drunken ne'er-do-weel Robin, and this just act of mine was immediately condemned as a daring stretch of arbitrary power; and the consequence was, that when the council met next day, some sharp words flew among us, as to my usurping an undue authority, and the thank I got for my pains was the mortification to see the worthless bodie restored to full power and dignity with no other reward than an admonition to behave better for the future. Now, I leave it to the unbiased judgment of posterity to determine if any public man could be more ungraciously treated by his colleagues than I was on this occasion.

JOHN GALT.

"Old Trotter" is an eccentric genius, who drove the first stage out to Fort Kearney westward. The following is related of him: "One day he stopped a man on the road who drove a miserable team of sick and aged little mules, with the ejaculation, 'Look a here, pilgrim, I know a man that would give eight hundred dollars if he could see them mules.' 'Why,' exclaimed the man, startled by such an unexpected prospect of luck, 'yeou daon't say so. Who is he?' 'He's a blind man,' said Trotter, 'glang.'"

BRANDY-AND-WATER.—Of this mixture, Charles Lamb said it spoiled two good things.

THE GOOD-HUMORED CLUB.

A man who has it in his power to choose his own company, would certainly be much to blame, should he not, to the best of his judgment, take such as are of a temper most suitable to his own; and where that choice is wanting, or where a man is mistaken in his choice, and yet under a necessity of continuing in the same company, it will certainly be his interest to carry himself as easily as possible.

In this I am sensible I do but repeat what has been said a thousand times, at which, however, I think nobody has any title to take exception but they who never failed to put this in practice. Not to use any longer preface, this being the season of the year in which great numbers of all sorts of people retire from this place of business and pleasure to country solitude, I think it not improper to advise them to take with them as great a stock of good-humor as they can; for, though a country life is described as the most pleasant of all others, and though it may in truth be so, yet it is so only to those who know how to enjoy leisure and retirement.

As for those who cannot live without the constant helps of business or company, let them consider that in the country there is no Exchange, there are no playhouses, no variety of coffee-houses, nor many of those other amusements which serve here as so many reliefs from the repeated occurrences in their own families; but that there the greatest part of their time must be spent within themselves, and, consequently, it behoves them to consider how agreeable it will be to them before they leave this dear town.

I remember, Mr. Spectator, we were very well entertained last year with the advices you gave us from Sir Roger's country-seat; which I the rather mention because it is almost impossible not to live pleasantly where the master of a family is such a one as you there describe your friend, who cannot therefore (I mean as to his domestic character) be too often recommended to the imitation of others. How amiable is that affability and benevolence with which he treats his neighbors, and every one, even the meanest of his own family! and yet how seldom imi-

tated! Instead of which we commonly meet with ill-natured expostulations, noise, and chidings— And this I hinted, because the humor and disposition of the head is what chiefly influences all the other parts of a family.

An agreement and kind correspondence between friends and acquaintance is the greatest pleasure of life. This is an undoubted truth; and yet any man who judges from the practice of the world will be almost persuaded to believe the contrary; for how can we suppose people should be so industrious to make themselves uneasy? What can engage them to entertain and foment jealousies of one another upon every the least occasion? Yet so it is, there are people who (as it should seem) delight in being troublesome and vexatious, who (as Tully speaks) *marâ sunt alacritate ad litigandum*, "have a certain cheerfulness in wrangling." And thus it happens that there are very few families in which there are not feuds and animosities, though it is everyone's interest, there more particularly, to avoid them, because there (as I would willingly hope) no one gives another uneasiness without feeling some share of it. But I am gone beyond what I designed, and had almost forgot what I chiefly proposed; which was barely to tell you how hardly we, who pass most of our time in town, dispense with a long vacation in the country; how uneasy we grow to ourselves, and to one another, when our conversation is confined; insomuch that, by Michaelmas, it is odds but we come to downright squabbling, and make as free with one another to our faces as we do with the rest of the world behind their backs. After I have told you this, I am to desire that you would now and then give us a lesson on good-humor, a family-piece, which, since we are all very fond of you, I hope may have some influence upon us.

After these plain observations, give me leave to give you a hint of what a set of company of my acquaintance, who are now gone into the country and have the use of an absent nobleman's seat, have settled among themselves to avoid the inconveniences above mentioned. They are a collection of ten or twelve, of the same good inclination towards each other, but of very different talents and inclinations; from hence they hope that the

variety of their tempers will only create variety of pleasures. But as there always will arise, among the same people, either for want of diversity of objects, or the like causes, a certain satiety, which may grow into ill-humor or discontent, there is a large wing of the house which they design to employ in the nature of an infirmary. Whoever says a peevish thing, or acts anything which betrays a sourness or indisposition to company, is immediately to be conveyed to his chambers in the infirmary; from whence he is not to be relieved till, by his manner of submission and the sentiments expressed in his petition for that purpose, he appears to the majority of the company to be again fit for society. You are to understand that all ill-natured words or uneasy gestures are sufficient cause for banishment; speaking impatiently to servants, making a man repeat what he says, or anything that betrays inattention or dishonor, are also criminal without reprieve. But it is provided that, whoever observes the ill-natured fit coming upon himself, and voluntarily retires, shall be received at his return from the infirmary with the highest marks of esteem. By these and other wholesome methods it is expected that, if they cannot cure one another, yet at least they have taken care that the ill-humor of one shall not be troublesome to the rest of the company. There are many other rules which the society have established for the preservation of their ease and tranquillity, the effects of which, with the incidents that arise among them, shall be communicated to you from time to time for the public good.

[A further account of the infirmary, extracted from a second letter to the *Spectator*, here follows.]

On Monday the assembly was in very good-humor, having received some recruits of French claret that morning: when, unluckily, towards the middle of the dinner, one of the company swore at his servant in a very rough manner for having put too much water in his wine. Upon which the president of the day, who is always the mouth of the company, after having convinced him of the impertinence of his passion, and the insult it had made upon the company, ordered his man to take him from the table, and convey him to the infirmary. There was but one more sent away that day; this

was a gentleman, who is reckoned by some persons one of the greatest wits, and by others one of the greatest boobies about town. This you will say is a strange character: but what makes it stranger yet, it is a very true one, for he is perpetually the reverse of himself, being always merry or dull to excess. We brought him hither to divert us, which he did very well upon the road, having lavished away as much wit and laughter upon the hackney-coachman as might have served him during his whole stay here, had it been duly managed. He had been lumpish for two or three days, but was so far connived at, in hopes of recovery, that we despatched one of the briskest fellows among the brotherhood into the infirmary for having told him at table he was not merry. But our president observing that he indulged himself in this long fit of stupidity, and construing it as a contempt of the college, ordered him to retire into the place prepared for such companions. He was no sooner got into it, but his wit and mirth returned upon him in so violent a manner, that he shook the whole infirmary with the noise of it, and had so good an effect upon the rest of the patients, that he brought them all out to dinner with him the next day.

On Tuesday we were no sooner sat down, but one of the company complained that his head ached; upon which another asked him, in an insolent manner, what he did there then? This insensibly grew into some warm words; so that the president, in order to keep the peace, gave directions to take them both from the table, and lodge them in the infirmary. Not long after, another of the company telling us he knew, by a pain in his shoulder, that we should have some rain, the president ordered him to be removed, and placed as a weather-glass in the apartment above mentioned.

On Wednesday, a gentleman having received a letter written in a woman's hand, and changing color twice or thrice as he read it, desired leave to retire into the infirmary. The president consented, but denied him the use of pen, ink, and paper, till such time as he had slept upon it. One of the company being seated at the lower end of the table, and discovering his secret discontent, by finding fault with every dish that was served up, and refusing to laugh at anything that was said,

the president told him, that he found he was in an uneasy seat, and desired him to accommodate himself better in the infirmary. After dinner, a very honest fellow chancing to let a pun fall from him, his neighbor cried out, "To the infirmary;" at the same time pretending to be sick at it, as having the same natural antipathy to a pun which some have to a cat. This produced a long debate. Upon the whole, the punster was acquitted, and his neighbor sent off.

On Thursday there was but one delinquent. This was a gentleman of strong voice, but weak understanding. He had unluckily engaged himself in dispute with a man of excellent sense, but of a modest elocution. The man of heat replied to every answer of his antagonist with a louder note than ordinary, and only raised his voice when he should have enforced his argument. Finding himself driven to an absurdity, he still reasoned in a more clamorous and confused manner, and concluded with a loud thump upon the table. The president immediately ordered him to be carried off, and dieted with water-gruel, till he should be sufficiently weakened for conversation.

On Friday there passed very little remarkable, saving only that several petitions were read of the persons in custody, desiring to be released from their confinement, and vouching for one another's good behavior for the future.

On Saturday we received many excuses from persons who had found themselves in an unsociable temper, and had voluntarily shut themselves up. The infirmary was, indeed, never so full as on this day, which I was at some loss to account for, till, upon my going abroad, I observed that it was an easterly wind. The retirement of most of my friends has given me opportunity and leisure of writing you this letter, which I must not conclude without assuring you, that all the members of our college, as well those who are under confinement as those who are at liberty, are your very humble servants.

SIR RICHARD STEELE, 1671-1729.

One of D'Israeli's admirers said to John Bright: "You ought to give him credit. He is a self-made man." "Yes," replied Bright, "and he adores his maker."

THE FABLIAU.

[RUTEBEUF THE TROUVÈRE was born early in the thirteenth century of humble parentage, as his name denotes. He was a quick, sharp lad, and, endowed with a marvellously sweet voice, was taken into the service of the Church of some Compagne town. Here he received from the monks the rudiments of learning; he was afterwards sent to the University of Paris. Great Gaster, first Master of Arts, according to Rabelais, decreed that he should be a minstrel. So he copied out his own verses, made up the budget which was to form his "entertainment," tied up his personal belongings, which made but a small parcel, and with his lute in his band, started on the tramp.

Rutebeuf was the principal author of the celebrated *Fabliaux*, at least the author of their existence in rhyme. We extract from Walter Besant's *French Humorists*.

The principal function of the minstrel was to put into a poetical form all the stories which he could collect together, and to tell over again those which others had collected. The *fabliau* is, above all, the true place to look for mediæval fun, satire, or humor, as well as for mediæval manners and customs. The *fabliau* was essentially the amusement of the winter evenings; happy he who could write a new one or furbish up an old one.

Here the curé and the friar came to well-merited grief; here the jealous husband is outwitted; here *la femme*—the life and soul of the stories—is alternately glorified and disgraced—ofttimes the latter:—

Feme est de trop foible nature,
De noient rit, de noient pleure,
Feme aime et het en trop poi d'eure.

Here is the story of the "Médecin malgré lui;" here that of Griselda—"Griselidis"—the type of patient conjugal virtue; and here the real popular belief about religion. An example of the last is the *fabliau* of the "Villain who gained Paradise by pleading."

The poor rustic dies; he is so humble that no one, neither angel nor devil, cares to have anything to do with his soul. He wanders alone and unmolested, till he finds himself at the gates of heaven.

I tell a tale that once I read:
'Tis of a villain, long since dead,
And of his soul. He passed away
One Friday at the close of day.
When it behoved the man to die,
Angel or devil, none was by;

And so the soul, from body reft,
 Stood waiting there, unheeded, left.
 None came to claim it; all in awe,
 Yet half-rejoiced, the poor soul saw
 No devil instant flames command,
 No angel's smiling face at hand.
 Then looking curious here and there,
 Perceived a distant portal, where
 Saint Michael's self was leading straight
 A happy soul through heaven's gate.
 The villain followed, till at last
 To Paradise itself he passed.
 Saint Peter, heaven's porter, who
 Had opened gates to let them through,
 The soul received by Michael brought,
 And then his eyes the villain caught.
 "Who art thou?" asked he, when he saw
 The soul come in against the law.
 "Here is there entrance none, except
 For those by judgment strict elect.
 Besides, in truth, by Saint Gillain,
 We want not here base-born villain."
 To whom the villain made reply,
 "No worse than you, fair saint, am I;
 Harder are you than any stone;
 Small honor have the churches won
 From your apostleship. 'Twas you
 Who did deny your Saviour true."
 Ashamed and angry, Peter stayed,
 And called Saint Thomas to his aid.
 Said Thomas, "Leave the case to me,
 Not long in heaven his soul shall be."
 Then to the villain goes, and, "Say
 By what authority you stay,
 False villain, where no soul may come
 Without escort? This is no home
 For such as you. From Paradise
 Begone at once."

The villain cries,
 "Ah! Thomas, Thomas, is it well
 For thee such measure rude to tell?
 Art thou not he who, doubting still,
 Wouldst not confess thy Lord until,
 False and of little faith, I ween,
 His very wounds thine eyes had seen?"
 Saint Thomas, grieved, with answer none,
 Bent low his head, and next is gone
 Straight to Saint Paul. "Now, by my head,"
 Cried Paul, "this villain shall be sped.
 Villain," said he, "you enter here,
 Regardless of all right, all fear;
 Know, villain base, of low degree,
 That Paradise is not for thee:
 Therefore begone."

"What!" cried the soul,
 "Do I behold the Apostle Paul?
 Paul, he who, cruel beyond compare,
 Stoned Stephen, first of martyrs fair?
 Full well I know thy life of old,
 How many a man, betray'd and sold,

Was put to death by thee and thine,
 Apostle fair, and saint divine.
 Ha! have I not thy exploits heard?"
 Saint Paul, abashed, with never a word
 In answer, with confusion burned,
 And to the other two returned.

It will easily be guessed that it is well not to translate any further. The villain is allowed to remain in heaven.

This boldness in dealing with subjects of the deepest reverence is entirely characteristic of the *fabliau*. It is due partly to their mock religious ceremonies, and partly to the intense hatred of the monks which overran all France in the three centuries immediately preceding the Reformation. Thus, we have the lover's Paternoster, where every clause is a peg for amatory sentiments; the *Credo* of the Ribaut:—

Credo—I believe in dice;
 Without a penny for the price
 Full often have they got me meat,
 Good wine to drink, and friends to treat;
 And sometimes, too, when luck went worse,
 They've stripped me clean of robe and purse.

And so on. There is the *Credo* of the usurer. He is dying, and makes his last confession:—

Credo—this my faith receive:
 In my coffers I believe.
In Deum—what shall I do?
 My wife is such a thriftless shrew.
Patrem—if I leave her these,
 And get well of my disease,
 Half at least she'd waste and spend.
Omnipotentem—ah! my friend,
 I remember how, one day,
 Five whole livres she threw away;
 And a hundred sous and more—
Creatorem—gone before.

There are knightly stories, and tricks of villains. There is the story of Narcissus, of Graellent, of Aucassin and Nicolette, the prettiest of pretty stories; the lay of Aristotle, and a thousand tales which may be read still with pleasure. Grave faults there are, of course, and a selection must be made.

The *fabliau*, everything by turns, was thus the real instructor of the people, who could read nothing, were taught nothing, knew nothing. It was for this reason that the church, taking alarm at the great influence which the satirical *fabliaux*

had obtained, devised the plan of teaching sound doctrines by the same means. In these was inculcated the worship of the Virgin, of different saints, the duty and rewards of keeping up the church, of paying dues, attending services, and the like. And then people began to yawn, and so the *fabliau* went into disrepute. But that was long after Rutebeuf wrote the following, which is the story of the "Ass's Last Will and Testament," with which we will finish this extract :

A priest there was in times of old,
Fond of his church, but fonder of gold,
Who spent his days and all his thought
In getting what he preached was nought.
His chests were full of robes and stuff,
Corn filled his garners to the roof,
Stored up against the fair-times gay,
From Saint Rémy to Easter Day.
An ass he had within his stable,
A beast most sound and valuable.
For twenty years he lent his strength
For the priest his master, till at length,
Worn out with work and age, he died.
The priest, who loved him, wept and cried ;
And, for his service long and hard,
Buried him in his own churchyard.

Now turn we to another thing ;
'Tis of a bishop that I sing.
No greedy miser he, I ween ;
Prelate so generous ne'er was seen.
Full well he loved in company
Of all good Christians still to be ;
When he was well, his pleasure still,
His medicine best when he was ill.

Always his hall was full, and there
His guests had ever best of fare.
Whate'er the bishop lack'd or lost
Was bought at once despite the cost ;
And so, in spite of rent and score,
The bishop's debts grew more and more.
For true it is—this ne'er forget—
Who spends too much gets into debt.
One day his friends all with him sat,
The bishop talking this and that,
Till the discourse on rich clerks ran,
Of greedy priests, and how their plan
Was all good bishops still to grieve,
And of their dues their lords deceive.
And then the priest of whom I've told
Was mention'd ; how he loved his gold.
And because men do often use
More freedom than the truth would choose,
They gave him wealth, and wealth so much,
As those like him could scarcely touch.
"And then beside, a thing he's done,
By which great profit might be won,

Could it be only spoken here."
Quoth the bishop, "Tell it without fear."
"He's worse, my lord, than Bedouin,
Because his own dead ass, Baldwin,
He buried in the sacred ground."
"If this is truth, as shall be found,"
The bishop cried, "a forfeit high
Will on his worldly riches lie.
Summon this wicked priest to me ;
I will myself in this case be
The judge. If Robert's word be true,
Mine are the fine and forfeit too."

The priest comes when summoned.

"Disloyal ! God's enemy and mine,
Prepare to pay a heavy fine.
Thy ass thou buriest in the place
Sacred by church. Now, by God's grace,
I never heard of crime more great.
What ! Christian men with asses wait ?
Now, if this thing be proven, know
Surely to prison thou wilt go."
"Sir," said the priest, "thy patience grant ;
A short delay is all I want.
Not that I fear to answer now—
But give me what the laws allow."
And so the bishop leaves the priest,
Who does not feel as if at feast.
But still, because one friend remains,
He trembles not at prison pains.
His purse it is which never fails
For tax or forfeit, fine or vails.

The term arrived, the priest appeared,
And met the bishop, nothing feared ;
For 'neath his girdle safe there hung
A leathern purse, well stocked and strung
With twenty pieces fresh and bright,
Good money all, none clipped or light.
"Priest," said the bishop, "if thou have
Answer to give to charge so grave,
'Tis now the time."

"Sir, grant me leave

My answer secretly to give.
Let me confess to you alone,
And, if needs be, my sins atone."
The bishop bent his head to hear,
The priest he whispered in his ear :
"Sir, spare a tedious tale to tell—
My poor ass served me long and well,
For twenty years my faithful slave,
Each year his work a saving gave
Of twenty sous—so that in all
To twenty livres the sum will fall.
And, for the safety of his soul,
To you, my lord, he left the whole."
"Twas rightly done," the bishop said,
And gravely shook his godly head :
"And, that his soul to heaven may go,
My absolution I bestow."

Now have you heard a truthful lay,
 How with rich priests the bishops play,
 And Rutebeuf the moral draws
 That, spite of kings' and bishops' laws,
 No evil times hath he to dread
 Who still has silver at his need.

THE "PRAISE OF FOLLY."

[DESIDERIUS ERASMUS, the celebrated Dutch scholar, was born at Rotterdam, October 28, 1465. He early distinguished himself as a classical scholar, and for a time was professor of Greek at Cambridge University, England. His immense erudition and lively wit gave him great influence as a writer. He is regarded as the leading man of letters of his age. His *Praise of Folly*, a broad satire, had a great circulation, as had also his *Colloquies*. He produced the first edition of the Greek Testament ever printed, and also a corrected Latin version. He died July 12, 1536. The *Praise of Folly* is introduced by a dedicatory epistle to Sir Thomas More, from which we quote.]

But those who are offended at the lightness and pedantry of this subject, I would have them consider that I do not set myself for the first example of this kind, but that the same has been oft done by many considerable authors. For thus, several ages since, Homer wrote of no more weighty a subject than of a war between the frogs and mice; Virgil of a gnat and a pudding cake; and Ovid of a nut. Polycrates commended the cruelty of Bursiris; and Isocrates, that corrects him for this, did as much for the injustice of Glaucus. Favorinus extolled Thersites, and wrote in praise of a quartane ague. Synesius pleaded in behalf of baldness; and Lucian defended a sipping fly. Seneca drolingly related the deifying of Claudius; Plutarch the dialogue betwixt Gryllus and Ulysses; Lucian and Apuleius the story of an ass; and somebody else records the last will of a hog, of which St. Hierom makes mention. So that, if they please, let themselves think the worst of me, and fancy to themselves that I was, all this while, a playing at push-pin, or riding astride on a hobby-horse. For how unjust is it, if when we allow different recreations to each particular course of life, we afford no diversion to studies; especially when trifles may be a whet to more serious thoughts, and comical matters may be so treated of, as that a reader of ordinary sense may possibly thence reap more advantage than from some more big and stately argument. . . . As to what relates to myself, I must be forced to submit to the judgment of others, yet, except I

am too partial to be judge in my own case, I am apt to believe I have praised Folly in such a manner as not to have deserved the name of fool for my pains.

[From the discourse in *Praise of Folly* we extract the following:]

It is one farther very commendable property of fools, that they always speak the truth, than which there is nothing more noble and heroical. For so, though Plato relates it as a sentence of Alcibiades, that in the sea of drunkenness truth swims uppermost, and so wine is the only teller of truth, yet this character may more justly be assumed by me, as I can make good from the authority of Euripides, who lays down this as an axiom, "Children and fools always speak the truth." Whatever the fool has in his heart, he betrays in his face; or what is more notifying, discovers it by his words; while the wise man, as Euripides observes, carries a double tongue; the one to speak what may be said, the other what ought to be; the one what truth, the other what time requires; whereby he can in a trice so alter his judgment, as to prove that to be now white, which he had just sworn to be black; like the satyr at his porridge, blowing hot and cold at the same breath; in his lips professing one thing, when in his heart he means another.

Furthermore, princes in their greatest splendor seem upon this account unhappy, in that they miss the advantage of being told the truth, and are shammed off by a parcel of insinuating courtiers, that acquit themselves as flatterers more than as friends. But some will perchance object that princes do not love to hear the truth, and therefore wise men must be very cautious how they behave themselves before them, lest they should take too great a liberty in speaking what is true, rather than what is acceptable. This must be confessed, truth indeed is seldom palatable to the ears of kings, yet fools have so great a privilege as to have free leave, not only to speak bare truths, but the most bitter ones too; so as the same reproof which, had it come from the mouth of a wise man would have cost him his head, being blurted out by a fool, is not only pardoned, but well taken, and rewarded. For truth has naturally a mixture of pleasure, if it carry with it nothing of offence to the person whom it is applied to; and the happy knack of ordering it so, is bestowed only on fools. . . .

THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM.

[*The Belle's Stratagem* was written by Mrs. Hannah Cowley, was first played in London about 1773, and has retained its favor with the English-speaking public ever since: the plot is simple. The heroine, Letitia Hardy, the daughter of a wealthy English country gentleman, is betrothed to Doricourt, whom she has never seen; but on the first meeting (he not knowing who she is) she discerns that her bashful modesty had not made the impression that she desired; she resolves to adopt the stratagem of pretending to be a *hoysden* in her proper self, and contrives, in disguise at a masquerade, to make a conquest of his heart as some one else, and, finally, discloses at the proper time her stratagem and explains her reasons.]

The following scene is extracted from Act III., Scene I.

Enter MRS. RACKETT *and* LETITIA.

MRS. R. Come, prepare, prepare—your lover is coming.

LET. My lover! confess now that my absence at dinner was a severe mortification to him.

MRS. R. I can't absolutely swear it spoiled his appetite; he ate as if he was hungry, and drank his wine as though he liked it.

LET. What was the apology?

MRS. R. That you were ill; but I gave him a hint that your extreme bashfulness could not support his eye.

LET. If I comprehend him, awkwardness and bashfulness are the last faults he can pardon in a woman; so expect to see me transformed into the veriest maunkin.

MRS. R. You persevere, then?

LET. Certainly. I know the design is a rash one, and the event important; it either makes Doricourt mine by all the tenderest ties of passion, or deprives me of him forever; and never to be his wife will afflict me less than to be his wife and not be beloved.

MRS. R. So you won't trust to the good old maxim, "Marry first, and love will follow?"

LET. As readily as I would venture my last guinea that good fortune might follow. The woman that has not touched the heart of a man before he leads her to the altar has scarcely a chance to charm it when possession and security turn their powerful arms against her.

DORIC. (*without*). Upstairs, hey?

LET. But here he comes. I'll disappear for a moment. Don't spare me.

(*Exit.*)

Enter DORICOURT, *not seeing* MRS. RACKETT.

DORIC. So! (*Looking at a picture.*) This is my mistress, I presume. *Ma foi!* the painter has hit her off. The downcast eye—the blushing cheek—timid—apprehensive—bashful. A tear and a prayer-book would have made her *La Bella Magdalena*:

Give me a woman in whose touching mien
A mind, a soul, a polished art is seen;
Whose motion speaks, whose poignant air
can move;
Such are the darts to wound with endless love.

MRS. R. Is that an impromptu? (*Touching him on the shoulder with her fan.*)

DORIC. (*starting*). Madame!—(*Aside.*) Finely caught! Not absolutely—it struck me, during the dessert, as a motto for your picture.

MRS. R. Gallantly turned! I perceive, however, Miss Hardy's charms have made no violent impression on you. And who can wonder?—the poor girl's defects are so obvious.

DORIC. Defects!

MRS. R. Merely those of education. Her father's indulgence ruined her. *Mauvaise honte*—conceit and ignorance all unite in the lady you are to marry.

DORIC. Marry! I marry such a woman! Your picture, I hope, is overcharged. I marry *mauvaise honte*—pertness and ignorance!

MRS. R. Thank your stars that ugliness and ill-temper are not added to the list. You must think her handsome.

DORIC. Half her personal beauty would content me; but could the Medicean Venus be animated for me, and endowed with a vulgar soul, I should become the statue and my heart transformed to marble.

MRS. R. Bless us! We are in a hopeful way, then!

DORIC. There must be some envy in this. (*Aside.*) I see she is a coquette. Ha, ha, ha! and you imagine I am persuaded of the truth of your character! ha, ha, ha! Miss Hardy, I have been assured, madame, is elegant and accomplished—but one must allow for a lady's painting. (*Bows.*)

MRS. R. (*aside*). I'll be even with him for that. Ha, ha, ha! and so you have found me out? Well, I protest, I meant no harm; 'twas only to increase the éclat

of her appearance that I threw a veil over her charms. Here comes the lady; her elegance and accomplishments will announce themselves.

Enter LETITIA, running.

LET. La, cousin, do you know that our John— O dear heart! I didn't see you, sir. (*Hanging down her head and dropping behind MRS. RACKETT.*)

MRS. R. Fie, Letitia—Mr. Doricourt thanks you a woman of elegant manners. Stand forward and confirm his opinion.

LET. No, no; keep before me. He's my sweetheart, and 'tis impudent to look one's sweetheart in the face, you know.

MRS. R. You'll allow in future for a lady's painting, sir—ha, ha, ha!

DORIC. I am astonished.

LET. Well, hang it, I'll take heart. Why, he is but a man, you know, cousin—and I'll let him see I wasn't born in a wood to be scared by an owl. (*Half advances and looks at him through her fingers.*) He, he, he! You have been a great traveller, sir, I hear. I wish you'd tell us about the fine sights you saw when you went over sea. I have read in a book that there are some other countries, where the men and women are all horses. Did you see any of them?

MRS. R. Mr. Doricourt is not prepared, my dear, for these inquiries—he is reflecting on the importance of the question, and will answer you—when he can.

LET. When he can! Why he's as slow in speech as Aunt Margery when she's reading Thomas Aquinas—and stands gaping like mumbleance.

MRS. R. Have a little discretion.

LET. Hold your tongue! Sure I may say what I please before I am married, if I can't afterwards. D'ye think a body does not know how to talk to a sweetheart? He is not the first I have had.

DORIC. Indeed!

LET. O, lud, he speaks! Why, if you must know, there was the curate at home. When papa was a hunting, he used to come a suitoring and make speeches to me out of books. Nobody knows what a mort of fine things he used to say to me—and call me Venis, and Jubah, and Dinah.

DORIC. And pray, fair lady, how did you answer him?

LET. Why, I used to say, "Look you, Mr. Curate, don't think to come over me with your flim-flams, for a better man

than ever trod in your shoes is coming over sea to marry me." But 'ifags, I begin to think I was out. Parson Dobbins was the sprightfuller man of the two.

DORIC. Surely this cannot be Miss Hardy?

LET. Laws, why don't you know me? You saw me to-day—but I was daunted before my father, and the lawyer, and all them, and did not care to speak out—so maybe you thought I couldn't. But I can talk as fast as anybody when I knows folks a little. (*Introduced song.*) And now I have shown my parts, I hope you'll like me better.

Enter HARDY.

HAR. I foresee this won't do. Mr. Doricourt, maybe you take my daughter for a fool, but you are mistaken; she's as sensible a girl as any in England.

DORIC. I am convinced she has a very uncommon understanding, sir. (*Aside.*) I did not think he had been such an ass!

LET. (*aside.*) My father will undo the whole. Laws, papa, how can you think he can take me for a fool, when everybody knows I beat the 'pothecary at conundrums last Christmas-time? And didn't I make a string of names, all in riddles, for the Lady's Diary? There was a little river and a great house: that was Newcastle. There was what a lamb says and three letters: that was ba, and k-e-r, ker, baker. There was—

HAR. Don't stand ba-a-ing there—you'll make me mad in a moment. I tell you, sir, that for all that, she's devilish sensible.

DORIC. Sir, I give all possible credit to your assertions.

LET. Laws, papa, do come along. If you stand watching, how can my sweetheart break his mind and tell me how he admires me?

DORIC. That would be difficult, indeed, madame.

HAR. I tell you, Letty, I'll have no more of this. I see well enough—

LET. Laws, don't snub me before my husband—that is to be. You'll teach him to snub me too—and I believe by his looks he'd like to begin now. So let us go. Cousin, you may tell the gentleman what a genus I have—(*HARDY pulls her again*)—how I can cut watch papers and work catgut—(*pulls her*)—make quadrille baskets with pins and take profiles in

shade—(*pushes HARDY off; he returns and urges her to go*)—aye, as well as the lady at No. 62 South Moulton Street, Grosvenor Square. (*Exeunt HARDY and LETITIA.*)

MRS. R. What think you of my painting now?

DORIC. O, mere water-colors, madame. The lady has caricatured your picture.

MRS. R. And how does she strike you on the whole?

DORIC. Like a good design spoiled by the incapacity of the artist. Her faults are evidently the result of her father's weak indulgence. I observed an expression in her eye that seemed to satirize the folly of her lips.

MRS. R. But at her age, when education is fixed and manner becomes nature, hopes of improvement—

DORIC. Would be absurd. Besides, I can't turn schoolmaster. Doricourt's wife must be incapable of improvement—but it must be because she's got beyond it.

MRS. R. I am pleased your misfortune sits no heavier.

DORIC. Your pardon, madame. So mercurial was the hour in which I was born, that misfortunes always go plump to the bottom of my heart, like a pebble in water, and leave the surface unruffled. I shall certainly set off for Bath, or the other world, to-night—but whether I shall use a chaise with four swift coursers, or go off in a tangent, from the aperture of a pistol, deserves consideration—so I make my adieus.

MRS. R. O, but I entreat you, postpone your journey till to-morrow. Determine on which you will, you must be this night at the masquerade.

DORIC. Masquerade!

MRS. R. Why not? If you resolve to visit the other world, you may as well take one night's pleasure first in this, you know.

DORIC. Faith, that's very true; ladies are the best philosophers after all. Expect me at the masquerade. (*Exit.*)

MRS. R. He's a charming fellow—I think Letitia shan't have him. (*Going.*)

Enter HARDY.

HAR. What, is he gone?

MRS. R. Yes; and I am glad he is. You would have ruined us! Now I beg, Mr. Hardy, you won't interfere in this business; it is a little out of your way. (*Exit.*)

HAR. Hang me if I don't, though—I foresee very clearly what will be the end of it, if I leave you to yourselves; so I'll e'en follow him to the masquerade and tell him all about it. Let me see—what shall my dress be? A great mogul? No. A grenadier? No—no—that, I foresee, would make a laugh. Hang me if I don't send to my favorite little Quick and borrow his Jew Isaac's dress—I know the dog likes a glass of good wine; so I'll give him a bottle of my forty-eight, and he shall teach me. Aye, that's it—I'll be cunning little Isaac. If they complain of my want of wit, I'll tell them the cursed Duenna wears the breeches and has spoiled my parts.

ON MULES.

The mule is haf hoss and haf jackass, and then kums tu a full stop, natur discovering her mistake. Tha weigh more accordin tu their heft than enny other creeter, except a crowbar. Tha kant heer enny quicker nor further than the hoss, yet their ears are big enuff fur snowshoes. You kan trust them with enny one whose life aint worth more than the mule's. The only way tu keep them into a paster is tu turn them into a medder jineing and let them jump out. Tha are redly for use jest as soon as tha will do to abuse. Tha aint got enny friends, and will live on huckleberry bush, with an akasional chance at Kanada thissels. Tha are a modern invention. Tha sell fur more money than enny other domestic animal. You can't tell their age by looking into their mouth enny more than you could a Mexican cannon. Tha never have no disease that a good club won't heal. If tha ever die tha must come right to life agin, fur I never herd nobody say "ded mule." Tha are like some men, very korrupt at heart. I've known them to be good mules for six months, just to get a good chance to kick somebody. I never owned one, nor never mean to, unless there is a United States law passed requiring it. The reason why tha are pashunt is bekause they are ashamed of themselves. I have seen educated mules in a sircuss. Tha could kick and bite tremenjis. . . . Enny man who is willing to drive a mule ought to be exempt by law from running for the legis-

latur. Tha are the strongest creeters on arth, and heaviest according to their size. I herd of one who fell oph from the tow-path of the Eri canawl, and sunk as soon as he touched bottom, but he kept on towing the boat tu the next stashun, breathing through his ears, which was out of the water about two feet six inches. I didn't see this did, but Bill Harding told me of it, and I never knew Bill Harding to lie unless he could make something out of it.

JOSH BILLINGS.

ON DOGS.

Dogs are various in kind, and tha are various in number. Tha are the onla animal ov the brute perswashun who have voluntarily left a wild state ov natur, and cum in under the flag ov man. Tha are not vagabones bi choise, and luv tew belong tew somebody. This fact endeers them tew us, and I have alwas rated the dog az about the seventh cusin tew the humain specious. Tha kant talk, but tha can lik yure hand; this shows that their harts iz in the plase where other foaks lungs iz! Dogs in the lump are useful, but tha are not alwas proffittable in the lump. The Nufoundlin dog is useful tew saiv children from drowning, but you hav got tew have a pond of water, and children running around kareless, or else the dog aint proffittable. Thar aint nothing made boarding a Nufoundlin dog. Rat Tarriers are useful tew ketch rats, but the rats aint proffittable after yu hav ketched them. The Shepard dog is useful tew drive sheep: but if yu hav tew go and by a flok ov sheep, and pa more than tha are wuth, jist tew keep the dog bissy, the dog aint proffittable, not much. Lap dogs are very useful, but if yu don't hold them in yure lap all the time tha aint proffittable at all. Bull dogs are extremely useful, but yu have tew keep a bull tew, or else yu kant make ennything on the dog. The Coach dog iz one ov the most usefulest ov dogs i kno ov, but yu have got tew hav a coach (and that aint always pleasant) or yu kant realise from the dog. Thus we see that while dogs are generally useful there are times when tha aint generally proffittable. I don't really luv a yaller dog, nor a Bull dog; but with these tew unfortunate excepshens it is dredful hard work for me tew say a word agin enny

dog. The wag ov their tails is what takes me. Enny man who will abuse a dog will abuse a woman, and any man who will abuse a woman iz thirty-five or forty times meaner than—a pale yaller dog. These are my centiments, and i shant change them until I receave nuse that the camil has smoothed down the humps of his back, and the sarpent ceased tew wiggle as he wanders.

JOSH BILLINGS.

WIT OF CHARLES LAMB.

Coleridge, in 1799, went to Germany, and left word to Lamb that if he wished any information on any subject, he might apply to him (*i. e.*, by letter), so Lamb sent him the following abstruse propositions, to which, however, Coleridge did not "deign an answer."

Whether God loves a dying angel better than a true man?

Whether the archangel Uriel *could* knowingly affirm an untruth, and whether, if he *could*, he *would*?

Whether the higher order of seraphim illuminati ever *sneeze*?

Whether an immortal and amenable soul may not come *to be damned at last*, and the man never suspect it beforehand?

MOVING.—What a dislocation of comfort is implied in that word moving! Such a heap of little, nasty things, after you think all is got into the cart; old dredging boxes, worn-out trunks, gallipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind, if it was to save your soul; they'd keep the cart ten minutes to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches, to show their economy. They can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your new lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your hands without soap, go about in dirty gaiters.

BOILED MUTTON.—A farmer, Charles Lamb's chance companion in a coach, kept boring him to death with questions as to the state of the crops. At length he put a poser: "And pray, sir, how go turnips?" "Why, that, sir," stammered out Lamb, "will depend upon the boiled legs of mutton."

ADDRESS TO BACCHUS.

[MARC-ANTOINE GERARD, sieur de Saint Amant, was born at Rouen in 1594, died at Paris, 1661. He is one of the brightest and best of the French early poets.]

We give a specimen of his lighter verse. The following is AN ADDRESS TO BACCHUS :

In idle rhymes we waste our days,
With yawning fits for all our praise,
While Bacchus, god of mirth and wine,
Invites us to a life divine.
Apollo, prince of bards and prigs,
May scrape his fiddle to the pigs;
And for the Muses, old maids all,
Why let them twang their lyres, and squall
Their hymns and odes on classic themes,
Neglected by their sacred streams.
As for the true poetic fire,
What is it but a mad desire?
While Pegasus himself, at best,
Only a horse must be confess'd;
And he must be an ass indeed,
Who would bestride the winged steed.

Bacchus, thou who watchest o'er
All feasts of ours, whom I adore
With each new draught of rosy wine
That makes my red face like to thine—
By thy ivied coronet,
By this glass with rubies set,
By thy thyrsus—fear of earth—
By thine everlasting mirth,
By the honor of the feast,
By thy triumphs, greatest, least,
By thy blows, not struck, but drunk,
With king and bishop, priest and monk,
By the jesting, keen and sharp,
By the violin and harp,
By the bells, which are but flasks,
By our sighs which are but masks
Of mirth and sacred mystery,
By thy panthers fierce to see,
By this place so fair and sweet,
By the he-goat at thy feet,
By Ariadne, buxom lass,
By Silenus on his ass,
By this sausage, by this stoup,
By this rich and thirsty soup,
By this pipe from which I wave
All the incense thou dost crave,
By this ham, well spiced, long hung,
By this salt and wood-smoked tongue,
Receive us in the happy band
Of those who worship glass in hand.
And, to prove thyself divine,
Leave us never without wine.

This invocation to the god of wine is followed by the liveliest, brightest letter pos-

sible to his friend Furet. It simply invites him to leave Fontainebleau and return to Paris. Here is some of it. Mark how he changes his mood from grave to gay :

But why from Paris art thou torn?
Was it a sudden yearning, born
Of the sweet spring; once more to see
The rocks, the trees, the forest free,
The lake reflecting on its breast
The foliage deep, the earth at rest,
And while the sky is warm and still
To mark how over tree and hill,
As if they dread the thunder near,
Vibrate the trembling waves of air;
To mark how in their wayward guise
Hover and flit the butterflies,
As bright as if they were indeed
The very flowers on which they feed?

Or else, alone and pensive, while
You ponder 'neath the greenwood aisle
On some far back mysterious theme
Fit subject for a poet's dream,
To find some dark and sombre glen
Fitting your sadder'd soul, and then
Deep in the darkest shade to write
Verse worthy of the brightest light.

Is it for fancies grave or gay,
My friend, you leave us? Prithce, say.
Furet, they cry, is absent yet
From tavern and from cabaret;
He rhymes no more of cups and wine—
Unworthy follower of the vine.
And Bacchus, king of me and thee,
By well-known law, hath made decree
Thou shalt not drink, save that alone
Which flows along the Seine and Rhone.
Thou friend of water!—couldst thou go,
For Paris taking Fontainebleau?
Paris—where Bacchus holds all hearts;
Paris, where Coiffier* bakes his tarts;
Paris where Cormier† hangs his sign,
An apple-tree that points to wine;
Paris, which offers to our eyes
Another apple; ‡ greater prize
Than that of gold, which by belief
Brought gods and goddesses to grief;
An apple from the tall fir-tree—
Thou know'st that it has shelter'd thee.
Paris, that cemetery vast,
Where all our griefs are buried fast;
Paris, that little world, in short,
Of sweet delight and pleasant sport;
Paris, whose joys bring more content
Than heart can wish or brain invent.

* A well-known restaurateur and confectioner.

† A cabaret kept by Cormier, which means an "apple tree."

‡ The sign of the "Fir Apple."

Ha! see. My words begin to press,
 You speak not, but your eyes confess:
 You cannot leave our Paris till
 Yourself you leave, against your will.

Leave care to other, duller heads;
 Leave lakes to fish, to cows the meads;
 Let wild beasts watch for April showers;
 Let snails eat up the sweet wild flowers;
 And—bless me—now I mark your face,—
 Once brimming o'er with mirthful grace—
 I never saw a change so great:

Come back, come back, 'tis not too late.
 For sure the air that suits you best

Where corks fly out and glasses clink;
 Where singers sing, and jesters jest,
 Where waiters wait and drinkers drink;
 Will please you more, I know, I know,
 Than all the woods of Fontainebleau.

THE GOTHIC STEED.

[R. H. NEWELL, deceased, one of the editors of the New York *Sunday Mercury*. His satires on the mismanagement and maladministration of the Northern army were published in that journal, under the title of the *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers*.]

Washington, D. C., Oct. 6th, 1861.

The horse was the swarthy Arab's bosom friend, the red Indian's solitary companion, and the circus proprietor's salvation. One of these noble animals was presented to me last week by an old-maid relative, whose age I once guessed to be "about nineteen." The glorious gift was accompanied by a touching letter. She honored my patriotism and the self-sacrificing spirit that had led me to join the gallant Mackerel Brigade, and get a furlough as soon as a rebel picket appeared. She loved me for my mother's sake; and, as she happened to have ten shillings about her, she thought she would buy a horse with it for me. Mine affectionately, Tabitha Turnips.

Ah! woman, glorious woman! what should we do without thee? All our patriotism is but the inspiration of thy proud love, and all our money is but the few shillings left after thou hast got through buying new bonnets. Oh, woman! thoughtful woman! the soldier thanks thee for sending him the pies and cakes that turn sour before they leave New York: but don't send any more Havelocks, or there'll be a crisis in the linen market. It's a common thing for a sentry to report, "Eighty thousand

more Havelocks from the women of America."

But to return to the horse which woman's generosity has made me own—me be-yuteous steed. The beast is fourteen hands high, fourteen hands long, and his sagacious head was shaped like an old-fashioned pick-axe. Viewed from his rear, his style of architecture is Gothic, and he has a gable-end, to which his tail is attached. His eyes are two pearls set in mahogany, and before he lost his sight they were said to be brilliant. I rode down to the Patent Office the other day, and left him leaning against a post while I went inside to transact some business. Pretty soon the Commissioner of Patents came tearing in like mad, and says he:

"I'd like to know whether this is a public building, belonging to the United States, or a second-hand auction shop?"

"What mean you, sirrah?" I asked majestically.

"I mean," says he, "that some enemy to his country has gone and stood an old mahogany umbrella-stand right in front of the office."

To the disgrace of his species, be it said, he referred to the spirited and fiery animal for which I am indebted to woman's generosity. I admit that when seen at a distance the steed somewhat resembles an umbrella-stand; but a single look into his pearly eyes is enough to prove his relations with the animal kingdom.

I have named him Pegasus, in honor of Tupper, and, when I mount him, Villiam Brown, of Company 3, Regiment 5, Mackerel Brigade, says that I remind him of Santa Claus sitting astride the roof of a small Gothic cottage, holding on by the chimney. Villiam is becoming rather too familiar, and I hope he'll be shot at an early day.

At an early hour yesterday morning, while yet the dew was on the grass, and on everything else green enough to be out at that matinal hour, I saddled my Gothic steed Pegasus and took a trot for the benefit of my health. Having eaten a whole straw bed and a piece of an Irishman's shoulder, during the night, my architectural beast was in great spirits, and, as he snuffed the fresh air and unfurled the remnants of his warlike tail to the breeze of heaven, I was reminded of that celebrated Arabian steed which had

such a contempt for the speed of all other horses that he never would run with them ; in fact, he never would run at all.

Having struck a match on that rib of Pegasus which was most convenient to my hand, I lit a cigar, and dropped the match, still burning, into the right ear of my fiery charger. Something of this kind is always necessary to make the sagacious animal start ; but when once I get his mettle up he never stops, unless he happens to hear some crows cawing in the air, just above his venerable head. I am frequently glad that Pegasus has lost his eyesight, for, could he see the expression on the faces of some of these same crows, when they get near enough to squint along his backbone, it would wound his sensibilities fearfully.

B. H. NEWELL.

MOSES, THE SASSY, OR THE DISGUISED DUKE.

CHAPTER I.—ELIZY.

My story opens in the classic presinks of Bostin. In the parlor of a bloated aristocratic mansion on Bacon street sits a luvly young lady, whose hair is covered ore with the frosts of between 17 Summers. She has just sot down to the piany, and is warblin the popler ballad called "Smells of the Notion," in which she tells how with pensiv thought, she wandered by a C beat shore. The son is settin in its horizon, and its gorjus light pores in a golden meller flud through the winders, and makes the young lady twiet as beautiful nor what she was before, which is onnecessary. She is magnificently dressed up in a Berage basque, with poplin trimmins, More Antique, Ball Morals and 3 ply carpeting. Also, considerable gauze. Her dress contains 16 flounders and her shoes is red morocker, with gold spangles onto them. Presently she jumps up with a wild snort, and pressin her hands to her brow, she exclaims : "Methinks I see a voice !"

A noble youth of 27 summers enters. He is attired in a red shirt and black trowsis, which last air turned up over his boots ; his hat, which it is a plug, being cocket onto one side of his classical hed. In sooth, he was a heroic lookin person, with a fine shape. Grease, in its barmi-

est days near projuded a more hefty cavi-leer. Gazin upon him admirinly for a spell, Elizy (for that was her name) organized herself into a tabloo, and stated as follers :

"Ha ! do me eyes deceive me earsight ? Is it some dreams ? No, I reckon not ! That frame ! them store close ! those nose ! Yes, it is me own, me own Moses !" He (Moses) folded her to his hart, with the remark that he was a "hunkey boy."

CHAPTER II.—WAS MOSES OF NOBLE BIRTH ?

Moses was foreman of Engine Co. No. 40. Forty's fellers had just bin havin an annual reunion with Fifty's fellers, on the day I introjue Moses to my readers, and Moses had his arms full of trofees, to-wit : 4 scalps, 5 eyes, 3 fingers, 7 ears (which he chawed off), and several half and quarter sections of noses. When the fair Elizy recovered from her delight at meetin Moses, she said :—"How hast the battle gonest ? Tell me !"

"We chawed 'em up—that's what we did !" said the bold Moses.

"I thank the gods !" sed the fair Elizy. "Thou did'st excellent well. And Moses," she continnerd, laying her head confidnly agin his weskit, "dost know I sumtimes think thou istest of noble birth ?"

"No !" said he, wildly ketchin hold of hisself. "You don't say so !"

"Indeed do I ! Your dead grandfather's sperrit comest to me the tother night."

"Oh, no, I guess it's a mistake," sed Moses.

"I'll bet two dollars and a quarter he did !" replied Elizy. "He said, 'Moses is a Disguised Juke !'"

"You mean Duke," said Moses.

"Dost not the actors all call it Juke ?" said she.

That settled the matter.

"I hav thought of this thing afore," said Moses abstractedly. "If it is so, then thus it must be ! 2 B or not 2 B ! Which ? Sow, sow ! But enuff. O life ! life !—you're too many for me !" He tore out some of his pretty yeller hair, stamp on the floor sevril times, and was gone.

CHAPTER III.—THE PIRUT FOILED.

Sixteen long and weary years has elapst since the seens narrated in the last chapter took place. A noble ship, the Sary Jane, is a sailin from France to Ameriky via the Wabash Canal. A pirut ship is in hot pursoot of the Sary. The pirut captin isn't a man of much principle and intends to kill all the people on bored the Sary and confiscate the wallerbles. The captin of the S. J. is on the pint of givin in, when a fine lookin feller in russet boots and a buffalo overcoat rushes forored and obsarves :

"Old man ! go down-stairs ! Retire to the starbud bulk-hed ! I'll take charge of this Bote !"

"Owdashus cuss !" yelled the captin, "away with thee, or I shall do mur-rer-r-r !"

"Skurcely," obsarved the stranger, and he drew a dimond-hilted fish-knife and cut off the captin's hed. He expired shortly, his last words bein, "We are governed too much."

"People !" sed the stranger, "I'm the Juke d'Moses !"

"Old hoss !" sed a passenger, "methinks thou art blowin !" whareupon the Juke cut orf his hed also.

"Oh, that I should live to see myself a ded body !" screamed the unfortnit man. "But don't print any verses about my deth in the newspapers, for if you do I'll haunt ye !"

"People !" sed the Juke, "I alone can save you from yon bloody pirut ! Ho ! a peck of oats !" The oats was brought and the Juke, boldly mountin the jibpoop, throwed them onto the towpath. The pirut rapidly approached, chucklin with fiendish delight at the idee of increasin his ill-gotten gains. But the leadin hoss of the pirut ship stopt sudden on coming to the oats, and commenst for to devour them. In vain the piruts swore and throwd stones and bottles at the hoss—he wouldn't budge a inch. Meanwhile the Sary Jane, her hosses on the full jump, was fast levin the pirut ship !

"Onct agin do I escape deth !" said the Juke between his clencht teeth, still on the jibpoop.

CHAPTER IV.—THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The Juke was Moses the Sassy ! Yes, it was.

He had been to France and now he was home agin in Bostin, which gave birth to a Bunker Hill !! He had some trouble in gettin hisself acknowledged as Juke in France, as the Orleans Dienasty and Borebones were fernest him, but he finally conkered. Elizy knowd him right off, as one of his ears and a part of his nose had bin chawed off in his fights with opposition firemen durin boyhood's sunny hours. They lived to a green old age, beloved by all, both grate and small. Their children, of which they have numerous, go up onto the Common and see the Fountain squirt.

This is my 1st attempt at writin a Tail & it is far from bein perfeck, but if I have indooosed folks to see that in 9 cases out of 10 they can either make Life as barren as the Dessert of Sarah, or as joyyus as a flower garding, my objeck will have bin accomplished, and more too.

ARTEMUS WARD.

ANATOMICAL WIT.—At an examination of the College of Surgeons, a candidate was asked by Abernethy : "What would you do if a man was blown up by powder ?" "Wait till he came down," he coolly replied. "True," replied Abernethy. "And suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent reply, what muscles would I put in motion ?" "The flexors and extensors of my arm, for I should knock you down immediately." The candidate received his diploma.

The Bishop of Wurtsburg once asked a sprightly little shepherd boy, "What are you doing here, my lad ?" "Tending swine." "How much do you get ?" "One florin a week." "I am also a shepherd," continued the Bishop, "but I get much more pay." "Then I suppose you have more swine under your care," innocently replied the boy.

Charles Lamb, rising at the dinner-table, after being annoyed all day by some one's squalling children, with stuttering solemnity offered the toast, "To the memory of the much abused K-K-King Herod !"

L'ALLEGRO.

[JOHN MILTON, born December 9th, 1608, died November 8, 1674. Latin Secretary to the Council of State during the Protectorate.]

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora, playing,
As he met her once a-Maying!
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill.

Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,

And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,

While the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the checker'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets ate;
She was pinch'd, and pulled, she said;
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpses of morn,
His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge and prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robes, with taper clear,

And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever, against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse;
 Such as the melting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

HOW CALEB BALDERSTONE CATERED FOR WOLF'S CRAG.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT, born at Edinburgh, 15th August, 1771, died at Abbotsford, 21st September, 1832. We can speak only with affectionate reverence of the Master of Fiction—it might be written, the Master of this Century's Literature, for he excelled in almost every branch of it. As a poet he fulfilled the noblest function of the poet's art—he taught in song the glorious recompense of fidelity and of honorable life—he pleased and elevated his pupils whilst he taught them. As an historical essayist, he induced the skeleton of antiquity with soul and human form, and these combined, constitute the real magnet of human sympathy. As a novelist, the world is, and always will be, his debtor for hours which lengthen into years of happiness. He has been in this capacity a benefactor in the highest degree. His genius has provided every home with an inexhaustible store of pleasure. There are many who question his claims as a poet; but in the realms of fiction he remains the undisputed monarch. The leading events of his life are so well known that it is unnecessary to repeat them here. All Scott's works are full of humor—we therefore select at random.]

The thunderbolt, which had stunned all who were within hearing of it, had only served to awaken the bold and inventive genius of the flower of Majors-Domo. Almost before the clatter had ceased, and while there was yet scarce an assurance whether the castle was standing or falling,

Caleb exclaimed, "Heavens be praised!—this comes to hand like the boul of a pint stoup." He then barred the kitchen door in the face of the Lord Keeper's servant, whom he perceived returning from the party at the gate, and muttering, "How the deil cam he in?—but deil may care. Mysie, what are ye sitting shaking and greeting in the chimney-neuk for? Come here—or stay where ye are, and skirl as loud as ye can—it's a' ye're gude for. I say, ye auld deil, skirl—skirl—louder—louder, woman—gar the gentles hear ye in the ha'. I have heard ye as far off as the Bass for a less matter. And stay—down wi' that crockery—"

And with a sweeping blow, he threw down from a shelf some articles of pewter and earthenware. He exalted his voice amid the clatter, shouting and roaring in a manner which changed Mysie's hysterical terrors of the thunder into fears that her old fellow-servant was gone distracted. "He has dung down a' the bits o' pigs, too—the ony thing we had left to haud a soup milk—and he has spilt the hatted kitt that was for the master's dinner. Mercy save us, the auld man's gaen clean and clear wud wi' the thunner!"

"Haud your tongue!" said Caleb, in the impetuous and overbearing triumph of successful invention; "a's provided now—dinner and a' thing. The thunner's done a' in a clap of a hand!"

"Puir man, he's muckle astray," said Mysie, looking at him with a mixture of pity and alarm; "I wish he may ever come hame to himsell again."

"Here, ye auld doited deil," said Caleb, still exulting in his extrication from a dilemma which had seemed insurmountable; "keep the strange man out o' the kitchen. Swear the thunner came down the chimney, and spoiled the best dinner ye ever dressed—beef—bacon—kid—lark—leveret—wild fowl—venison, and what not. Lay it on thick, and never mind expenses. I'll awa up to the ha'. Make a' the confusion ye can, but be sure ye keep out the strange servant."

With these charges to his ally, Caleb posted up to the hall, but stopping to reconnoitre through an aperture which time, for the convenience of many a domestic in succession, had made in the door; and perceiving the situation of Miss Ashton, he had prudence enough to make a pause, both to avoid adding to her alarm, and in

order to secure attention to his account of the disastrous effects of the thunder.

But when he perceived that the lady was recovered, and heard the conversation turn upon the accommodation and refreshment which the castle afforded, he thought it time to burst into the room.

"Wull a wins!—wull a wins. Such a misfortune to befa' the House of Ravenswood, and I to live to see it!"

"What is the matter, Caleb?" said his master, somewhat alarmed in his turn; "has any part of the castle fallen?"

"Castle fa'an?—na, but the sute's fa'an, and the thunner's come right down the kitchen-lumm, and the things are a' lying here awa, there awa, like the Laird o' Hotchpotch's lands; and wi' brave guests of honor and quality to entertain"—a low bow here to Sir William Ashton and his daughter—"a naething left in the house fit to present for dinner—or for supper either, for aught that I can see!"

"I verily believe you, Caleb," said Ravenswood, dryly.

Balderstone here turned to his master a half-upbraiding, half-imploing countenance, and edged towards him as he repeated, "It was nae great matter of preparation; but just something added to your honor's ordinary course of fare—*petty cover*, as they say at the Louvre—three courses and the fruit."

"Keep your intolerable nonsense to yourself, you old fool!" said Ravenswood, mortified at his officiousness, yet not knowing how to contradict him, without the risk of giving rise to scenes yet more ridiculous.

Caleb saw his advantage, and resolved to improve it. But first, observing that the Lord Keeper's servant entered the apartment, and spoke apart with his master, he took the same opportunity to whisper a few words into Ravenswood's ear:—"Haud your tongue, for heaven's sake, sir. If it's my pleasure to hazard my soul in telling lees for the honor of the family, it's nae business o' yours; and if ye let me gang on quietly, I'll be moderate in my banquet; but if ye contradict me, deil but I dress ye a dinner fit for a duke!"

Ravenswood, in fact, thought it would be best to let his officious butler run on, who proceeded to enumerate upon his fingers—"No muckle provision—might

hae served four persons of honor,—first course, capons in white broth—roast kid—bacon with reverence; second course, roasted leveret—butter crabs—a veal florentine; third course, black-cock—it's black enough now wi' the sute—plumdamas—a tart—a flam—and some nonsense sweet things, and comfits—and that's a'," he said, seeing the impatience of his master; "that's just a' was o't—forby the apples and pears."

Miss Ashton had by degrees gathered her spirits, so far as to pay some attention to what was going on; and observing the restrained impatience of Ravenswood, contrasted with the peculiar determination of manner with which Caleb detailed his imaginary banquet, the whole struck her as so ridiculous, that, despite every effort to the contrary, she burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in which she was joined by her father, though with more moderation, and finally by the Master of Ravenswood himself, though conscious that the jest was at his own expense. Their mirth—for a scene which we read with little emotion often appears extremely ludicrous to the spectators—made the old vault ring again. They ceased—they renewed—they ceased—they renewed again their shouts of laughter. Caleb, in the meantime, stood his ground with a grave, angry, and scornful dignity, which greatly enhanced the ridicule of the scene and the mirth of the spectators.

At length, when the voices, and nearly the strength of the laughs, were exhausted, he exclaimed, with very little ceremony, "The deil's in the gentles! They breakfast sae lordly, that the loss of the best dinner ever cook pat fingers to makes them as merry as if it were the best jeest in a' George Buchanan. If there was as little in your honors' wames as there is in Caleb Balderstone's, less caickling wad serve ye on sic a gravaminous subject."

Caleb's blunt expression of resentment again awakened the mirth of the company, which, by the way, he regarded as not only an aggression upon the dignity of the family, but a special contempt of the eloquence with which he himself had summed up the extent of their supposed losses—"a description of a dinner," as he said afterwards to Mysie, "that wad hae made a fu' man hungry, and them to sit there laughing at it!"

"But," said Miss Ashton, composing

her countenance as well as she could, "are all these delicacies so totally destroyed that no scrap can be collected?"

"Collected, my leddy! what wad ye collect out of the sute and the ass? Ye may gang down yoursell, and look into our kitchen—the cookmaid in the trembling exies—the gude viviers lying a' about—beef—capons and white broth—florentine and flams—bacon wi' reverence, and a' the sweet confections and whim-whams; ye'll see them a', my leddy—that is," said he, correcting himself, "ye'll no see ony of them now, for the cook has scooped them up, as was weel her part; but ye'll see the white broth where it was spilt. I pat my fingers in it, and it tastes as like sour milk as onything else; if that isna the effect of thunner, I kenna what is. This gentleman here couldna but hear the clash of our hail dishes, china and silver thegither?"

The Lord Keeper's domestic, though a statesman's attendant and, of course, trained to command his countenance upon all occasions, was somewhat discomposed by this appeal, to which he only answered by a bow.

"I think, Mr. Butler," said the Lord Keeper, who began to be afraid lest the prolongation of this scene should at length displease Ravenswood—"I think, that were you to retire with my servant Lockhard—he has travelled, and is quite accustomed to accidents and contingencies of every kind, and I hope betwixt you you may find out some mode of supply at this emergency."

"His honor kens," said Caleb, who, however hopeless of himself of accomplishing what was desirable, would, like the high-spirited elephant, rather have died in the effort than brooked the aid of a brother in commission—"his honor kens weel I need nae counsellor, when the honor of the house is concerned."

"I should be unjust if I denied it, Caleb," said his master; "but your art lies chiefly in making apologies, upon which we can no more dine than upon the bill of fare of our thunder-blasted dinner. Now, possibly, Mr. Lockhard's talent may consist in finding some substitute for that, which certainly is not, and has in all probability never been."

"Your honor is pleased to be facetious," said Caleb; "but I am sure, that for the warst, for a walk as far as Wolf's-

hope, I could dine forty men; no that the folk there deserve your honor's custom. They hae been ill advised in the matter of the duty-eggs and butter, I winna deny that."

"Do go consult together," said the master; "go down to the village, and do the best you can. We must not let our guests remain without refreshment, to save the honor of a ruined family. And here, Caleb, take my purse; I believe that will prove your best ally."

"Purse! purse, indeed?" quoth Caleb, indignantly flinging out of the room. "What culd I do wi' your honor's purse, on your ain grund? I trust we are no to pay for our ain?"

The servants left the hall; and the door was no sooner shut, than the Lord Keeper began to apologize for the rudeness of his mirth, and Lucy to hope she had given no pain or offence to the kind-hearted, faithful old man.

"Caleb and I must both learn, madam, to undergo with good humor, or at least with patience, the ridicule which everywhere attaches itself to poverty."

"You do yourself injustice, Master of Ravenswood, on my word of honor," answered his elder guest. "I believe I know more of your affairs than you do yourself, and I hope to show to you that I am interested in them; and that—in short, that your prospects are better than you apprehend. In the meantime, I can conceive nothing so respectable as the spirit which rises above misfortune, and prefers honorable privation to debt or dependence."

Whether from fear of offending the delicacy or awakening the pride of the master, the Lord Keeper made these allusions with an appearance of fearful and hesitating reserve, and seemed to be afraid that he was intruding too far in venturing to touch, however lightly, upon such a topic, even when the master had led to it. It was no wonder the master of Ravenswood, little acquainted as he then was with life, should have given the consummate courtier credit for more sincerity than was probably to be found in a score of his cast.

Lockhard had his master's orders to bring some venison from the inn, and Caleb was to trust to his wits for the honor of his family. The master, indeed, a second time held out his purse; but as it

was in sight of the strange servant, the butler thought himself obliged to decline what his fingers itched to clutch. "Couldna he hae slippit it gently into my hand?" said Caleb; "but his honor will never learn how to bear himsell in siccan cases."

The village which they now approached had frequently afforded the distressed butler resources upon similar emergencies; but his relations with it had been of late much altered.

Willing to shake himself from his companion as soon as possible, he directed Mr. Lockhard to Lukie Sma'trash's change-house, where a din, proceeding from the revels of Bucklaw, Craigenfelt, and their party, sounded half-way down the street, while the red glare from the window overpowered the gray twilight which was now settling down, and glimmered against a parcel of old tubs, kegs, and barrels, piled up in the cooper's yard, on the other side of the way.

"If you, Mr. Lockhard," said the old butler to his companion, "will be pleased to step to the change-house where that light comes from, and where, as I judge, they are now singing 'Cauld Kail in Aberdeen,' ye may do your master's errand about the venison, and I will do mine about Bucklaw's bed, as I return frae getting the rest of the vivers. It's no that the venison is actually needfu'," he added, detaining his colleague by the button, "to make up the dinner; but, as a compliment to the hunters, ye ken—and, Mr. Lockhard, if they offer ye a drink o' yill, or a cup o' wine, or a glass o' brandy, ye'll be a wise man to take it, in case the thunner should hae soured ours at the castle, whilk is ower muckle to be dreaded."

Turning at once upon his heel, Caleb walked hastily back to the cooper's house, lifted the latch without ceremony, and, in a moment, found himself behind the *hallan*, or partition, from which position he could, himself unseen, reconnoitre the interior of the *but*, or kitchen apartment, of the mansion.

Reverse of the sad menage at the Castle of Wolf's Crag, a bickering fire roared up the cooper's chimney. His wife on the one side, in her pearlings and pudding sleeves, put the last finishing touch to her holiday's apparel, while she

contemplated a very handsome and good-humored face in a broken mirror, raised upon the *bink* (the shelves on which the plates are disposed) for her special accommodation. Her mother, old Luckie Loupthe-Dyke, "a canty carline" as was within twenty miles of her, according to the unanimous report of the gossips, sat in the full glory of a grogram gown, lammer beads, and a clean cockernony, whiffing a snug pipe of tobacco, and superintending the affairs of the kitchen. For—sight more interesting to the anxious heart and craving entrails of the desponding seneschal, than either buxom dame or canty cummer—there bubbled on the aforesaid bickering fire a huge pot, or rather caldron, steaming with beef and brewis; while before it revolved two spits, turned each by one of the cooper's apprentices, seated in the opposite corners of the chimney; the one loaded with a quarter of mutton, while the other was graced with a fat goose and a brace of wild ducks. The sight and scent of such a land of plenty almost wholly overcame the drooping spirits of Caleb. He turned, for a moment's space, to reconnoitre the *ben*, or parlor end of the house, and there saw a sight scarce less affecting to his feelings: a large round table, covered for ten or twelve persons, *decorated* (according to his own favorite term) with *napery* as white as snow; grand flagons of pewter, intermixed with one or two silver cups, containing, as was probable, something worthy the brilliancy of their outward appearance; clean trenchers, cutty spoons, knives and forks, sharp, burnished, and prompt for action, which lay all displayed as for an especial festival.

"The deil's in the peddling tub-coopering carle!" muttered Caleb, in all the envy of astonishment; "it's a shame to see the like o' them gusting their gabs at sic a rate. But if some o' that gude cheer does not find its way to Wolf's Crag this night, my name is not Caleb Balderstone."

So resolving, he entered the apartment, and, in all courteous greeting, saluted both the mother and the daughter. Wolf's Crag was the court of the barony, Caleb prime minister at Wolf's Crag; and it has ever been remarked, that though the masculine subject who pays the taxes sometimes growls at the courtiers by whom they are imposed, the said courtiers con-

tinue, nevertheless, welcome to the fair sex, to whom they furnish the newest small-talk and the earliest fashions. Both the dames were, therefore, at once about old Caleb's neck, setting up their throats together by way of welcome.

"Ay, sirs, Mr. Balderstone, and is this you? A sight of you is gude for sair een. Sit down—sit down; the gudeman will be blithe to see you—ye nar saw him sae cadgy in your life; but we are to christen our bit wean the night, as ye will hae heard, and doubtless ye will stay and see the ordinance. We hae killed a wether, and ane o' our lads has been out wi' his gun at the moss—ye used to like wild fowl."

"Na—na, gudewife," said Caleb; "I just keekit in to wish ye joy, and I wad be glad to hae spoken wi' the gudeman, but—" moving as if to go away.

"The ne'er a fit ye's gang," said the elder dame, laughing and holding him fast, with a freedom which belonged to their old acquaintance; "wha kens what ill it may bring to the bairn, if ye owerlook it in that gate?"

"But I'm in a preceese hurry, gudewife," said the butler, suffering himself to be dragged to a seat without much resistance; and as to eating—"for he observed the mistress of the dwelling bustling about to place a trencher for him—" as for eating—lack-a-day, we are just killed up yonder wi' eating frae morning to night. It's shameful epicurism; but that's what we hae gotten frae the English pock-puddings."

"Hout! never mind the English pock-puddings," said Luckie Lightbody; "try our puddings, Mr. Balderstone—there is black pudding and white hass—try whilk ye like best."

"Baith gude—baith excellent—canna be better; but the very smell is enough for me that hae dined sae lately (the faithful wretch had fasted since daybreak). But I wadna affront your housewifeskep, gudewife; and, with your permission, I'll se e'en pit them in my napkin, and eat them to my supper at e'en, for I am wearied of Mysie's pastry and nonsense—ye ken landward dainties aye please me best, Marion—and landward lasses too—(looking at the cooper's wife). Ne'er a bit but she looks far better than when she married Gilbert, and then she was the bonniest lass in our parochine, and the

neest till't. But gawsie cow, goodly calf."

The women smiled at the compliment, each to herself, and they smiled again to each other as Caleb wrapped up the puddings in a towel which he had brought with him, as a dragoon carries his foraging bag to receive what may fall in his way.

"Where's the gudeman?" asked Caleb.

"Awa to fetch the minister," said Mrs. Girder, "precious Mr. Peter Bide-the-Bent, frae the Mosshead. The honest man has the rheumatism wi' lying in the hills in the persecution."

"Ay!—a whig and a mountain-man—nae less?" said Caleb, with a peevishness he could not suppress; "I hae seen the day, Luckie, when worthy Mr. Cuff-cushion and the service-book would hae served your turn (to the elder dame), or any honest woman in like circumstances."

"And that's true too," said Mrs. Lightbody; "but what can a body do? Jean maun baith sing her psalms and busk her cockernony the gate the gudeman likes, and nae ither gate; for he's maister and mair at hame, I can tell ye, Mr. Balderstone."

"Ay, ay, and does he guide the gear too?" said Caleb, to whose projects masculine rule boded little good.

"Ilka penny on't; but he'll dress her as dink as a daisy, as ye see; sae she has little reason to complain—where there's ane better aff there's ten waur."

"Aweel, gudewife," said Caleb, crest-fallen, but not beaten off, "that wasna the way ye guided your gudeman; but ilka land has its ain lauch. I maun be ganging. I just wanted to round in the gudeman's lug, that I heard them say up by yonder, that Peter Puncheon, that was cooper to the Queen's stores at the Timber Burse at Leith, is dead; sae I thought that maybe a word frae my lord to the Lord Keeper might hae served Gilbert; but since he's frae hame—"

"Oh, but ye maun stay his hame-coming," said the dame. "I aye telled the gudeman ye meant weel to him; but he taks the tout at every bit lippening word."

"Aweel, I'll stay the last minute I can."

"And so," said the handsome young spouse of Mr. Girder, "ye think this Miss Ashton is weel-flavored?—troth, and sae should she, to set up for our young

lord, with a face, and a hand, and a seat on his horse that might become a king's son. D'ye ken that he aye glowers up at my window, Mr. Balderstone, when he chaunces to ride thro' the town; sae I hae a right to ken what like he is, as weel as onybody."

"I ken that brawly," said Caleb, "for I hae heard his lordship say the cooper's wife had the blackest ee in the barony; and I said, 'Weel may that be, my lord, for it was her mither's afore her,' as I ken to my cost—eh, Marion? Ha, ha, ha!—Ah! these were merry days!"

"Hout awa, auld carle," said the old dame, "to speak sic daffing to young folk. But, Jean—fie, woman, dinna ye hear the bairn greet? I'se warrant it's that dreary weid has come ower't again."

Up got mother and grandmother, and scoured away, jostling each other as they ran, into some remote corner of the tenement, where the young hero of the evening was deposited. When Caleb saw the coast fairly clear, he took an invigorating pinch of snuff, to sharpen and confirm his resolution.

"Cauld be my cast," thought he, "if either Bide-the-Bent or Girder taste that broche of wild-fowl this evening;" and then, addressing the eldest turnspit, a boy of about eleven years old, and putting a penny into his hand, he said, "Here is twal pennies, my man; carry that ower to Mrs. Sma'trash, and bid her fill my mill wi' snishing, and I'll turn the broche for ye in the meantime, and she will gie ye a gingerbread snap for your pains."

No sooner was the elder boy departed on this mission, than Caleb, looking the remaining turnspit gravely and steadily in the face, removed from the fire the spit bearing the wild-fowl of which he had undertaken the charge, clapped his hat on his head, and fairly marched off with it.

A VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.

As to my visit, it is now goin on 2 (too) yeres, as I very well remember, since I crossed the Planes of Kaliforny, the Brite land of Jold. While crossin the Planes all so bold I fell in with sum noble red men of the forest. (N. B. This is the rote Sarcasticul. Injins is Pizin, whar ever found), which thay Sed I was their Brother, & wantid for to smoke the Calo-

mel of Peace with me. Thay then stole my jerkt beef, blankits, etsettery, skalpt my orgin grinder & scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech he sed he shood meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds. If he duz thare will be a fite. But enuff of this ere. *Raven Noose Muttons*, as our skoolmaster, who has got Talent into him, cussycally ob-sarves.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U. S. sojers, hostensibly sent out thare to smash the mormins, but really to eat Salt vittles & play poker & other beautiful but sum-what onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. Thay lookt putty scrumpshus in their Bloo coats with brass buttings onto um & ware very talented drinkers, but so fur as fitin is consarned I'd willingly put my wax figgers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in Salt Lake City, so I called on Brigham Yung, the grate mogull among the mormins, and axed his permishun to pitch my tent and onfur my banner to the gentle breezis. He lookt at me in a austeer manner for a few minits, and sed—

"Do you bleeve in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mormin Church and the Latterday Revelashuns?"

Sez I, "I'm on it!" I make it a pint to git along plesunt, tho I didn't know what under the son the old feller was drivin at. He sed I might show.

"You air a marrid man, Mister Yung, I bleeve?" sez I, preparin to rite him sum free parsis.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward, I sertainly am marrid."

He then set to and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replide that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seek and Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordingly tuk me to his Scareum. The house is powerful big & in a exceedin large room was his wives & children, which larst was squawkin and hollerin enuff to take the roof rite orf the house. The wimin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was pretty & sum was plane—sum was helthy and sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, tho sich was not my intentions, as I don't 'prove of puttin verses in Proze rittins, tho ef occashun requires I can Jerk a

Poim ekal to any of them Atlantic Munthly fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," sed Yung.
 "Your sarvant, marms," said I, as I sot down in a cheer which a red-headed female brawt me.

"Them as is Sealed to me—that is to say, to be mine when I wants um—air at present my sperretooul wives," sed Mister Yung.

"Long may thay wave!" sez I, seein I shoold git into a scrape ef I didn't look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the follerin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, there is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats call him Par, & he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives are very expensiv. Thay allers want suthin & ef he don't buy it for um thay set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't have a minit's peace. His wives fite amung theirselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit, & when too ef 'em get into a row he has 'em turnd loose into that place, whare the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes thay abooz hisself individooally. Thay hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broom-sticks and sich. Occashunly they git mad & scald him with bilin hot water.

"I find that the keers of a marrid life way hevvy onto me," sed the Profit, "& sumtimes I wish I'd remaned singel." I left the Profit and startid for the tavern whare I put up to.

ARTEMUS WARD.

Theodore Hook didn't always make the jokes. Here is one that he heard: He was in a stage-coach with two inside passengers, a pretty, delicate young lady and a plain-faced maid. While the mistress was at dinner, Hook remarked to the maid, in a tone of great sympathy: "Your young lady seems very unwell." "Yes, sir; she suffers sadly." "Consumption, I should fear?" "No, sir; I am sorry to say it is the heart." "Dear me! Aneurism?" "Oh, no, sir! it is only a lieutenant in the navy."

SHARP.

A gentleman from New York, who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some moneys due to him in that city, was about returning, when he found that one bill of a hundred dollars had been overlooked. His landlord, who knew the debtor, thought it a doubtful case; but added that, if it was collectable at all, a tall, raw-boned Yankee, then dunning a lodger in another part of the hall, would "worry it out" of the man.

Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account.

"Wall, square," said he, "'taint much use o' tryin', I guess. I know that critter. You might as well try to squeeze ile out of Bunker Hill monument as to c'lect a debt out of him. But any how, square, what'll you give sposin' I do try?"

"Well, sir, the bill is one hundred dollars. I'll give you—yes, I'll give you half, if you'll collect it."

"Greed," replied the collector; "there's no harm in tryin', any way."

Some weeks after the creditor chanced to be in Boston, and in walking Tremont Street encountered his enterprising friend.

"Look here," said he, "square, I had considerable luck with that bill o' your'n. You see I stuck to him like a dog to a root, but for the first week or so 'twan't no use—not a bit. If he was home he was short; if he wasn't home, I couldn't get no satisfaction. By-and-by, says I, after goin' sixteen times, 'I'll fix you!' says I. So I sat down upon the doorstep, and sat all day and part of the evening, and I begun airly next day; but about ten o'clock he gin in. He paid me my half, and I gin him up the note."

Cowden Clarke tells a story of a gentleman who lately, in making a return of his income to the tax commissioners, wrote on the paper: "For the first three years my income has been somewhat under £150; in future it will be more precarious, as the man is dead of whom I borrowed the money."

We have heard of men celebrating their country's battles, who in war were celebrated for keeping out of them.

G. D. PRENTICE.

POETICAL EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS BY BEN JONSON.

To Fine Grand.

What is't, FINE GRAND, makes thee my
friendship fly,
Or take an Epigram so fearfully,
As 'twere a challenge or a borrower's letter?
The world must know your greatness is my
debtor.

Imprimis, Grand, you owe me for a jest
I lent you, on mere acquaintance, at a feast.

Item, a tale or two some fortnight after,
That yet maintains you and your house in
laughter.

Item, the Babylonian song you sing;

Item, a fair Greek poesy for a ring,
With which a learned madam you bely.

Item, a charm surrounding fearfully
Your *partie-per-pale* picture, one-half drawn
In solemn cyprus, th' other cobweb lawn.

Item, a gulling impress for you at tilt.

Item, your mistress' anagram in your hilt.

Item, your own, sew'd in your mistress'
smock.

Item, an epitaph on my lord's cock,
In most vile verses, and cost me more pain,
Than had I made 'em good, to fit your vein.
Forty things more, dear Grand, which you
know true,

For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay
you.

To Doctor Empiric.

When men a dangerous disease did 'scape,
Of old, they gave a cock to Æsculape;
Let me give two, that doubly am got free;
From my disease's danger, and from thee.

To Sir Annual Filter.

Filter, the most may admire thee, though
not I;
And thou, right guiltless, may'st plead to it,
why?
For thy late sharp advice. I say 'tis fit
All brains, at times of triumph, should run
wit;
For then our water-conduits do run wine;
But that's put in, thou 'lt say. Why, so is
thine.

On Banks the Usurer.

Banks feels no lameness of his knotty gout,
His moneys travel for him in and out,
And, though the soundest legs go every day,
He toils to be at hell as soon as they.

EPIGRAMMATICAL VERSES BY SAMUEL

BUTLER.

Opinion.

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind;
For he that has no eyes in's head,
Must be by a dog glad to be led;
And no beasts have so little in 'em
As that inhuman brute, Opinion.
'Tis an infectious pestilence,
The tokens upon wit and sense,
That with a venomous contagion
Invades the sick imagination;
And, when it seizes any part,
It strikes the poison to the heart.
This men of one another catch,
By contact, as the humors match;
And nothing's so perverse in nature
As a profound opinionator.

Critics.

Critics are like a kind of flies that breed
In wild fig-trees, and, when they're grown
up, feed

Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the sun
To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

Hypocrisy.

Hypocrisy will serve as well
To propagate a church as zeal;
As persecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion:
So round white stones will serve, they say,
As well as eggs to make hens lay.

Polish.

All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forced for every carat to abate,
As much in value as it wants in weight.

The Godly.

A godly man, that has served out his time
In holiness, may set up any crime;
As scholars, when they've taken their de-
grees,
May set up any faculty they please.

Piety.

Why should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion?
B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,
As well as suitors in petitions?
And in a congregation pray,
No less than Chancery, for pay?

Marriage.

All sorts of vot'ries, that profess
To bind themselves apprentices
To Heaven, abjure, with solemn vows,
Not Cut and Long-tail, but a Spouse
As the worst of all impediments
To hinder their devout intents.

Poets.

It is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write that were not so before;
And those that have writ best, had they been
rich,
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch;
Had loved their ease too well to take the
pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But, being for all other trades unfit,
Only t' avoid being idle, set up wit.

Puffing.

They that do write in authors' praises,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confined to what is true;
That's not to give, but pay a due:
For praise, that's due, does give no more
To worth, than what it had before;
But to commend, without desert,
Requires a mastery of art,
That sets a gloss on what's amiss,
And writes what should be, not what is.

Politicians.

All the politics of the great
Are like the cunning of a cheat,
That lets his false dice freely run,
And trusts them to themselves alone,
But never lets a true one stir
Without some fingering trick or slur;
And, when the gamester doubts his play,
Conveys his false dice safe away,
And leaves the true ones in the lurch
T' endure the torture of the search.

Fear.

There needs no other charm nor conjurer
To raise infernal spirits up, but fear;
That makes men pull their horns in, like a
snail
That's both a pris'ner to itself, and jail;
Draws more fantastic shapes, than in the
grains
Of knotted wood, in some men's crazy brains;
When all the cocks they think they see, and
bulls,
Are only in the insides of their skulls.

The Law.

The law can take a purse in open court
While it condemns a less delinquent for 't.

The Same.

Who can deserve, for breaking of the laws,
A greater penance than an honest cause.

The Same.

All those that do but rob and steal enough
Are punishment and court-of-justice proof,
And need not fear, nor be concerned a straw,
In all the idle bugbears of the law;
But confidently rob the gallows too,
As well as other sufferers, of their due.

Confession.

In the Church of Rome, to go to shrift,
Is but to put the soul on a clean shift.

Smatterers.

All smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

Bad Writers.

As he that makes his mark is understood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good,
So he that cannot write one word of sense
Believes he has as legal a pretence
To scribble what he does not understand,
As idiots have a title to their land.

The Opinionative.

Opinionators naturally differ
From other men; as wooden legs are stiffer
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way soever they're design'd to go.

Language of the Learned.

Were Tully now alive, he'd be to seek
In all our Latin terms of art and Greek;
Would never understand one word of sense
The most irrefragable schoolman means:
As if the Schools design'd their terms of art,
Not to advance a science, but to divert;
As *Hocus Pocus* conjures to amuse
The rabble from observing what he does.

Good Writing.

As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
Of painting, to foreshorten any part,
Than draw it out; so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

Courtiers.

As in all great and crowded fairs
 Monsters and puppet-play are wares,
 Which in the less will not go off,
 Because they have not money enough;
 So men in princes' courts will pass
 That will not in another place.

Inventions.

All the inventions that the world contains,
 Were not by reason first found out, nor brains;
 But pass for theirs who had the luck to light
 Upon them by mistake or oversight.

Logicians.

Logicians used to clap a proposition,
 As justices do criminals, in prison,
 And, in as learn'd authentic nonsense, writ
 The names of all their moods and figures fit;
 For a logician's one that has been broke
 To ride and pace his reason by the book;
 And by their rules, and precepts, and ex-
 amples,
 To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

Laborious Writers.

Those get the least that take the greatest
 pains,
 But most of all i' th' drudgery of the brains,
 A natural sign of weakness, as an ant
 Is more laborious than an elephant;
 And children are more busy at their play,
 Than those that wiseliest pass their time away.

On a Club of Sots.

The jolly members of a toping club,
 Like pipstaves, are but hoop'd into a tub:
 And in a close confederacy link,
 For nothing else but only to hold drink.

Holland.

A country that draws fifty feet of water,
 In which men live as in the hold of Nature;
 And when the sea does in upon them break,
 And drown a province, does but spring a leak;
 That always ply the pump, and never think
 They can be safe, but at the rate they stink;
 That live as if they had been run a-ground,
 And, when they die, are cast away and
 drown'd;
 That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and
 prey
 Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey;
 And, when their merchants are blown up
 and cracked,
 Whole towns are cast away and wrecked;

That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
 And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes;
 A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
 In which they do not live, but go a-board.

Women.

The souls of women are so small,
 That some believe they've none at all;
 Or if they have, like cripples, still
 They've but one faculty, the will;
 The other two are quite laid by
 To make up one great tyranny;
 And though their passions have most pow'r,
 They are, like Turks, but slaves the more
 To th' absolute will, that with a breath
 Has sovereign pow'r of life and death,
 And, as its little int'rests move,
 Can turn 'em all to hate or love;
 For nothing, in a moment, turn
 To frantic love, disdain, and scorn;
 And make that love degenerate
 T' as great extremity of hate;
 And hate again, and scorn, and piques,
 To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks.

EPIGRAMS OF EDMUND WALLER.

On a Painted Lady with Ill Teeth.

Were men so dull they could not see
 That LYCE painted; should they flee,
 Like simple birds, into a net,
 So grossly woven, and ill set,
 Her own teeth would undo the knot,
 And let all go that she had got.
 Those teeth fair LYCE must not show,
 If she would bite; her lovers, though
 Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
 Are disabus'd, when first she gapes:
 The rotten bones discover'd there,
 Show 'tis a painted sepulchre.

Of the Marriage of the Dwarfs.

Design, or chance, make others wive;
 But nature did this match contrive;
 EVE might as well have ADAM fled,
 As she denied her little bed
 To him, for whom heav'n seem'd to frame,
 And measure out, this only dame.
 Thrice happy is that humble pair,
 Beneath the level of all care!
 Over whose heads those arrows fly
 Of sad distrust, and jealousy:
 Secured in as high extreme,
 As if the world held none but them.
 To him the fairest nymphs do show
 Like moving mountains, topp'd with snow:

And every man a POLYPHEME
Does to his GALATEA seem;
None may presume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.
Ah, CHLORIS! that kind nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us:
Creating for ourselves us two,
As love has me for only you!

EPIGRAMS OF MATTHEW PRYOR.

A Simile.

Dear Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see
(Tis but by way of simile)
A squirrel spend his little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage?
The cage, as either side turned up,
Striking a ring of bells a-top?—
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks he climbs:
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with those merry blades,
That frisk it under Pindus' shades.
In noble songs, and lofty odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with gods;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleased with their own verses' sound;
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

The Flies.

Say, sire of insects, mighty Sol
(A Fly upon the chariot pole
Cries out), what Blue-bottle alive
Did ever with such fury drive?
Tell Beelzebub, great father, tell
(Says t' other, perch'd upon the wheel),
Did ever any mortal Fly
Raise such a cloud of dust as I?
My judgment turn'd the whole debate:
My valor sav'd the sinking state.
So talk two idle buzzing things;
Toss up their heads, and stretch their wings.
But let the truth to light be brought;
This neither spoke, nor t'other fought:
No merit in their own behavior:
Both rais'd, but by their party's favor.

Phillis' Age.

How old may Phillis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
To answer is no easy task:
For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint and jewels on;
All day let envy view her face,
And Phillis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night astronomers agree,
The evening has the day belied;
And Phillis is some forty-three.

Forma Bonum Fragile.

What a frail thing is beauty! said Baron Le
Cras,
Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass:
And scarcely had he spoke it,
When she, more confus'd as more angry she
grew,
By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too
true:
She dropt the eye, and broke it.

Bibo and Charon.

When Bibo thought fit from the world to
retreat,
And full of champagne as an egg's full of
meat,
He waked in the boat; and to Charon he
said,
He would be rowed back, for he was not yet
dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon
replied:
You may have forgot, you were drunk when
you died.

The Pedant.

Lysander talks extremely well;
On any subject let him dwell,
His tropes and figures will content ye
He should possess to all degrees
The art of talk; he practices
Full fourteen hours in four-and-twenty.

EPIGRAMS OF JOSEPH ADDISON.

The Countess of Manchester.

Written on his admission to the Kit-Cat Club, in
compliance with the rule that every new member
should name his toast, and write a verse in her praise.

While haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In nature's charms divinely fair;
Confusion in their looks they showed,
And with unborrowed blushes glow'd.

To An Ill-Favored Lady.

(Imitated from Martial.)

While in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting syren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I
endured!

But when the candle entered I was cured.

To A Capricious Friend.

(Imitated from Martial.)

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen
about thee,

There is no living with thee, nor without
thee.

To A Rogue.

(Imitated from Martial.)

Thy beard and head are of a different dye:
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye:
With all these tokens of a knave complete,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish
cheat.

EPIGRAM OF ALEXANDER POPE.

On Mrs. Tofts.

(A Celebrated Opera Singer.)

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy
song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Or-
pheus along;
But such is thy avarice, and such is thy
pride,
That the beasts must have starved and the
poet have died.

EPIGRAMS OF DEAN SWIFT.

On Burning A Dull Poem.

An ass's hoof alone can hold
That poisonous juice which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No vessel but an ass's head
Such frigid fustian could contain;
I mean the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like stupefying draughts;
I found my head begin to swim,
A numbness crept through every limb.
In haste, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire;

When (who could think?) though cold as
ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in snow, it died in flame.

To A Lady,

On hearing her praise her husband.

You always are making a god of your
spouse;
But this neither Reason nor Conscience
allows;
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him because he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find,
For you, by this rule, must adore all man-
kind.

The Cudgelled Husband.

As Thomas was cudgel'd one day by his
wife,
He took to his heels and fled for his life:
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the
squabble,
And saved him at once from the shrew and
the rabble;
Then ventured to give him some sober ad-
vice—
But Tom is a person of honor so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take
warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next
morning.
Three duels he fought, thrice ventured his
life;
Went home, and was cudgelled again by his
wife.

*On Seeing Verses Written Upon Windows At
Inns.*

The sage, who said he should be proud
Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er a thought allow'd
That might not be confest;
His window scrawled by every rake,
His breast again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

EPIGRAMS BY THOMAS SHERIDAN.

On A Caricature.

If you say this was made for friend Dan, you
belie it,
I'll swear he's so like it that he was made
by it.

On Dean Swift's Proposed Hospital For Lunatics.

Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
This makes the Dean for kindred *thus* provide.

To A Dublin Publisher,

Who displayed a bust of Dean Swift in his window
while publishing Lord Orrory's offensive remarks
upon the Dean.

Faulkner! for once thou hast some judgment shown,
By representing Swift transformed to stone;
For could he thy ingratitude have known,
Astonishment itself the work had done!

EPIGRAM OF BYROM.

Which Is Which.

"God bless the King! God bless the faith's defender!
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender.
But who that pretender is, and who that king,
God bless us all, is quite another thing."

EPIGRAM OF DR. JOHNSON.

On Some Lines Of Lopez De Vega.

If the man who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

EPIGRAM OF LORD CHESTERFIELD.

On A Full-Length Portrait of Beau Marsh.
Placed between the busts of Newton and Pope.

"Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
More cruel on mankind.

"The picture placed the busts between,
Gives satire all its strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen—
But Folly at full length."

EPIGRAM OF CLEVELAND.

On Scotland.

"Had Cain been Scot, God would have
changed his doom;
Nor forced him wander, but confined him
home."

EPIGRAMS OF PETER PINDAR.

Edmund Burke's Attack On Warren Hastings.

Poor Edmund sees poor Britain's setting
sun:
Poor Edmund groans—and Britain is *undone*!

Reader! thou hast, I do presume
(God knows though), been in a snug
room,

By coals or wood made comfortably warm,
And often fancied that a storm *without*
Hath made a diabolic rout—
Sunk ships, tore trees up—done a world of
harm.

Yes, thou hast lifted up thy tearful eyes,
Fancying thou heardst of mariners the cries;
And sigh'd, "How wretched now must thou-
sands be!

Oh! how I pity the poor souls at sea!"
When, lo! this dreadful tempest and his
roar,
A *zephyr*—in the keyhole of the door!

Now may not Edmund's howlings be a sigh
Pressing through Edmund's lungs for
loaves and fishes,
On which he long hath looked with *longing*
eye
To fill poor Edmund's not o'erburden'd
dishes?

Give Mun a sup—forgot will be complaint;
Britain be safe, and Hastings prove a *saint*.

On An Artist,

Who boasted that his pictures had hung near those of
Sir Joshua Reynolds in the Exhibition.

A shabby fellow chanc'd one day to meet
The British Roscius in the street,
Garrick, on whom our nation justly brags—
The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace—
"Good sir, I do not recollect your face,"
Quoth Garrick—"No!" replied the man
of rags:

"The boards of Drury you and I have trod
Full many a time together, I am sure—"
"When?" with an oath, cried Garrick—
"for by G—
I never saw that face of yours before!
What characters, I pray,
Did you and I together play?"

"Lord!" quoth the fellow, "think not that
I mock—
When you play'd Hamlet, sir—I play'd the
cock."

On The Conclusion Of His Odes.

"*Finish'd!*" a disappointed artist cries,
 With open mouth and straining eyes;
 Gaping for praise like a young crow for
 meat;
 "Lord! why have you not mentioned *me!*"
 Mention *thee!*
 Thy *impudence* hath put me in a *sweat*;
 What rage for fame attends both great and
 small:
 Better be *d—n'd* than mention'd *not at all!*

Barry's Attack Upon Sir Joshua Reynolds.

When Barry dares the President to fly on,
 'Tis like a mouse, that, work'd into a rage,
 Daring some dreadful war to rage,
 Nibbles the tail of the Nemæan lion.

Or like a louse, of mettle full,
 Nurs'd in some giant's skull:
 Because Goliath scratch'd him as he fed,
 Employs with vehemence his angry claws,
 And gaping, grinning, formidable jaws,
 To carry off the *giant's head!*

On The Death Of Mr. Hone, R. A.

There's one R. A. more dead! stiff is poor
 Hone—
 His works be with him under the same stone:
 I think the sacred art will not bemoan 'em;
 But, Muse!—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—
 As to his host, a *trav'ler*, with a sneer,
 Said of his dead *Small-beer*,
 Go, then, poor Hone! and join a numerous
 train
 Sunk in *Oblivion's* wide pacific ocean;
 And may its *whale-like* stomach feel no
 motion
 To cast thee, like a Jonah, up again.

On George The Third's Patronage Of Benjamin West.

Thus have I seen a child, with smiling face,
 A little daisy in the garden place,
 And strut in triumph round its fav'rite
 flow'r;
 Gaze on the leaves with infant admiration,
 Thinking the flow'r the finest in the nation,
 Then pay a visit to it every hour:
 Lugging the wat'ring-pot about,
 Which John the gard'ner was oblig'd to
 fill;
 The child, so pleas'd, would pour the water
 out,
 To show its marvellous gard'ning skill;

Then staring round, all wild for praises pant-
 ing,
 Tell all the world it was its own sweet plant-
 ing;
 And boast away, too happy elf,
 How that it found the daisy all itself!

Epitaph On Peter Staggs.

Poor Peter Staggs now rests beneath this
 rail,
 Who loved his joke, his pipe and mug of
 ale;
 For twenty years he did the duties well,
 Of ostler, boots and waiter at the "Bell."
 But Death stepp'd in, and order'd Peter
 Staggs
 To feed his worms, and leave the farmers'
 nags.
 The church clock struck one—alas! 'twas
 Peter's knell,
 Who sigh'd "I'm coming—that's the ostler's
 bell!"

Tray's Epitaph.

Here rest the relics of a friend below,
 Blest with more sense than half the folks I
 know:
 Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
 He damn'd no sect, but calmly gnaw'd his
 bone;
 Perform'd his functions well in ev'ry way—
 Blush, *Christians*, if you can, and copy *Tray*.

[The following stanza, on the death of Lady Mount
 E——'s favorite pig Cupid, is verily exceeded by nothing
 in the annals of impertinence.—P. P.]

A Consolatory Stanza.

To Lady Mount E——, On The Death Of
 Her Pig Cupid.

O dry that tear, so round and big,
 Nor waste in sighs your precious wind!
 Death only takes a single pig—
 Your lord and son are still behind.

EPIGRAMS BY ROBERT BURNS.

The Poet's Choice.

I murder hate, by field or flood,
 Though glory's name may screen us;
 In wars at home, I'll spend my blood,
 Life-giving wars of Venus.

The deities that I adore,
Are social peace and plenty;
I'm better pleased to make one more,
Than be the death of twenty.

On A Celebrated Ruling Elder.

Here souter Hood in death does sleep;—
To h—ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

On John Dove, Innkeeper Of Mauchline.

Here lies Johnny Pidgeon;
What was his religion?
Wha e'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane!

Strong ale was abluion—
Small beer, persecution,
A dram was *memento mori*:
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

On Andrew Turner.

In se'enteen hunder an' forty-nine,
Satan took stuff to mak' a swine,
And cuist it in a corner;
But willy he chang'd his plan,
And shaped it something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

On A Scotch Coxcomb.

Light lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender;
But build a castle on his head,
His skull will prop it under.

EPIGRAMS BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

An Expectoration,

Or Splenetic Extempore, on my joyful departure from
the city of Cologne.

As I am rhymer,
And now, at least, a merry one,
Mr. Maun's Rudesheimer,
And the church of St. Geryon,
Are the two things alone,
That deserve to be known,
In the body-and-soul-stinkingt own of Co-
logne.

Expectoration The Second.

In Clon, the town of monks and bones,
And pavements fanged with murderous
stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,
I counted two-and-seventy stenchs,
All well-defined and separate stinks!
Ye nymphs, that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne.
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

Beelzebub And Job.

Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience.
He took his honor, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His servants, oxen, horses, cows—
But cunning Satan did *not* take his spouse.

But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold all he had before;
His servants, horses, oxen, cows—
Short-sighted devil, *not* to take his spouse!

An Eternal Poem.

Your poem must *eternal* be,
Dear sir, it cannot fail,
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And wants both *head* and *tail*.

EPIGRAM BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To Mr. Alexandre, The Ventriloquist.

Of yore, in Old England, it was not thought
good,
To carry two visages under one hood:
What should folks say to *you*, who have faces
so plenty,
That from under one hood you last night
showed us twenty?
Stand forth, arch deceiver, and tell us in
truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in
youth?
Man, woman or child—a dog or a mouse?
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the
house?
Each live thing did I ask?—each dead im-
plement, too,
A workshop in your person—saw, chisel and
screw!

Above all, are you one individual?—I know
 You must be, at least, Alexandre and Co.
 But I think you're a troop, an assemblage, a
 mob,
 And that I, as the sheriff, should take up
 the job:
 And, instead of rehearsing your wonders in
 verse,
 Must read you the riot-act, and bid you
 disperse!

FABLES OF ÆSOP.

[Æsop, an ancient Greek humorist, whose name is attached to the most popular of the existing collections of fables, lived in the latter part of the sixth century B. C. Plutarch says he was a slave at Samos, and on receiving his freedom visited Croesus and Pisistratus.

The conjecture of Bentley seems well founded that these fables were transmitted through oral tradition. Socrates turned such of them as he could remember into verse.]

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A Fox, just at the time of the vintage, stole into a vineyard where the ripe sunny Grapes were trellised up on high in most tempting show. He made many a spring and a jump after the luscious prize; but, failing in all his attempts, he muttered as he retreated, "Well! what does it matter! The Grapes are sour!"

THE COCK AND THE JEWEL.

As a Cock was scratching up the straw in a farmyard, in search of food for the hens, he hit upon a Jewel, that by some chance had found its way there. "Ho!" said he, "you are a very fine thing, no doubt, to those who prize you; but give me a barley-corn before all the pearls in the world."

THE HORSE AND THE GROOM.

A Groom who used to steal and sell a Horse's corn, was yet very busy in grooming and winking him all the day long. "If you really wish me," said the Horse, "to look well, give me less of your currying and more of your corn."

THE TWO WALLETS.

Every man carries Two Wallets, one before and one behind, and both full of faults. But the one before is full of his neighbor's faults; the one behind of his own. Thus it happens that men are blind to their own faults, but never lose sight of their neighbor's.

THE MULE.

A Mule that had grown fat and wanton on too great an allowance of corn, was one day jumping and kicking about, and at length, cocking up her tail, exclaimed, "My dam was a Racer, and I am quite as good as ever she was." But being soon knocked up with her galloping and frisking, she remembered all at once that her sire was but an Ass.

THE LAMB AND THE WOLF.

A Lamb pursued by a Wolf took refuge in a temple. Upon this the Wolf called out to him, and said, that the priest would slay him if he caught him. "Be it so," said the Lamb: "it is better to be sacrificed to God, than to be devoured by you."

THE BLIND MAN AND THE WHEEL.

A Blind Man was wont, on any animal being put into his hands, to say what it was. Once they brought to him a Wolf's wheel. He felt it all over, and being in doubt, said, "I know not whether thy father was a Dog or a Wolf; but this I know, that I would not trust thee among a flock of sheep."

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

A Crow, ready to die with thirst, flew with joy to a Pitcher, which he saw at a distance. But when he came up to it, he found the water so low that with all his stooping and straining he was unable to reach it. Thereupon he tried to break the Pitcher; then to overturn it; but his strength was not sufficient to do either. At last, seeing some small pebbles at hand, he dropped a great many of them, one by one, into the Pitcher, and so raised the water to the brim, and quenched his thirst.

HERCULES AND THE WAGONER.

As a Countryman was carelessly driving his wagon along a miry lane, his wheels stuck so deep in the clay that the horses came to a stand-still. Upon this the man, without making the least effort of his own, began to call upon Hercules to come and help him out of his trouble. But Hercules bade him lay his shoulder to the wheel, assuring him that Heaven only aided those who endeavored to help themselves.

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

[OMAR KHAYYAM, the astronomer-poet of Persia, was born about A. D. 1100, and was a native of Khorrassan. He became early addicted to science, especially to astronomy, in which he attained very high pre-eminence, becoming one of the eight learned men appointed by the Sultan to reform the calendar. He also wrote an algebra in Arabic. His fine sayings gave him the title of the King of the Wise. Omar's Epicurean audacity of thought and speech made him unpopular with the Sûfis, and his poems were almost suppressed, yet their many beauties of expression and their elevation and independence of thought found many imitators among the Persian poets, including Hâfiz. Omar Khayyam had one parting wish at leaving the world—"Let my tomb be in a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it."]

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring,
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling;
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon;
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings
the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhasrú?
Let Zál and Rustum thunder as they will,
Or Hátim call to Supper—heed not you.

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regret and future Fears:
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand
Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time has
prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two be-
fore,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of
Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for
whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may
spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans
End!

Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
And those that after some To-morrow stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness
cries,
"Fools! your reward is neither Here nor
There."

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth: their Words
to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with
Dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand wrought to make it
grow;
And this was all the harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh
Gate
I rose, and on the throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I could
not see:
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE and
ME.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that
mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs re-
veal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not
shrink.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame
for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

THE BRAVERY OF BAILIE NICOL JARVIE.

About half a mile's riding, after we crossed the bridge, placed us at the door of a public-house where we were to pass the evening. It was a hovel rather worse than better than that in which we had dined; but its little windows were lighted up, voices were heard from within, and all intimated a prospect of food and shelter, to which we were by no means indifferent. Andrew was the first to observe that there was a peeled willow-wand placed across the half-open door of the little inn. He hung back, and advised us not to enter. "For," said Andrew, "some of their chiefs and grit men are birling at the usquebaugh in by there, and dinna want to be disturbed; and the least we'll get, if we gang ram-stam in on them, will be a broken head, to learn us better havings, if we dinna come by the length of a cauld dirk in our wame, whilk is just as likely."

I looked at the Bailie, who acknowledged, in a whisper, "that the gowk had some reason for singing, ance in the year."

Meantime a staring half-clad wench or two came out of the inn and the neighboring cottages, on hearing the sound of our horses' feet. No one bade us welcome, nor did anyone offer to take our horses, from which we had alighted; and to our various inquiries, the hopeless response of "Ha niel Sassenach" was the only answer we could extract. The Bailie, however, found (in his experience) a way to make them speak English. "If I gie ye a bawbee," said he to an urchin of about ten years old, with a fragment of a tattered plaid about him, "will you understand Sassenach?"

"Ay, ay, that will I," replied the brat, in very decent English.

"Then gang and tell your mammy, my man, there's twa Sassenach gentlemen come to speak wi' her."

The landlady presently appeared, with a lighted piece of split fir blazing in her hand. The turpentine in this species of torch (which is generally dug from out the turf-bogs) makes it blaze and sparkle readily, so that it is often used in the Highlands in lieu of candles. On this occasion such a torch illuminated the wild and anxious features of a female, pale, thin, and rather above the usual size, whose soiled and ragged dress, though

aided by a plaid or tartan screen, barely served the purposes of decency, and certainly not those of comfort. Her black hair, which escaped in uncombed elf-locks from under her coif, as well as the strange and embarrassed look with which she regarded us, gave me the idea of a witch disturbed in the midst of her unlawful rites. She plainly refused to admit us into the house. We remonstrated anxiously, and pleaded the length of our journey, the state of our horses, and the certainty that there was not another place where we could be received nearer than Callander, which the Bailie stated to be seven Scots miles distant. How many these may exactly amount to in English measurement, I have never been able to ascertain, but I think the double ratio may be pretty safely taken as a medium computation. The obdurate hostess treated our expostulation with contempt. "Better gang farther than fare waur," she said, speaking the Scottish Lowland dialect, and being, indeed, a native of the Lennox district. "Her house was taen up wi' them wadna like to be intruded on wi' strangers. She didna ken wha mair might be there—redcoats, it might be, frae the garrison." (These last words she spoke under her breath, and with very strong emphasis.) "The night," she said, "was fair abune head—a night among the heather wad caller our bloods—we might sleep in our claes as mony a gude blade does in the scabbard—there wasna muckle flowmoss in the shaw, if we took up our quarters right, and we might pit up our horses to the hill, naeboddy wad say naething against it."

"But, my good woman," said I, while the Bailie groaned and remained undecided, "it is six hours since we dined, and we have not taken a morsel since. I am positively dying with hunger, and I have no taste for taking up my abode supperless among these mountains of yours. I positively must enter; and make the best apology you can to your guests for adding a stranger or two to their number. Andrew, you will see the horses put up."

The Hecate looked at me with surprise, and then ejaculated, "A wilfu' man will hae his way—them that will to Cupar maun to Cupar! To see thae English belly-gods—he has had ae fu' meal the day already, and he'll venture life and liberty rather than he'll want a het sup-

per! Set roasted beef and pudding on the opposite side o' the pit o' Tophet, and an Englishman will mak a spang at it. But I wash my hands o't. Follow me, sir," (to Andrew) "and I'se show ye where to pit the beasts."

I own I was somewhat dismayed at my landlady's expressions, which seemed to be ominous of some approaching danger. I did not, however, choose to shrink back after having declared my resolution, and accordingly I boldly entered the house; and after narrowly escaping breaking my shins over a turf back and a salting-tub, which stood on either side of the narrow exterior passage, I opened a crazy half-decayed door, constructed not of plank, but of wicker, and, followed by the Bailie, entered into the principal apartment of this Scottish caravansary.

The interior presented a view which seemed singular enough to southern eyes. The fire, fed with blazing turf and branches of dried wood, blazed merrily in the centre; but the smoke, having no means to escape but through a hole in the roof, eddied round the rafters of the cottage, and hung in sable folds at the height of about five feet from the floor. The space beneath was kept pretty clear, by innumerable currents of air which rushed towards the fire from the broken panel of basket-work which served as a door, from two square holes, designed as ostensible windows, through one of which was thrust a plaid, and through the other a tattered great-coat; and moreover, through various less distinguishable apertures in the walls of the tenement, which, being built of round stones and turf, cemented by mud, let in the atmosphere at innumerable crevices.

At the old oaken table, adjoining to the fire, sat three men, guests apparently, whom it was impossible to regard with indifference. Two were in the Highland dress; the one, a little dark-complexioned man, with a lively, quick, and irritable expression of features, wore the trews, or close pantaloons, wove out of a sort of chequered stocking stuff. The Bailie whispered me, that "he behoved to be a man of some consequence, for that naebody but their Duinhéwassels wore the trews; they were ill to weave exactly to their Highland pleasure."

The other mountaineer was a very tall, strong man, with a quantity of reddish

hair, freckled face, high cheek-bones, and long chin—a sort of caricature of the national features of Scotland. The tartan which he wore differed from that of his companion, as it had much more scarlet in it, whereas the shades of black and dark green predominated in the chequers of the other. The third, who sat at the small table, was in the Lowland dress—a bold, stout-looking man, with a cast of military daring in his eye and manner, his riding-dress showily and profusely laced, and his cocked hat of formidable dimensions. His hanger and a pair of pistols lay on the table before him. Each of the Highlanders had their naked dirks stuck upright in the board beside him—an emblem, I was afterwards informed, but surely a strange one, that their compotation was not to be interrupted by any brawl. A mighty pewter measure, containing about an English quart of usquebaugh, a liquor nearly as strong as brandy, which the Highlanders distil from malt, and drink undiluted in excessive quantities, was placed before these worthies. A broken glass, with a wooden foot, served as a drinking-cup to the whole party, and circulated with a rapidity which, considering the potency of the liquor, seemed absolutely marvellous. These men spoke loud and eagerly together, sometimes in Gaelic, at other times in English. Another Highlander, wrapt in his plaid, reclined on the floor, his head resting on a stone, from which it was only separated by a wisp of straw, and slept or seemed to sleep, without attending to what was going on around him. He also was probably a stranger, for he lay in full dress, and accoutred with the sword and target, the usual arms of his countrymen when on a journey. Cribbs there were of different dimensions, beside the walls, formed, some of fractured boards, some of shattered wicker-work or plaited boughs, in which slumbered the family of the house, men, women, and children, their places of repose only concealed by the dusky wreaths of vapor which arose above, below, and around them.

Our entrance was made so quietly, and the carousers I have described were so eagerly engaged in their discussions, that we escaped their notice for a minute or two. But I observed the Highlander who lay beside the fire raise himself on his elbow as we entered, and, drawing his

plaid over the lower part of his face, fix his look on us for a few seconds, after which he resumed his recumbent posture, and seemed again to betake himself to the repose which our entrance had interrupted.

We advanced to the fire, which was an agreeable spectacle after our late ride, during the chillness of an autumn evening among the mountains, and first attracted the attention of the guests who had preceded us, by calling for the landlady. She approached, looking doubtfully and timidly, now at us, now at the other party, and returned a hesitating and doubtful answer to our request to have something to eat.

"She didna ken," she said, "she was na sure there was onything in the house," and then modified her refusal with the qualification—"that is, onything fit for the like of us."

I assured her we were indifferent to the quality of our supper; and looking round for the means of accommodation, which were not easily to be found, I arranged an old hen-coop as a seat for Mr. Jarvie, and turned down a broken tub to serve for my own. Andrew Fairservice entered presently afterwards, and took a place in silence behind our backs. The natives, as I may call them, continued staring at us with an air as if confounded by our assurance, and we, at least, I myself—disguised as well as we could under an appearance of indifference any secret anxiety we might feel concerning the mode in which we were to be received by those whose privacy we had disturbed.

At length the lesser Highlander, addressing himself to me, said, in very good English, and in a tone of great haughtiness, "Ye make yourself at home, sir, I see."

"I usually do so," I replied, "when I come into a house of public entertainment."

"And did she na see," said the taller man, "by the white wand at the door, that gentlemen had taken up the public-house on their ain business?"

"I do not pretend to understand the customs of this country; but I am yet to learn," I replied, "how three persons should be entitled to exclude all other travellers from the only place of shelter and refreshment for miles round."

"There's nae reason for't, gentlemen,"

said the Bailie; "we mean nae offence—but there's neither law nor reason for't—but as far as a stoup o' gude brandy wad make up the quarrel, we, being peaceable folk, wad be willing—"

"Hang your brandy, sir!" said the Lowlander, adjusting his cocked-hat fiercely upon his head; "we desire neither your brandy nor your company," and up he rose from his seat. His companions also arose, muttering to each other, drawing up their plaids, and snorting and sniffing the air after the manner of their countrymen when working themselves into a passion.

"I tauld ye what wad come, gentlemen," said the landlady, "an ye wad hae been tauld. Get awa' wi' ye out o' my house, and make nae disturbance here—there's nae gentleman be disturbed at Jeanie MacAlpine's an' she can hinder. A wheen idle English loons, gaun about the country under cloud o' night, and disturbing honest peaceable gentlemen that are drinking their drap drink at the fireside!"

At another time I should have thought of the old Latin adage—

"Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas"—

but I had not any time for classical quotation, for there was obviously a fray about to ensue, at which, feeling myself indignant at the inhospitable insolence with which I was treated, I was totally indifferent, unless on the Bailie's account, whose person and qualities were ill qualified for such an adventure. I started up, however, on seeing the others rise, and dropped my cloak from my shoulders, that I might be ready to stand on the defensive.

"We are three to three," said the lesser Highlander, glancing his eyes at our party; "if ye be pretty men, draw!" and, unsheathing his broadsword, he advanced on me. I put myself in a posture of defence, and, aware of the superiority of my weapon, a rapier or small-sword, was little afraid of the issue of the contest. The Bailie behaved with unexpected mettle. As he saw the gigantic Highlander confront him with his weapon drawn, he tugged for a second or two at the hilt of his *shabbe*, as he called it; but finding it loth to quit the sheath, to which it had long been secured by rust

and disuse, he seized as a substitute on the red-hot coulter of a plough which had been employed in arranging the fire by way of a poker, and brandished it with such effect, that at the first pass he set the Highlander's plaid on fire, and compelled him to keep a respectful distance till he could get it extinguished. Andrew, on the contrary, who ought to have faced the Lowland champion, had, I grieve to say it, vanished at the very commencement of the fray. But his antagonist, crying "Fair play! fair play!" seemed courteously disposed to take no share in the scuffle. Thus we commenced our rencontre on fair terms as to numbers. My own aim was to possess myself, if possible, of my antagonist's weapon; but I was deterred from closing for fear of the dirk which he held in his left hand and used in parrying the thrusts of my rapier. Meantime the Bailie, notwithstanding the success of his first onset, was sorely bested. The weight of his weapon, the corpulence of his person, the very effervescence of his own passions, were rapidly exhausting both his strength and his breath, and he was almost at the mercy of his antagonist, when up started the sleeping Highlander from the floor on which he reclined, with his naked sword and target in his hand, and threw himself between the discomfited magistrate and his assailant, exclaiming, "Her nain-sell has eaten the town pread at the Cross o' Glasgow, and py her troth she'll fight for Bailie Sharvie at the Clachan of Aberfoil—tat will she e'en!" And seconding his words with deeds, this unexpected auxiliary made his sword whistle about the ears of his tall countryman, who, nothing abashed, returned his blows with interest. But being both accoutred with round targets made of wood, studded with brass and covered with leather, with which they readily parried each other's strokes, their combat was attended with much more noise and clatter than serious risk of damage. It appeared, indeed, that there was more of bravado than of serious attempt to do us any injury; for the Lowland gentleman, who, as I mentioned, had stood aside for want of an antagonist when the brawl commenced, was now pleased to act the part of moderator and peace-maker.

"Haud your hands—haud your hands—eneugh done—eneugh done!—the quar-

rel's no mortal. The strange gentlemen have shown themselves men of honor and gien reasonable satisfaction. I'll stand on mine honor as kittle as ony man, but I hate unnecessary bloodshed."

It was not, of course, my wish to protract the fray—my adversary seemed equally disposed to sheathe his sword—the Bailie, gasping for breath, might be considered as *hors de combat*, and our two sword-and-buckler men gave up their contest with as much indifference as they had entered into it.

"And now," said the worthy gentleman who acted as umpire, "let us drink and gree like honest fellows—the house will haud us a'. I propose that this good little gentleman that seems sair foughen, as I may say, in this taulzie, shall send for a tass o' brandy, and I'll pay for another, by way of archilowe,* and then we'll birl our bawbees a' round about, like brethren."

"And fa's to pay my new ponnie plaid," said the larger Highlander, "wi' a hole burnt in't ane might put a kail-pat through? Saw ever onybody a decent gentleman fight wi' a firebrand before?"

"Let that be nae hindrance," said the Bailie, who had now recovered his breath and was at once disposed to enjoy the triumph of having behaved with spirit and avoid the necessity of again resorting to such hard and doubtful arbitrement. "Gin I hae broken the head," he said, "I sall find the plaister. A new plaid sall ye hae, and o' the best—your ain clan-colors, man—an ye will tell me where it can be sent t'ye frae Glasco."

"I needna name my clan—I am o' a king's clan, as is weel kend," said the Highlander; "but ye may tak a bit o' the plaid—figh! she smells like a singit sheep's head—and that'll learn ye the sett—and a gentleman, that's a cousin o' my ain, that carries eggs down frae Glen-croe, will ca' for't about Martimas, an ye will tell her where ye bide. But, honest gentlemen, neist time ye fight, an ye hae ony respect for your athversary, let it be wi' your sword, man, since ye wear ane, and no wi' thae het culters and fireprands, like a wild Indian."

"Conscience!" replied the Bailie, "every man maun do as he dow—my sword hasna seen the light since Bothwell

* Archilowe, of unknown derivation, signifies a peace-offering.

Brigg, when my father, that's dead and gane, ware it; and I kenna weel if it was forthcoming than either, for the battle was o' the briefest. At ony rate, it's glewed to the scabbard now beyond my power to part them; and, finding that, I e'en grippit at the first thing I could make a fend wi'. I trow my fighting days is done, though I like ill to take the scorn, for a' that. But where's the honest lad that tuik my quarrel on himsell sae frankly?—I'se bestow a gill o' aquavitæ on him, an I suld never ca' for anither."

The champion for whom he looked around was, however, no longer to be seen. He had escaped, unobserved by the Bailie, immediately when the brawl was ended, yet not before I had recognized, in his wild features and shaggy red hair, our acquaintance Dougal, the fugitive turnkey of the Glasgow gaol.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY.

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim Smiley*, in the winter of '49—or may be it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but, anyway, he was the curiosest man about, always betting on anything that turned up, you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Anyway that suited the other man would suit him—anyway, just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky—uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would

be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wher-ever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *any* thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two and a-half that she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under-way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cypher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was upon him he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and An-

drew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He gave Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take hold of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-terriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he calk'lated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed

and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do almost anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a dab of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard, for all he was so gifted. And when it came to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywhere all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says,

"Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you an't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got my opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I an't got no frog; but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open, and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp, and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wan't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there an't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cat's, if he

don't weigh five pounds!" and turned him upside down, and he threw up a double handful of shot; and then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man. He set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him.

S. L. CLEMENS (*Mark Twain*).

"Yes, we need a good lad," said the lawyer to a young applicant, "and I think you will suit. Who do you live with?" "With my dear ma." "What does she do?" "Prays and takes in washing." "What will you do with your wages?" "Give it all to dear ma for the missionary cause." "What do you do evenings?" "Read hymns and verses to dear ma." "And on Sundays?" "Attend Sunday-school." "If you should find a nickel on the office floor, what should you spend it for?" "I would not spend it, for that would be sinful; I would restore it to the owner." "When sent on an errand, would you stop to play marbles or wallop another boy?" "No, sir, for ma says that playing marbles leads to gambling, and that our little fists were never made to punch each other's eyes out." "Little boy, you are too fearfully and agonizingly good for the legal profession. You should step right back into the middle of the Sunday-school library book, where you evidently came from. We will endeavor to wrestle with the stormy road before us without your pious help. You may retire." "You don't want me?" "No." "Sure I wouldn't suit you?" "Very." "Well, I'll go home and give the old woman fits! She stuck to it like bricks, and made me learn all this guff. I knew you didn't want a measly little miff around the office, but she would have her own way. Sorry, boss; good-bye." "Hold on; so you're a real live boy, after all?" "I reckon." "We'll chance you. Come tomorrow at nine. Four dollars a week. Now go. I'm busy." That boy made a good lawyer.

A young but impecunious widow in Lancaster, Pa., makes no secret of her feelings towards a rich bachelor, who owns a large farm in the vicinity. She says she loves the ground he walks on, and perfectly adores the house he lives in.

ROB ROY.

I shall never forget the delightful sensation with which I exchanged the dark, smoky, smothering atmosphere of the Highland hut, in which we had passed the night so uncomfortably, for the refreshing fragrance of the morning air, and the glorious beams of the rising sun, which, from a tabernacle of purple and golden clouds, were darted full on such a scene of natural romance and beauty as had never before greeted my eyes. To the left lay the valley, down which the Forth wandered on its easterly course, surrounding the beautiful detached hill, with all its garland of woods. On the right, amid a profusion of thickets, knolls, and crags, lay the bed of a broad mountain lake, lightly curled into tiny waves by the breath of the morning breeze, each glittering in its course under the influence of the sunbeams. High hills, rocks and banks, waving with natural forests of birch and oak, formed the borders of this enchanting sheet of water; and, as their leaves rustled to the wind and twinkled in the sun, gave to the depth of solitude a sort of life and vivacity. Man alone seemed to be placed in a state of inferiority, in a scene where all the ordinary features of nature were raised and exalted. The miserable little *bourocks*, as the bailie termed them, of which about a dozen formed the village called the Clachan of Aberfoil, were composed of loose stones, cemented by clay instead of mortar, and thatched by turfs, laid rudely upon rafters formed of native and unhewn birches and oaks from the woods around. The roofs approached the ground so nearly, that Andrew Fairservice observed we might have ridden over the village, and never found out we were near it, unless our horses' feet had "gane through the riggin'."

From all we could see, Mrs. M'Alpine's house, miserable as were the quarters it afforded, was still by far the best in the hamlet; and I dare say you will hardly find it much improved at the present day, for the Scotch are not a people who speedily admit innovation, even when it comes in the shape of improvement.

The inhabitants of these miserable dwellings were disturbed by the noise of our departure; and as our party of about twenty soldiers drew up in rank before

marching off, we were reconnoitred by many a beldame from the half-opened door of her cottage. As these sibyls thrust forth their gray heads, and showed their shrivelled brows, and long skinny arms, with various gestures, shrugs, and muttered expressions in Gaelic addressed to each other, my imagination recurred to the witches of Macbeth, and I imagined I read in the features of these cronies the malevolence of the weird sisters. The little children also, who began to crawl forth, some quite naked, and others very imperfectly covered with tatters of tartan stuff, clapped their tiny hands, and grinned at the English soldiers, with an expression of national hate and malignity which seemed beyond their years. I remarked particularly that there were no men, nor so much as a boy of ten or twelve years old, to be seen among the inhabitants of a village which seemed populous in proportion to its extent; and the idea certainly occurred to me, that we were likely to receive from them, in the course of our journey, more effectual tokens of ill-will than those which lowered on the visages, and dictated the murmurs, of the women and children.

It was not until we commenced our march that the malignity of the elder persons of the community broke forth into expressions. The last file of men had left the village, to pursue a small broken track, formed by the sledges in which the natives transported their peats and turfs, and which led through the woods that fringed the lower end of the lake, when a shrilly sound of female exclamation broke forth, mixed with the screams of children, the hooping of boys, and the clapping of hands with which the Highland dames enforce their notes, whether of rage or lamentation. I asked Andrew, who looked as pale as death, what all this meant.

"I doubt we'll ken that ower sune," said he. "Means? It means that the Highland wives are cursing and banning the red-coats, and wishing ill-luck to them, and ilka ane that ever spoke the Saxon tongue. I have heard wives flyte in England and Scotland—it's nae marvel to hear them flyte ony gate—but sic ill-scraperit tongues as thae Highland earlines'—and sic gresome wishes, that men should be slaughtered like sheep—and that they may lapper their hands to the elbows in

their hearts' blude—and that they suld dee the death of Walter Cuming of Guioyock, wha hadna as muckle o' him left thegither as would supper a messan-dog—sic awsome language as that I ne'er heard out o' a human thrapple; and, unless the deil wad rise amang them to gie them a lesson, I thinkna that their talent at cursing could be amended. The warst o't is, they bid us aye gang up the loch, and see what we'll land in."

Adding Andrew's information to what I had myself observed, I could scarce doubt that some attack was meditated upon our party. The road, as we advanced, seemed to afford every facility for such an unpleasant interruption. At first it winded apart from the lake through marshy meadow ground, overgrown with copse-wood; now traversing dark and close thickets which would have admitted an ambuscade to be sheltered within a few yards of our line of march; and frequently crossing rough mountain torrents, some of which took the soldiers up to the knees, and ran with such violence, that their force could only be stemmed by the strength of two or three men holding fast by each other's arms. It certainly appeared to me, though altogether unacquainted with military affairs, that a sort of half-savage warriors, as I had heard the Highlanders asserted to be, might, in such passes as these, attack a party of regular forces with great advantage. The bailie's good sense and shrewd observation had led him to the same conclusion, as I understood from his requesting to speak with the captain, whom he addressed, nearly in the following terms:—"Captain, it's no to fleech ony favor out o' ye, for I scorn it—and it's under protest that I reserve my action and pleas of oppression and wrongs as imprisonment; but, being a friend to King George and his army, I take the liberty to speer—Dinna ye think ye might tak a better time to gang up this glen? If ye are seeking Rob Roy, he's kend to be better than half a hunder men strong when he's at the fewest: and if he brings in the Glengyle folk, and the Glenfinlas and Balquidder lads, he may come to gie you your kail through the reek; and it's my sincere advice, as a king's friend, ye had better take back again to the Clachan, for thae women at Aberfoil are like the scarts and seamaws at the Cumries—there's aye foul weather follows the skirling."

"Make yourself easy, sir," replied Captain Thornton; "I am in the execution of my orders. And as you say you are a friend to King George, you will be glad to learn, that it is impossible that this gang of ruffians, whose license has disturbed the country so long, can escape the measures now taken to suppress them. The horse squadron of militia, commanded by Major Galbraith, is already joined by two or more troops of cavalry, which will occupy all the lower passes of this wild country; three hundred Highlanders, under the two gentlemen you saw at the inn, are in possession of the upper part, and various strong parties from the garrison are securing the hills and glens in different directions. Our last accounts of Rob Roy correspond with what this fellow has confessed, that, finding himself surrounded on all sides, he had dismissed the greater part of his followers, with the purpose either of lying concealed, or of making his escape through his superior knowledge of the passes."

"I dinna ken," said the bailie; "there's mair brandy than brains in Garschattachin's head this morning. And I wadna, an I were you, captain, rest my main dependance on the Hielandmen—hawks winna pike out hawks' een. They may quarrel amang themsells, and gie ilk ither ill names, and maybe a slash wi' a claymore, but they are sure to join in the lang run against a' civilized folk that wear breeks on their hinder ends, and hae purses in their pouches."

Apparently these admonitions were not altogether thrown away on Captain Thornton. He reformed his line of march, commanded his soldiers to unsling their firelocks and fix their bayonets, and formed an advanced and rear guard, each consisting of a non-commissioned officer and two soldiers, who received strict orders to keep an alert look-out. Dougal underwent another and very close examination, in which he steadfastly asserted the truth of what he had before affirmed; and being rebuked on account of the suspicious and dangerous appearance of the route by which he was guiding them, he answered with a sort of testiness that seemed very natural, "Her nainsell didna mak ta road—and shentlemans likit grand roads, she suld hae pided at Glasco."

All this passed off well enough, and we resumed our progress.

Our route, though leading towards the lake, had hitherto been so much shaded by wood, that we only from time to time obtained a glimpse of that beautiful sheet of water. But the road now suddenly emerged from the forest ground, and, winding close by the margin of the loch, afforded us a full view of its spacious mirror, which now, the breeze having totally subsided, reflected in still magnificence the high, dark, heathy mountains, huge gray rocks, and shaggy banks, by which it is encircled. The hills now sunk on its margin so closely, and were so broken and precipitous, as to afford no passage except just upon the narrow line of the track which we occupied, and which was overhung with rocks, from which we might have been destroyed merely by rolling down stones, without much possibility of offering resistance. Add to this, that, as the road winded round every promontory and bay which indented the lake, there was rarely a possibility of seeing a hundred yards before us. Our commander appeared to take some alarm at the nature of the pass in which he was engaged, which displayed itself in repeated orders to his soldiers to be on the alert, and in many threats of instant death to Dougal, if he should be found to have led them into danger. Dougal received those threats with an air of stupid impenetrability, which might arise either from conscious innocence, or from dogged resolution.

"If shentlemens were seeking ta Red Gregarach," he said, "to be sure they couldna expect to find her without some wee danger."

Just as the Highlander uttered these words, a halt was made by the corporal commanding the advance, who sent back one of the file who formed it, to tell the captain that the path in front was occupied by Highlanders, stationed on a commanding point of particular difficulty. Almost at the same instant a soldier from the rear came to say, that they heard the sound of a bagpipe in the woods through which we had just passed. Captain Thornton, a man of conduct as well as courage, instantly resolved to force the pass in front, without waiting till he was assailed from the rear; and assuring his soldiers that the bagpipes which they heard were those of the friendly Highlanders who were advancing to their assistance, he

stated to them the importance of advancing and securing Rob Roy, if possible, before these auxiliaries should come up to divide with them the honor, as well as the reward which was placed on the head of this celebrated freebooter. He therefore ordered the rear-guard to join the centre, and both to close up to the advance, doubling his files, so as to occupy with his column the whole practicable part of the road, and to present such a front as its breadth admitted. Dougal, to whom he said in a whisper, "You dog, if you have deceived me you shall die for it!" was placed in the centre, between two grenadiers, with positive orders to shoot him if he attempted an escape. The same situation was assigned to us, as being the safest, and Captain Thornton, taking his half-pike from the soldier who carried it, placed himself at the head of his little detachment, and gave the word to march forward.

The party advanced with the firmness of English soldiers. Not so Andrew Fair-service, who was frightened out of his wits; and not so, if truth must be told, either the bailie or I myself, who, without feeling the same degree of trepidation, could not with stoical indifference see our lives exposed to hazard in a quarrel with which we had no concern. But there was neither time for remonstrance nor remedy.

We approached within about twenty yards of the spot where the advanced guard had seen some appearance of an enemy. It was one of those promontories which run into the lake, and round the base of which the road had hitherto winded in the manner I have described. In the present case, however, the path, instead of keeping the water's edge, scaled the promontory by one or two rapid zigzags, carried in a broken track along the precipitous face of a slaty gray rock, which would otherwise have been absolutely inaccessible. On the top of this rock, only to be approached by a road so broken, so narrow, and so precarious, the corporal declared he had seen the bonnets and long-barrelled guns of several mountaineers, apparently couched among the long heath and brushwood which crested the eminence. Captain Thornton ordered him to move forward with three files, to dislodge the supposed ambuscade, while at a more slow but steady pace he advanced to his support with the rest of his party.

The attack which he meditated was prevented by the unexpected apparition of a female upon the summit of the rock. "Stand!" she said, with a commanding tone, "and tell me what ye seek in M'Gregor's country?"

I have seldom seen a finer or more commanding form than this woman. She might be between the term of forty and fifty years, and had a countenance which must once have been of a masculine cast of beauty; though now, imprinted with deep lines by exposure to rough weather, and perhaps by the wasting influence of grief and passion, its features were only strong, harsh, and expressive. She wore her plaid, not drawn around her head and shoulders, as is the fashion of the women in Scotland, but disposed around her body as the Highland soldiers wear theirs. She had a man's bonnet, with a feather in it, an unsheathed sword in her hand, and a pair of pistols at her girdle.

"It's Helen Campbell, Rob's wife," said the bailie, in a whisper of considerable alarm; "and there will be broken heads amang us or it's lang."

"What seek ye here?" she asked again at Captain Thornton, who had himself advanced to reconnoitre.

"We seek the outlaw, Rob Roy M'Gregor Campbell," answered the officer, "and make no war on women; therefore offer no vain opposition to the king's troops, and assure yourself of civil treatment."

"Ay," retorted he Amazon, "I am no stranger to your tender mercies. Ye have left me neither name nor fame. My mother's bones will shrink aside in their grave when mine are laid beside them. Ye have left me and mine neither house nor hold, blanket nor bedding, cattle to feed us, or flocks to clothe us—ye have taken from us all—all!—the very name of our ancestors have ye taken away, and now ye come for our lives."

"I seek no man's life," replied the captain; "I only execute my orders. If you are alone, good woman, you have nought to fear—if there are any with you so rash as to offer useless resistance, their own blood be on their own heads. Move forward, sergeant."

"Forward—march," said the non-commissioned officer. "Huzza, my boys, for Rob Roy's head and a purse of gold!"

He quickened his pace into a run, fol-

lowed by the six soldiers; but as they obtained the first traverse of the ascent, the flash of a dozen of firelocks from various parts of the pass parted in quick succession and deliberate aim. The sergeant, shot through the body, still struggled to gain the ascent, raised himself by his hands to clamber up the face of the rock, but relaxed his grasp, after a desperate effort, and falling, rolled from the face of the cliff into the deep lake, where he perished. Of the soldiers three fell, slain or disabled; the others retreated on their main body, all more or less wounded.

"Grenadiers, to the front!" said Captain Thornton. You are to recollect that in those days this description of soldiers actually carried that destructive species of firework from which they derive their name. The four grenadiers moved to the front accordingly. The officer commanded the rest of the party to be ready to support them, and only saying to us, "Look to your safety, gentlemen," gave, in rapid succession, the word to the grenadiers—"Open your pouches—handle your grenades—blow your matches—fall on."

The whole advanced with a shout, headed by Captain Thornton, the grenadiers preparing to throw their grenades among the bushes where the ambuscade lay, and the musketeers to support them by an instant and close assault. Dougal, forgotten in the scuffle, wisely crept into the thicket which overhung that part of the road where we had first halted, which he ascended with the activity of a wild cat. I followed his example, instinctively recollecting that the fire of the Highlanders would sweep the open track. I clambered until out of breath; for a continued spattering fire, in which every shot was multiplied by a thousand echoes, the hissing of the kindled fuses of the grenades, and the successive explosion of those missiles, mingled with the huzzas of the soldiers, and the yells and cries of their Highland antagonists, formed a contrast which added—I do not shame to own it—wings to my desire to reach a place of safety. The difficulties of the ascent soon increased so much that I despaired of reaching Dougal, who seemed to swing himself from rock to rock, and stump to stump, with the facility of a squirrel, and I turned down my eyes to see what had become of my other companions. Both

were brought to a very awkward still-stand.

The bailie, to whom, I suppose, fear had given a temporary share of agility, had ascended about twenty feet from the path, when his foot slipping as he straddled from one huge fragment of rock to another, he would have slumbered with his father, the deacon, whose acts and words he was so fond of quoting, but for a projecting branch of a ragged thorn, which, catching hold of the skirts of his riding-coat, supported him in mid-air, where he dangled not unlike to the sign of the Golden Fleece over the door of a mercer in the Trongate of his native city.

As for Andrew Fairservice, he had advanced with better success, until he had attained the top of a bare cliff, which, rising above the wood, exposed him, at least in his own opinion, to all the dangers of the neighboring skirmish, while, at the same time, it was of such a precipitous and impracticable nature that he dared neither to advance nor retreat. Footing it up and down upon the narrow space which the top of the cliff afforded (very like a fellow at a country fair dancing upon a trencher), he roared for mercy in Gaelic and English alternately, according to the side on which the scale of victory seemed to predominate, while his exclamations were only answered by the groans of the bailie, who suffered much, not only from apprehension but from the pendulous posture in which he hung suspended by the loins.

On perceiving the bailie's precarious situation, my first idea was to attempt to render him assistance; but this was impossible without the concurrence of Andrew, who continued to pour forth piteous prayers for mercy, which no one heard, and to skip to and fro, writhing his body into all possible antic shapes to avoid the balls which he conceived to be whistling around him.

In a few minutes this cause of terror ceased, for the fire, at first so well sustained, now sunk at once, a sure sign that the conflict was concluded. To gain some spot from which I could see how the day had gone was now my object, in order to appeal to the mercy of the victors, who, I trusted (whichever side might be gainers), would not suffer the honest bailie to remain suspended, like the coffin of Mahomet, between heaven and earth, with-

out lending a hand to disengage him. At length, by dint of scrambling, I found a spot which commanded a view of the field of battle. It was, indeed, ended; and, as my mind already augured, from the place and circumstances attending the contest, it had terminated in the defeat of Captain Thornton. I saw a party of Highlanders in the act of disarming that officer and the scanty remainder of his party. They consisted of about twelve men, most of whom were wounded, who, surrounded by treble their number, and without the power either to advance or retreat, exposed to a murderous and well-aimed fire, which they had no means of returning with effect, had at length laid down their arms by the order of their officer, when he saw that the road in his rear was occupied, and that protracted resistance would be only wasting the lives of his brave followers. By the Highlanders, who fought under cover, the victory was cheaply bought, at the expense of one man slain and two wounded by the grenades.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A famous virtuoso, upon a certain occasion, was pleased to call the attention of his friend to a picture which he professed to prize above all others in his collection. It was an atrociously bad picture, and the longer this friend gazed upon it the more amazed he became, both at the ugliness of the work itself, and the taste of the owner in permitting it a place where everything else was rare and beautiful. Having viewed it in all possible lights, and in endeavoring to discover some element of merit in the apparently worthless canvas, exhausted his interest and his patience, he turned at length in despair to the virtuoso, who answered the look of silent inquiry upon his face in this wise: "I value that picture above all others in my collection because it constantly reminds me of the goodness of God in permitting the artist to live."—*Phila. Times.*

A country editor says that we may question his veracity, but that we have no veracity to question. We should never think of questioning such veracity as his, for it won't answer.

G. D. PRENTICE.

FRIDAY AND THE BEAR.

[DANIEL DEFOE, born in Cripplegate, 1661. After having been in trade many years, he became an author, at first of political works, but afterwards of fiction. Died in April, 1731.]

But never was a fight managed so hardily, and in such a surprising manner, as that between Friday and the bear, which gave us all, though at first we were surprised and afraid for him, the greatest diversion imaginable.

My man Friday had delivered our guide, and when we came up to him, he was helping him off from his horse, for the man was both hurt and frightened, and indeed the last more than the first, when on a sudden we espied the bear come out of the wood, and a vast, monstrous one it was, the biggest by far that ever I saw. We were all a little surprised when we saw him; but when Friday saw him, it was easy to see joy and courage in the fellow's countenance. "Oh, oh, oh!" says Friday, three times, pointing to him; "oh, master! you give me to leave, me shakee to hand with him; me makee you good laugh."

I was surprised to see the fellow so pleased. "You fool!" said I, "he will eat you up." "Eatee me up! eatee me up!" says Friday, twice over again; "me eatee him up; me makee you good laugh; you all stay here, me show you good laugh." So down he sits, and gets his boots off in a moment, and puts on a pair of pumps (as we call the flat shoes they wear, and which he had in his pocket), gives my other servant his horse and with his gun away he flew, swift like the wind.

The bear was walking softly on, and offered to meddle with nobody, till Friday coming pretty near calls to him as if the bear could understand him, "Hark ye, hark ye," says Friday, "me speakee with you." We followed at a distance, for now being come down to the Gascony side of the mountains, we were entered a vast, great forest, where the country was plain and pretty open, though it had many trees in it scattered here and there. Friday, who had, as we say, the heels of the bear, came up with him quickly, and took up a great stone, and threw it at him, and hit him just on the head, but did him no more harm than if he had thrown it against a wall; but it answered Friday's end, for the rogue was so void of fear that he did it purely to make the bear follow

him, and show us some laugh, as he called it. As soon as the bear felt the stone, and saw him, he turns about, and comes after him, taking very long strides, and shuffling on at a strange rate, so as would have put a horse to a middling gallop. Away runs Friday, and takes his course as if he ran towards us for help; so we all resolved to fire at once upon the bear, and deliver my man; though I was angry at him heartily for bringing the bear back upon us, when he was going about his own business another way; and especially I was angry that he had turned the bear upon us, and then run away; and I called out, "You dog!" said I, "is this your making us laugh? Come away, and take your horse, that we may shoot the creature." He heard me, and cried out, "No shoot, no shoot; stand still, you get much laugh;" and as the nimble creature ran two feet for the beast's one, he turned on a sudden on one side of us, and seeing a great oak-tree fit for his purpose, he beckoned us to follow; and doubling his pace, he got nimbly up the tree, laying his gun down upon the ground, at about five or six yards from the bottom of the tree. The bear soon came to the tree, and we followed at a distance. The first thing he did, he stopped at the gun, smelled at it, but let it lie, and up he scrambles into the tree, climbing like a cat, though so monstrous heavy. I was amazed at the folly, as I thought it, of my man, and could not for my life see anything to laugh at yet, till, seeing the bear get up the tree, we all rode near to him.

When we came to the tree, there was Friday got out to the small end of a large limb of the tree, and the bear got about half way to him. As soon as the bear got out to that part where the limb of the tree was weaker—"Ha!" says he to us, "now you see me teachee the bear dance;" so he began jumping and shaking the bough, at which the bear began to totter, but stood still, and began to look behind him, to see how he should get back; then, indeed, we did laugh heartily. But Friday had not done with him by a great deal; when seeing him stand still, he called out to him again, as if he had supposed the bear could speak English, "What, you no come farther? pray you come farther;" so he left jumping and shaking the bough; and the bear, just as if he had understood what he said, did

come a little farther; then he began jumping again, and the bear stopped again. We thought now was a good time to knock him on the head, and called to Friday to stand still, and we would shoot the bear; but he cried out earnestly. "Oh, pray! oh, pray! no shoot! me shoot by-and-then;" he would have said by-and-bye.

However, to shorten the story, Friday danced so much, and the bear stood so ticklish, that we had laughing enough indeed, but still could not imagine what the fellow would do; for first we thought he depended upon shaking the bear off; and we found the bear was too cunning for that too; for he would go out far enough to be thrown down, but clung fast with his great broad claws and feet, so that we could not imagine what would be the end of it, and what the jest would be at last. But Friday put us out of doubt quickly: for seeing the bear cling fast to the bough, and that he would not be persuaded to come any farther, "Well, well," says Friday, "you no come farther, me go; you no come to me, me come to you;" and upon this he went out to the smaller end of the bough where it would bend with his weight, and gently let himself down by it, sliding down the bough till he came near enough to jump down on his feet, and away he ran to his gun, took it up, and stood still. "Well," said I to him, "Friday, what will you do now? why don't you shoot him?" "No shoot," says Friday, "no yet; me shoot now, me no kill; me stay, give you one more laugh:" and, indeed, so he did, as you will see presently; for when the bear saw his enemy gone, he came back from the bough where he stood, but did it very cautiously, looking behind him every step, and coming backward till he got into the body of the tree; then, with the same hinder end foremost, he came down the tree, grasping it with his claws, and moving one foot at a time, very leisurely. At this juncture, and just before he could set his hind feet upon the ground, Friday stepped up close to him, clapped the muzzle of his piece into his ear, and shot him dead as a stone. Then the rogue turned about to see if we did not laugh; and when he saw we were pleased by our looks, he began to laugh very loud. "So we kill bear in my country," says Friday. "So you kill them?" says I; "why, you have no guns." "No," says he,

"no gun, but shoot great much long arrow." This was a good diversion to us; but we were still in a wild place, and our guide very much hurt, and what to do we hardly knew; the howling of wolves ran much in my head; and, indeed, except the noise I once heard on the shore of Africa, I never heard anything that filled me with so much horror.

THE SHANGHAIS.

The shanghi reuster is a gintile, and ginrally speaks in a forun tung. He is bilt on piles like our Sandy Hill crane. If he had bin bilt with legs he wud resembl the Peruvian lama. He is not a game animal, but quite often comes off sekond best in a ruff and tumble fite; like the Injins that kant stand civilisation, and are fast disappearing. Tha roost on the ground similar to the mud-turtle. Tha often go to sleep standing, and sumtimes pitch over, and when they dew they enter the ground like a pickaxe. Their feed consists uv corn in the ear. Tha crow like a jackass troubled with the bronkeesucks. Tha will eat as much tu onst az a district skule master, and generally sit down rite oph, tew keep from tipping over. Tha are dreadful unhandy to cook; you have to bile one end uv them to a time, you kant git them awl into a potash kittle tu onst. The female reuster lays an egg as big as a kokeenut, and is sick for a week afterward, and when she hatches out a litter of young shanghis, she has to brood over them standing, and then kant kiver but three uv them; the rest stand around on the outside, like boys around a sirkus tent, giting a peep under the kanvass whenever they kan. The man who fust brought the breed into this country ought to own them all and be obliged tew feed them on grasshoppers caught bi hand. I never owned but one, and he got choked to death by a kink in a clothes line, but not till he had swallowed eighteen feet ov it. Not enny shanghi for me, if you please; I would rather board a travelling colporter, and az for eating one, give me a biled owl rare done, or a turkee buzzard roasted hole, and stuffed with a pair of injun rubber boots, but not enny shanghi for me, not a shanghi!

JOSH BILLINGS.

THE MUSIC GRINDERS.

There are three ways in which men take
 One's money from his purse,
 And very hard it is to tell
 Which of the three is worse;
 But all of them are bad enough
 To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
 And counting up your gains;
 A fellow jumps out from a bush,
 And takes your horse's reins,
 Another hints some words about
 A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
 In such a lonely spot;
 It's very hard to lose your cash,
 But harder to be shot;
 And so you take your wallet out,
 Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine—
 Some filthy creature begs;
 You'll hear about the cannon ball
 That carried off his pegs,
 And say it is a dreadful thing
 For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
 His children to be fed,
 Poor little lovely innocents,
 All clamorous for bread,
 And so you kindly help to put
 A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat
 Beneath a cloudless moon:
 You hear a sound, that seems to wear
 The semblance of a tune;
 As if a broken fife should strive
 To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
 Of music seems to come;
 There's something like a human voice,
 And something like a drum:
 You sit in speechless agony,
 Until your ear is numb.

Poor "Home, sweet home," should seem to be
 A very dismal place:
 Your "Auld acquaintance," all at once,
 Is altered in the face;
 Their discords sting through Burns and
 Moore,
 Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

But hark! the air again is still,
 The music all is ground,
 And silence, like a poultice, com
 To heal the blows of sound;

VOL. V.—W. H.

It cannot be—it is—it is—
 A hat is going round!

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
 A fracture in your jaw;
 And pay the owner of the bear
 That stunned you with his paw;
 And buy the lobster that has had
 Your knuckles in his claw:

But if you are a portly man,
 Put on your fiercest frown,
 And talk about a constable
 To turn them out of town;
 Then close your sentence in a rage,
 And shut the window down.

And if you are a slender man,
 Not big enough for that,
 Or if you cannot make a speech,
 Because you are a flat,
 Go very quietly and drop
 A button in the hat.

O. W. HOLMES.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

I am the man who plays the horn
 That toots at incense-breathing morn
 Among a little German band
 That on the sidewalk takes its stand.

Cold is our welcome, scant our dole,
 I blow with all my heart and soul;
 The sun shines o'er the chimney-tops,
 I see afar a little copse—

The sun so blinds me that—I see
 A little wife awaiting me,
 A little home, a little crib,
 A baby in a little bib.

The windows rise—"I say, move on,
 I'll call an officer, begone—
 The worth of quietness I know;
 There is a nickel"—and we go!

J. P. B., in *Philadelphia News*.

"OUR HUSBAND."—In a cemetery in New London County, Conn., there is a lot containing five graves, one in the centre, the others near by, at the four points of the compass. The inscriptions on the latter read, respectively, after the name of the deceased: "My I. Wife," "My II. Wife," "My III. Wife," "My IV. Wife," while the central stone bears the brief but eloquent expression, "Our Husband."

PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

[HENRY FIELDING. Born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire, April 22, 1707. Educated at Eton and Leyden. Died at Lisbon, October 8, 1754.]

In the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, "It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, "That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost, upon which he asked Jones, "What man that was in the strange dress, something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armor, is it?" Jones answered, "That is the ghost." To which Partridge replied with a smile, "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighborhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior on the stage. "Oh, la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company: and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person." "Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here beside thyself?" "Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay,

to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush, dear sir! don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible." "Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me, neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me." "And dost thou imagine then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?" "Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case? But hush! Oh, la! what noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are."

During the second act Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction

than "that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire."

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, "There, sir, now; what say you now; is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and to be sure nobody can help some fears; I would not be in so bad a condition as—what's his name?—Squire Hamlet is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth." "Indeed, you saw right," answered Jones. "Well, well," cries Partridge, "I know it's only a play; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madame Miller would not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile, wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her, "If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, "That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town." "No wonder, then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton when I was clerk that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his

hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, "Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough, too, at the ghost, I thought."

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him, "Which of the players he had liked best?" To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, "The king, without doubt." "Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage." "He the best player!" cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; "Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, any man, that is any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madame, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

ON PIGS.

Az the white roze wakens into buty, so duz the white pig cum tew gladden uz. His earz are like the lilac leaf, played upon bi the young zepharz at eventide, hiz silkiness iz the wool of buty, and hiz figger iz the outline ov lovlanness. His food iz white nectar, drawn from the full fountain of affeshun. He waxes fatter and more silky evra da, and hangs from the buzzum of hiz muther like an image ov alabastur. He laffeth at forms and curl-eth his tale still cluser, az his feast goeth on, then he rizeth with gladness, and wandreth with his kindred beside the still waters. His brothers and sisters are az like him az the flakes ov snow, and all the

day long, among the red klover and beneath the white thorn, he maketh his joy and leadeth a life arkadian. His words are low musik, and his language the untutored freshness of natur. His pastime iz the histery ov innersence, and his lez-zure is elegance. He walketh whare the grase leadeth, and gam-blews tew the dalianse ov dewy fragranse. He gathreth straws in his mouth, and hasteth awa on errand of gladness. He listeneth tew the reproof of his parent; his ackshuns are the laws of perliteness, and his logick is the power ov instinkt. His datime iz pease, and his evening gentle forgetfulness. Az he taketh on years he loveth cool plases, and delveth in liquids, and stirreth the arth tew a fatness, and painteth hisself in dark cullers a refuge from flize and the torments ov life. He forgetteth his parent and bekumeth his own master, and larneth the mistery of food, and groweth hugely. Men gaze at his porkyness, and kount his valu bi pounds, and la in wate for him and sacrifice him, and give his flesh salt for safety. . . . This is pig life.

JOSH BILLINGS.

POLLY PEABLOSSOM'S WEDDING.

"My stars! that parson is *powerful* slow a-coming? I reckon he wa'nt so tedious gitting to his own wedding as he is coming here," said one of the bridesmaids of Miss Polly Peablossom, as she bit her lips to make them rosy, and peeped into a small looking-glass for the twentieth time.

"He preaches enough about the shortness of a lifetime," remarked another pouting Miss, "and how we ought to improve our opportunities, not to be creeping along like a snail, when a whole wedding-party is waiting for him, and the waffles are getting cold, and the chickens burning to a crisp."

"Have patience, girls, maybe the man's lost his spurs, and can't get along any faster," was the consolatory appeal of an arch-looking damsel, as she finished the last of a bunch of grapes.

"Or perhaps his old fox-eared horse has jumped out of the pasture, and the old gentleman has to take it a-foot," surmised the fourth bridesmaid.

The bride used industrious efforts to

appear patient and rather indifferent amid the general restiveness of her aids, and would occasionally affect extreme merri-ment; but her shrewd attendants charged her with being *fidgety*, and rather more uneasy than she wanted folks to believe.

"Hello, Floyd!" shouted old Captain Peablossom, out of doors, to his copperas-trowsered son, who was entertaining the young beaux of the neighborhood with feats of agility in jumping with weights—"Floyd, throw down them rocks, and put the bridle on old Snip, and ride down the road, and see if you can't see Parson Gypsey, and tell him hurry along, we are all waiting for him. He must think weddings are like his meetings, that can be put off to the 'Sunday after the fourth Saturday in next month,' after the crowd's all gathered and ready to hear the preaching. If you don't meet him, go *clean* to his house. I 'spect he's heard that Bushy Creek Ned's here with his fiddle, and taken a scare."

As the night was wearing on, and no parson had come yet to unite the destinies of George Washington Hodgkins and "the amiable and accomplished" Miss Polly Peablossom, the former individual intimated to his *intended* the propriety of passing off the time by having a dance.

Polly asked her Ma, and her Ma, after arguing that it was not the fashion in her *time*, in North Ca'lina, to dance before the *ceremony*, at last consented.

The artist from Bushy Creek was called in, and after much tuning and spitting on the screws, he struck up "Money Musk;" and away went the country-dance, Polly Peablossom at the head, with Thomas Jefferson Hodgkins as her partner, and George Washington Hodgkins next, with Polly's sister Luvisa, for his partner. Polly danced to every gentleman, and Thomas Jefferson danced to every lady; then up and down in the middle, and hands all round. Next came George Washington and his partner, who underwent the same process; and "so on through the whole," as Daboll's Arithmetic says.

The yard was lit up by three or four large light-wood fires, which gave a picturesque appearance to the groups outside. On one side of the house was Daniel Newnan Peablossom and a bevy of youngsters, who either could not nor did not desire to get into the dance—probably the former—and who amused themselves

by jumping and wrestling. On the other side, a group of matrons sat under the trees, in chairs, and discoursed of the mysteries of making butter, curing chickens of the pip and children of the croup, besides lamenting the misfortunes of some neighbor, or the indiscretion of some neighbor's daughter, who had run away and married a circus-rider. A few pen-sive couples, eschewing the "giddy dance," promenaded the yard and admired the moon, or "wondered if all *them* little stars were worlds like this." Perhaps they may have sighed sentimentally at the folly of the mosquitoes and bugs, which were attracted round the fires to get their pretty little wings scorched and lose their precious lives; or they may have talked of "true love," and plighted their vows, for aught we know.

Old Captain Peablossom and his pipe, during the while, were the centre of a circle in front of the house who had gathered around the old man's arm-chair to listen to his "twice-told tales" of "hair-breadth 'scapes," of "the battles and sieges he had passed," for you must know the captain was no "summer soldier and sunshine patriot;" he had burned gun-powder in defence of his beloved country.

At the especial request of Squire Tompkins, the captain narrated the perilous adventures of Newnan's little band among the Seminoles. How "bold Newnan" and his men lived on alligator flesh and parched corn, and marched barefooted through saw-palmetto; how they met Bowlegs and his warriors near Paine's Prairie, and what fighting was there. The amusing incident of Bill Cone and the terrapin shell, raised shouts of laughter among the young brood, who had flocked around to hear of the wars. Bill (the "Camden Bard," peace to his ashes), as the captain familiarly called him, was sitting one day against the logs of the breastwork, drinking soup out of a terrapin shell, when a random shot from the enemy broke the shell and spilt his soup, whereupon he raised his head over the breastwork and sung out, "Oh, you villain, you couldn't do that again if you tried forty times." Then the captain, after repeated importunities, laid down his pipe, cleared his throat and sung

"We marched on to our next station,
The Ingens on before did hide,

They shot and killed Bold Newnan's nigger,
And two *other* white men by his side."

The remainder of the epic we have forgotten.

After calling out for a *chunk* of fire and relighting his pipe, he dashed at once over into Alabama, in General Floyd's army, and fought the battles of Calebee and Otassee over again in detail. The artillery from Baldwin County blazed away, and made the little boys aforesaid think they could hear thunder almost, and the rifles from Putnam made their patriotic young spirits long to revenge that gallant corps. And the squire was astonished at the narrow escape his friend had of falling into the hands of Weatherford and his savages, when he was miraculously rescued by Timpoochie Barnard, the Uchee chief.

At this stage of affairs, Floyd (*not the general*, but the ambassador) rode up, with a mysterious look on his countenance. The dancers left off in the middle of a set, and assembled around the messenger, to hear the news of the parson. The old ladies crowded up, too, and the captain and the squire were eager to hear. But Floyd felt the importance of his situation, and was in no hurry to divest himself of the momentary dignity.

"Well, as I rode on down to Boggy Gut, I saw—"

"Who cares what the devil you saw?" exclaimed the impatient captain; "tell us if the parson is coming first, and you may take all night to tell the balance, if you like, afterwards."

"I saw—" continued Floyd, pertinaciously.

"Well, my dear, what did you see?" asked Mrs. Peablossom.

"I saw that some one had *tooken* away some of the rails on the cross-way, or they had washed away, or somehow—"

"Did anybody ever hear the like?" said the captain.

"And so I got down," continued Floyd, "and hunted some more, and fixed over the boggy place—"

Here Polly laid her hand on his arm, and requested, with a beseeching look, to know if the parson was on the way.

"I'll tell you all about it presently, Polly. And when I got to the run of the creek, then—"

"Oh, the devil!" ejaculated Captain Peablossom, "stalled again!"

"Be still, honey, let the child tell it his own way—he always would have his way, you know, since we had to humor him so when he had the measles," interposed the old lady.

Daniel Newnan Peablossom, at this juncture, facetiously lay down on the ground, with the root of an old oak for his pillow, and called out, yawningly, to his pa, to "wake him when brother Floyd had crossed over the *run* of the creek, and arrived safely at the parson's." This caused loud laughter.

Floyd simply noticed it by observing to his brother, "Yes, you think you're *mighty smart* before all these folks!" and resumed his tedious route to Parson Gypsey's, with as little prospect of reaching the end of his story as ever.

Mrs. Peablossom tried to *coax* him to "*jest*" say if the parson was coming or not. Polly begged him, and all the bridesmaids implored. But Floyd "went on his way rejoicing."

"When I came to the Piney-flats," he continued, "old Snip *seed* something white over in the bay-gall, and shy'd *clean* out o' the road, and——" where he would have stopped would be hard to say, if the impatient captain had not interfered.

That gentleman, with a peculiar glint of the eye, remarked, "Well, there's one way I can bring him to a-showing," as he took a large horn from between the logs, and rung a "wood-note wild," that set a pack of hounds to yelping. A few more notes, as loud as those that issued from "Roland's horn at Roncesvalles," was sufficient invitation to every hound, foist, and "cur of low degree," that followed the guests, to join in the chorus. The captain was a man of good lungs, and "the way he *did* blow was the way," as Squire Tompkins afterwards very happily described it; and as there were in the canine choir some thirty voices of every key, the music may be imagined better than described. Miss Tabitha Tidwell, the first bridesmaid, put her hands to her ears and cried out, "My stars! we shall all git *blow'd* away!"

The desired effect of abbreviating the messenger's story was produced, as that prolix personage in copperas pants was seen to take Polly aside and whisper something in her ear.

"Oh, Floyd, you are joking; you

oughtn't to serve me so. An't you joking, *bud*?" asked Polly, with a look that seemed to beg he would say yes.

"It's true as preaching," he replied—"the cake's all dough!"

Polly whispered something to her mother, who threw up her hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, my!" and then whispered the secret to some other lady, and away it went. Such whispering and throwing up of hands and eyes, is rarely seen at a Quaker meeting. Consternation was in every face. Poor Polly was a very personification of "patience on a monument, smiling green and yellow melancholy."

The captain discovering that something was the matter, drove off the dogs, and inquired what had happened to cause such confusion. "What the devil's the matter now?" he said. "You all look as *down in the mouth* as we did on the *Santafee* (St. Fe), when the quarter-master said the provisions had all give out. What's the matter—won't somebody tell me? Old 'oman, has the dogs got into the kitchen and eat up all the supper, or what else has come to pass? out with it!"

"Ah, old man, bad news!" said the wife, with a sigh.

"Well, what is it? you are *all* getting as bad as Floyd, 'terryfying' a fellow to death."

"Parson Gypsey was digging a new horse trough and cut his leg to the bone with the foot-adze, and can't come—Oh, dear!"

"I wish he had taken a fancy to a done it a week ago, so we 'mout' a got another parson, or, as long as no other time would suit but to-day, I wish he had cut his derved eternal head off!"

"Oh, my! husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Peablossom. Bushy Creek Ned, standing in the piazza with his fiddle, struck up the old tune of

We'll dance all night, 'till broad daylight,
And go home with the *gals* in the morning.

Ned's hint caused a movement toward the dancing room, among the young people, when the captain, as if waking from a reverie, exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Oh, the devil! what are we all thinking of? *Why, here's Squire Tompkins, he can perform the ceremony.* If a man can't marry folks, what's the use of being squire at all?"

Manna did not come in better time to

the children of Israel in the wilderness, than did this discovery of the worthy captain to the company assembled. It was as vivifying as a shower of rain on corn that is about to shoot and tassel, especially to G. W. Hodgkins and his lady-love.

Squire Tompkins was a newly-elected magistrate, and somewhat diffident of his abilities in this untried department. He expressed a hint of the sort, which the captain only noticed with the exclamation "hoot toot!"

Mrs. Peablossom insinuated to her husband, that in her *day* the "*quality*," or better sort of people in North Ca'lina, had a prejudice "*agin*" being married by a magistrate; to which the old gentleman replied, "None of your nonsense, old lady; none of your Duplin County aristocracy about here now. The *better sort of people*, I think you say! Now, you know North Ca'lina ain't the best State in the Union, nohow, and Duplin's the poorest county in the State. Better sort of people, is it? *Quality*, eh? Who the devil's better than we are? An't we honest? An't we raised our children decent, and learned them how to read, write and cipher? An't I *fou't* under Newnan and Floyd for the country? Why, darn it! we are the *very best* sort of people. Stuff! nonsense! The wedding shall go on; Polly shall have a husband." Mrs. P.'s eyes lit up—her cheek flashed as she heard "the old North State" spoken of so disparagingly; but she was a woman of good sense, and reserved the castigation for a future curtain lecture.

Things were soon arranged for the wedding; and as the old wooden clock on the mantel-piece struck one, the bridal party were duly arranged on the floor, and the crowd gathered round, eager to observe every twinkle of the bridegroom's eye, and every blush of the blooming bride.

The bridesmaids and their male attendants were arranged in couples, as in a cotillon, to form a hollow square, in the centre of which were the squire and betrothing parties. Each of the attendants bore a candle; Miss Tabitha held hers in a long brass candlestick, which had belonged to Polly's grandmother, in shape and length somewhat resembling "Cleopatra's needle;" Miss Luvisa bore such a flat tin one; the third attendant bore such an article as is usually suspended on a nail

against the wall; and the fourth had a curiously-devised something cut out of wood with a pocket-knife. For want of a further supply of candlesticks, the male attendants held naked candles in their hands. Polly was dressed in white, and wore a bay flower with its green leaves in her hair, and the whisper went round—"Now *don't* she look pretty?" George Washington Hodgkins rejoiced in a white satin stock, and a vest and pantaloons of orange color; the vest was straight-colored, like a continental officer's in the Revolution, and had eagle buttons on it. They were a fine-looking couple.

When everything was ready, a pause ensued, and all eyes were turned on the squire, who seemed to be undergoing a mental agony, such as Fourth of July orators feel when they forget their speeches, or a boy at an exhibition, when he has to be prompted from behind the scenes. The truth was, Squire Tompkins was a man of forms, but had always taken them from form-books, and never trusted his memory. On this occasion, he had no "Georgia Justice," or any other book from which to read the marriage ceremony, and was at a loss how to proceed. He thought over everything he had ever learned "by heart," even to

Thirty days hath the month of September,
The same may be said of June, April, November,

but all in vain; he could recollect nothing that suited such an occasion. A suppressed titter all over the room admonished him that he must proceed with something, and in the agony of desperation, he began,

"*Know all men by these presents that I—*" here he paused and looked up to the ceiling, while an audible voice in a corner of the room was heard to say, "He's drawing up a deed to a tract of land," and they all laughed.

"*In the name of God, Amen!*" he began a second time, only to hear another voice, in a loud whisper, say—"He's making his *will*, now. I thought he couldn't live long, he looks so *powerful* bad."

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord—"

was the next essay, when some erudite gentleman remarked, "He is not dead, but sleepeth."

"O yes! O yes!" continued the squire. One voice replied, "Oh, no! oh, no! don't let's;" another whispered, "No bail!" Some person out of doors sung out, "Come into court!" and the laughter was general. The bridesmaids spilt the tallow from their candles all over the floor, in the vain attempt to look serious. One of them had a red mark on her lip for a month afterwards, where she had bit it. The bridegroom put his hands in his pockets, and took them out again; the bride looked as if she would faint—and so did the squire!

But the squire was an indefatigable man, and kept trying. His next effort was—

"To all and singular the sher—" "Let's run! he's going to level on us," said two or three at once.

Here a gleam of light flashed across the face of Squire Tompkins. That dignitary looked around all at once, with as much satisfaction as Archimedes could have felt, when he discovered the method of ascertaining the specific gravity of bodies. In a grave and dignified manner, he said, "Mr. Hodgkins, hold up your right hand." George Washington obeyed, and held up his hand. "Miss Polly, hold up yours." Polly in confusion held up her left hand. "The other hand, Miss Peablossom." And the squire proceeded, in a loud and composed manner, to qualify them: "*You and each of you do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, and the present company, that you will perform toward each other, all and singular, the functions of husband or wife—as the case may be—to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God!*"

"Good as wheat!" said Captain Peablossom. "Polly, my gal, come and kiss your old father; I never felt so happy since the day I was discharged from the army, and set out homeward to see your mother."

JOHN B. LAMAR.

MRS. GAMP'S APARTMENT.

Mrs. Gamp's apartment in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, wore, metaphorically speaking, a robe of state. It was swept and garnished for the reception of a visitor. That visitor was Betsy Prig; Mrs. Prig of Bartlemy's; or, as some said, Barklemy's; or, as some said,

Bardlemy's; for by all these endearing and familiar appellations had the hospital of St. Bartholomew become a household word among the sisterhood which Betsy Prig adorned.

Mrs. Gamp's apartment was not a spacious one, but, to a contented mind, a closet is a palace; and the first-floor front at Mr. Sweedlepipe's may have been, in the imagination of Mrs. Gamp, a stately pile. If it were not exactly that to restless intellects, it at least comprised as much accommodation as any person not sanguine to insanity could have looked for in a room of its dimensions. For only keep the bedstead always in your mind, and you were safe. That was the grand secret. Remembering the bedstead, you might even stoop to look under the little round table for anything you had dropped, without hurting yourself much against the chest of drawers, or qualifying as a patient of St. Bartholomew by falling into the fire. Visitors were much assisted in their cautious efforts to preserve an unflagging recollection of this piece of furniture by its size, which was great. It was not a turn-up bedstead, nor yet a French bedstead, nor yet a four-post bedstead, but what is poetically called a tent; the sacking whereof was low and bulgy, insomuch that Mrs. Gamp's box would not go under it, but stopped half way, in a manner which, while it did violence to the reason, likewise endangered the legs of a stranger. The frame, too, which would have supported the canopy and hangings, if there had been any, was ornamented with divers pippins carved in timber, which, on the slightest provocation, and frequently on none at all, came tumbling down, harassing the peaceful guest with inexplicable terrors. The bed itself was decorated with a patchwork quilt of great antiquity; and at the upper end, upon the side nearest to the door, hung a scanty curtain of blue check, which prevented the zephyrs that were abroad in Kingsgate Street from visiting Mrs. Gamp's head too roughly.

The chairs in Mrs. Gamp's apartment were extremely large and broad-backed, which was more than a sufficient reason for their being but two in number. They were both elbow-chairs of ancient mahogany, and were chiefly valuable for the slippery nature of their seats, which had been originally horsehair, but were now

covered with a shiny substance of a bluish tint, from which the visitor began to slide away, with a dismayed countenance, immediately after sitting down. What Mrs. Gamp wanted in chairs she made up in bandboxes, of which she had a great collection, devoted to the reception of various miscellaneous valuables, which were not, however, as well protected as the good woman, by a pleasant fiction, seemed to think; for though every bandbox had a carefully-closed lid, not one among them had a bottom, owing to which cause the property within was merely, as it were, extinguished. The chest of drawers having been originally made to stand upon the top of another chest, had a dwarfish, elfin look alone; but, in regard of security, it had a great advantage over the bandboxes, for as all the handles had been long ago pulled off, it was very difficult to get at its contents. This, indeed, was only to be done by one of two devices; either by tilting the whole structure forward until all the drawers fell out together, or by opening them singly with knives, like oysters.

Mrs. Gamp stored all her household matters in a little cupboard by the fireplace; beginning below the surface (as in nature) with the coals, and mounting gradually upwards to the spirits, which, from motives of delicacy, she kept in a tea-pot. The chimney-piece was ornamented with an almanac; it was also embellished with three profiles; one, in colors, of Mrs. Gamp herself in early life; one, in bronze, of a lady in feathers, supposed to be Mrs. Harris, as she appeared when dressed for a ball; and one, in black, of Mr. Gamp deceased. The last was a full-length, in order that the likeness might be rendered more obvious and forcible, by the introduction of the wooden leg. A pair of bellows, a pair of pattens, a toasting-fork, a kettle, a spoon for the administration of medicine to the refractory, and lastly, Mrs. Gamp's umbrella, which, as something of great price and rarity, was displayed with particular ostentation, completed the decorations of the chimney-piece and adjacent wall.

CHARLES DICKENS.

The question is discussed in some of the Missouri papers whether raising hemp is a good business. A much better business certainly than being raised by it.

MOSES AND THE GROSS OF GREEN SPECTACLES.

(FROM THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.)

[OLIVER GOLDSMITH, born at Pallas, in Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Travelled through most parts of Europe, and practised as a physician in Southwark. After a life of much vicissitude, he died in the Temple, April 4, 1774.]

When we returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest.

Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme.

"Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."

"Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say.

"What, only pretty well!" returned she; "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town. This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day; and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be? *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly; so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmia Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?"

"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter; "Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and, indeed, I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would

be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at the neighboring fair, and buy us a horse which would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly, but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home.

"No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage: you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had, at last, the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat of that cloth called thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good-luck! good-luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarcely gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied.

"Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into one of the families of the great; but when once one gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep."

To this piece of humor, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by little at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by-the-bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behavior was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice; although we seldom follow advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife.

"I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who have made use of it themselves."

"Whatever my own conduct may have been, madame," replied he, "is not the present question; though as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will."

As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall.

"Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze you. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar.

"Welcome! welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself" cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again; "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green, paltry spectacles?"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife, in a passion. "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!"

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."

"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff. If I had them, I would throw them in the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flam-borough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

Our family had now made several attempts to be fine: but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavored to take advantage of every disappointment to improve their good sense, in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition.

"You see, my children," cried I, "how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor, and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side; the rich having the pleasure, the poor the inconveniences, that result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the fable you were reading to-day, for the good of the company."

"Once upon a time," cried the child, "a giant and a dwarf were friends and kept together. They made a bargain that they would never forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens; and the dwarf, who was very courageous,

dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a woful plight; but the giant, coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before, but for all that struck the first blow, which was returned by another that knocked out his eye; but the giant was soon up with them, and had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the giant and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The giant, for the first time, was foremost now, but the dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant came, all fell before him; but the dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last, the victory declared for the two adventurers; but the dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf was now without an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion, 'My little hero, this is glorious sport; let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honor for ever.'

"No," cries the dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser, 'no; I declare off; I'll fight no more, for I find, in every battle, that you get all the honors and rewards, but all the blows fall on me.'"

I was going to moralize this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughter's intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardor, and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and was at last obliged to take shelter from a de-

feat in clamor. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all: she knew, she said, of some who had their own secret reasons for what they advised; but for her part, she wished such to stop away from her house for the future.

"Madame," cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, "as for secret reasons, you are right; I have secret reasons which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret. But I find my visits here are becoming troublesome; I'll take my leave therefore now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country." Thus saying, he took up his hat; not could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

HER REASONS.—An old lady walked into a lawyer's office the other day, when the following conversation took place: "Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawyer of him." "The boy appears rather young, madame. How old is he?" "Seven years, sir." "He is too young—decidedly too young. Have you no boys older?" "Oh, yes, sir, I have several; but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told my man I thought this little fellow would make a good lawyer, so I called to see if you would take him." "No, madame, he is too young yet to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy so much better calculated for a lawyer than any of your other sons?" "Why, do you see, sir, he is just seven years old to-day; when he was only five he'd lie like all nature; when he got to be six he was sassy and impudent as any critter could be, and now he will steal anything he can lay his hands on."

Teacher.—"Who was the first man?"

Head Scholar.—"Washington; he was first in war, first in—"

Teacher.—"No, no; Adam was the first man."

Head Scholar.—"Oh! if you're talking of foreigners, I s'pose he was."

THE SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS;

OR, THE QUEST OF SULTAUN SOLIMAUN.

Oh, for a glance of that gay Muse's eye,
That lighten'd on Bandello's laughing tale,
And twinkled with a lustre shrewd and sly,
When Giam Battista bade her vision
hail!

Yet fear not, ladies, the *naïve* detail
Given by the natives of that land canorous;
Italian license loves to leap the pale,
We Britons have the fear of shame before us,
And, if not wise in mirth, at least must be
decorous.

In the far Eastern clime, no great while since,
Lived Sultaun Solimaun, a mighty prince,
Whose eyes, as oft as they performed their
round,
Beheld all others fixed upon the ground;
Whose ears received the same unvaried
phrase,
"Sultaun! thy vassal hears, and he obeys!"
All have their tastes—this may the fancy
strike
Of such grave folks as pomp and grandeur
like;

For me, I love the honest heart and warm
Of monarch who can amble round his farm,
Or when the toil of state no more annoys,
In chimney corner seek domestic joys—
I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,
Exchanging with his subjects glance and
glass;
In fitting time, can, gayest of the gay,
Keep up the jest, and mingle in the lay—
Such monarchs best our free-born humors
suit,
But despots must be stately, stern and mute.

This Solimaun Serendib had in sway—
And where's Serendib? may some critic
say—
Good lack, mine honest friend, consult the
chart,
Scare not my Pegasus before I start!
If Rennell has it not, you'll find, mayhap,
The isle laid down in Captain Sinbad's
map—
Famed mariner! whose merciless narrations
Drove every friend and kinsman out of pa-
tience,
Till, fain to find a guest who thought them
shorter,
He deign'd to tell them over to a porter—
The last edition see, by Long & Co.,
Rees, Hurst and Orme, our fathers in the
Row.

Serendib found, deem not my tale a fiction—
This Sultaun, whether lacking contradic-
tion—

(A sort of stimulant which hath its uses,
To raise the spirits and reform the juices,
Sovereign specific for all sorts of cures
In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours.)
The Sultaun lacking this same wholesome
bitter,

Of cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter—
Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams
With Degial, Ginnistan, and such wild
themes

Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,
I wot not—but the Sultaun never laugh'd,
Scarce ate or drank, and took a melancholy
That scorn'd all remedy profane or holy;
In his long list of melancholies, mad,
Or mazed, or dumb, hath Burton none so bad.

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware and
tried,
As e'er scrawled jargon in a darken'd
room;

With heedful glance the Sultaun's tongue
they eyed,
Peep'd in his bath, and God knows where
beside,

And then in solemn accent spoke their
doom,

"His majesty is very far from well."
Then each to work with his specific fell;
The Hakim Ibrahim *instantly* brought
His unguent Mahazzim al Zerdukkaut,
While Roompot, a practitioner more wily,
Relied on his Munaskif all fillfilly.
More and yet more in deep array appear,
And some the front assail, and some the
rear;

Their remedies to reinforce and vary,
Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary;
Till the tired Monarch, though of words
grown chary,

Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless
labor,
Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre.
There lack'd, I promise you no longer
speeches,

To rid the palace of those learned leeches.

Then was the council call'd—by their advice
(They deem'd the matter ticklish all, and
nice,

And sought to shift it off from their own
shoulders)

Tartars and couriers in all speed were sent,
To call a sort of Eastern Parliament

Of feudatory chieftains and freeholders—
Such have the Persians at this very day,
My gallant Malcolm calls them *couroutiaï*;

I'm not prepared to show in this slight song
That to Serendib the same forms belong—
E'en let the learn'd go search, and tell me
if I'm wrong.

The Omrahs, each with hand on scimitar,
Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice for
war—

"The sabre of the Sultaun in its sheath
Too long has slept, nor own'd the work of
death;

Let the Tambourgi bid his signal rattle,
Bang the loud gong, and raise the shout of
battle!

This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's
day,

Shall from his kindled bosom flit away,
When the bold Lootie wheels his courser
round,

And the arm'd elephant shall shake the
ground.

Each noble pants to own the glorious sum-
mons—

And for the charges—Lo! your faithful
Commons!"

The Riots who attended in their places
(Serendib language calls a farmer Riot)

Looked ruefully in one another's faces,
From this oration auguring much dis-
quiet,

Double assessment, forage, and free quarters;
And fearing these as China-men the Tartars,
Or as the whisker'd vermin fear the mousers,
Each fumbled in the pockets of his trousers.

And next came forth the reverend Convoca-
tion,

Bald heads, white beards, and many a
turban green,
Imaum and Mollah there of every station,
Santon, Fakir and Calendar were seen.

Their votes were various—some advised a
Mosque

With fitting revenues should be erected,
With seemly gardens and with gay Kiosque,
To create a band of priests selected;

Others opined that through the realms a
dole

Be made to holy men, whose prayers might
profit

The Sultaun's weal in body and in soul.

But their long-headed chief, the Sheik
Ul-Softi,

More closely touch'd the point—"Thy stu-
dious mood,"

Quoth he, "O Prince! hath thicken'd all
thy blood,

And dull'd thy brain with labor beyond
measure;

Wherefore relax a space and take thy pleas-
ure,
And toy with beauty, or tell o'er thy treas-
ure;

From all the cares of state, my Liege, en-
large thee,
And leave the burden to thy faithful clergy."

These counsels sage availed not a whit,
And so the patient (as is not uncommon
Where grave physicians lose their time and
wit)

Resolved to take advice of an old woman;
His mother she, a dame who once was beau-
teous,

And still was called so by each subject du-
teous.

Now whether Fatima was witch in earnest,
Or only made believe, I cannot say—
But she profess'd to cure disease the sternest,

By dint of magic amulet or lay;

And, when all other skill in vain was shown,
She deem'd it fitting time to use her own.

"*Sympathia magica* hath wonders done"

(Thus did old Fatima bespeak her son),

"It works upon the fibres and the pores,
And thus, insensibly, our health restores,
And it must help us here.—Thou must en-
dure

The ill, my son, or travel for the cure.

Search land and sea, and get, where'er you
can,

The inmost vesture of a happy man:

I mean his SHIRT, my son; which, taken
warm

And fresh from off his back, shall chase
your harm,

Bid every current of your veins rejoice,
And your dull heart leap light as shepherd-
boy's."

Such was the counsel from his mother
came—

I know not if she had some under-game,
As doctors have, who bid their patients roam
And live abroad, when sure to die at home;

Or if she thought, that, somehow or another,
Queen-Regent sounded better than Queen-

Mother;

But, says the Chronicle (who will go look
it?)

That such was her advice—the Sultaun took
it.

All are on board—the Sultaun and his
train,

In gilded galley prompt to plow the main.

The old Rais was the first who question'd,
"Whither?"

They paused—"Arabia," thought the pen-
sive Prince,

"Was call'd The Happy many ages since—
For Mokha, Rais."—And they came safely
thither.

But not in Araby, with all her balm,
Not where Judea weeps beneath her palm,
Not in rich Egypt, not in Nubian waste,
Could there the step of Happiness be traced.
One Copt alone profess'd to have seen her
smile

When Bruce his goblet fill'd at infant Nile:
She bless'd the dauntless traveller as he
quaff'd,

But vanished from him with the ended
draught.

"Enough of turbans," said the weary king,
"These dolimans of ours are not the thing;
Try we the Giaours, these men of coat and
cap, I

Incline to think some of them must be
happy;

At least they have as fair a cause as any can,
They drink good wine and keep no Ramazan.
Then northward, ho!"—The vessel cuts the
sea,

And fair Italia lies upon her lee—
But fair Italia, she who once unfurl'd
Her eagle-banners o'er a conquer'd world,
Long from her throne of domination tum-
bled.

Lay, by her quondam vassals, sorely hum-
bled.

The Pope himself look'd pensive, pale and
lean,

And was not half the man he once had been.
"While these the priest and those the noble
fleeces,

Our poor old boot," they said, "is torn to
pieces.

Its tops the vengeful claws of Austria feel,
And the Great Devil is rending toe and heel.
If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,
We think she dwells with one Giovanni
Bulli;

A tramontane, a heretic—the buck,
Poffaredio! still has all the luck;
By land or ocean never strikes his flag—
And then—a perfect walking money-bag."
Off set our prince to seek John Bull's abode,
But first took France—it lay upon the road.

Monsieur Baboon, after much late commo-
tion,

Was agitated like a settling ocean,
Quite out of sorts, and could not tell what
ail'd him,

Only the glory of his house had fail'd him;

Besides, some tumors on his noddle biding,
Gave indication of a recent hiding.

Our Prince, though Sultauns of such things
are heedless,

Thought it a thing indelicate and needless
To ask, if at that moment he was happy.

And Monsieur, seeing that he was *comme il
faut*, a

Loud voice muster'd up, for "*Vive le Roi!*"
Then whisper'd, "'Ave you any news of
Nappy?"

The Sultaun answer'd him with a cross-ques-
tion—

"Pray, can you tell me aught of one John
Bull,

That dwells somewhere beyond your her-
ring-pool?"

The query seem'd of difficult digestion.
The party shrugg'd, and grinn'd, and took
his snuff,

And found his whole good-breeding scarce
enough.

Twitching his visage into as many puckers
As damsels wont to put into their tuckers
(Ere liberal Fashion damn'd both lace and
lawn,

And bade the veil of modesty be drawn),
Replied the Frenchman, after a brief pause,
"Jean Bool!—I vas not know him—yes, I
vas—

I vas remember dat, von year or two,
I saw him at von place call'd Vaterloo—
Ma foi! il s'est tres joliment battu,
Dat is for Englishman—m'entendez-vous?
But den he had wit him one damn son-gun,
Rogue I no like—dey call him Vellington."
Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret,
So Solimaun took leave, and cross'd the strait.

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods;
His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,
And on his counter beat the devil's tattoo.
His wars were ended, and the victory won,
But then, 't was reckoning-day with honest
John;

And authors vouch, 'twas still this Worthy's
way,

"Never to grumble till he came to pay;
And then he always thinks, his temper's such,
The work too little, and the pay too much."

Yet grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty,
That when his mortal foe was on the floor,
And past the power to harm his quiet more,
Poor John had well-nigh wept for Bona-
parte!

Such was the wight whom Solimaun sa-
lam'd—

"And who are you," John answer'd, "and
be d—d?"

"A stranger come to see the happiest man—
So, signior, all avouch—in Frangistan."—
"Happy? my tenants breaking on my hand;
Unstock'd my pastures, and untill'd my land;
Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths
The sole consumers of my good broadcloths—
Happy?—why, cursed war and racking tax
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs."
"In that case, signior, I may take my leave;
I came to ask a favor—but I grieve."—
"Favor?" said John, and eyed the Sultaun

hard,
"It's my belief you came to break the
yard!"—

But, stay, you look like some poor foreign
sinner—

Take that to buy yourself a shirt and
dinner."—

With that he chuck'd a guinea at his head;
But, with due dignity, the Sultaun said,

"Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline;

A *shirt* indeed I seek, but none of thine.

Signior, I kiss your hands, so fare you
well,"—

"Kiss and be d—d," quoth John, "and go to
hell!"

Next door to John there dwelt his sister Peg,
Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg

When the blithe bagpipe blew—but, soberer
now,

She *doucely* span her flax and milk'd her
cow.

And whereas erst she was a needy slattern,
Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,
Yet once a month her house was partly swept,
And once a week a plenteous board she kept.
And whereas, eke, the vixen used her claws

And teeth of yore, on slender provocation,
She now was grown amenable to laws,

A quiet soul as any in the nation;

The sole remembrance of her warlike joys
Was in old songs she sang to please her boys.

John Bull, whom, in their years of early
strife,

She went to lead a cat-and-doggish life,
Now found the woman, as he said, a neighbor,

Who look'd to the main chance, declined no
labor,

Loved a long grace, and spoke a northern
jargon,

And was d—d close in making of a bargain.

The Sultaun enter'd, and he made his leg,

And with decorum courtesy'd sister Peg;

{She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,
And guess'd at once with whom she had
to do.)

She bade him "Sit into the fire," and took
Her dram, her cake, her kebbuck from the
nook;

Ask'd him "About the news from Eastern
parts;

And of her absent bairns, puir Highland
hearts!

If peace brought down the price of tea and
pepper,

And if the *nitmugs* were grown *only* cheaper;—
Were there nae *speerings* of our Mungo

Park—

Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark?

If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinning,
I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen."

Then up got Peg, and round the house 'gan
scuttle

In search of goods her customer to nail,

Until the Sultaun strain'd his princely
throatle

And hallo'd—"Ma'am, that is not what I
ail.

Pray, are you happy, ma'am, in this snug
glen?"—

"Happy?" said Peg; "What for d'ye want
to ken?

Besides, just think upon this by-gane year,
Grain wadna pay the yoking of the pleugh."

"What say you to the present?"—"Meal's
sae dear,

To make their *brose* my bairns have scarce
aneugh."—

"The devil take the shirt," said Solimaun,

"I think my quest will end as it began.—

Farewell, ma'am; nay, no ceremony, I
beg"—

"Ye'll no be for the linen then?" said Peg.

Now, for the land of verdant Erin,

The Sultaun's royal bark is steering,

The Emerald Isle, where honest Paddy
dwells,

The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.

For a long space had John, with words of
thunder,

Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy
under,

Till the poor lad, like boy that's flogg'd un-
duly,

Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly.

Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll allow,

A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow;

His landlord, and of middle men two brace,

Had screw'd his rent up to the starving-place;

His garment was a top-coat, and an old one,

His meal was a potato, and a cold one;

But still for fun or frolic, and all that,

In the round world was not the match of Pat.

The Sultaun saw him on a holiday,

Which is with Paddy still a jolly day;

When mass is ended, and his load of sins

Confess'd, and Mother Church hath from her
binns

Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,
Then is Pat's time for fancy, whim and spirit!

To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,
And dance as light as leaf upon the tree.
"By Mahomet," said Suldaun Solimaun,
"That ragged fellow is our very man!
Rush in and seize him—do not do him hurt,
But, will he nill he, let me have his *shirt*."

Shilela their plan was well-nigh after baulking

(Much less provocation will set it a-walking),
But the odds that foil'd Hercules foil'd Paddy Whack;

They seized, and they floor'd, and they stripp'd him—Alack!

Up-bubboo! Paddy had not—a shirt to his back!!!

And the King, disappointed, with sorrow and shame,

Went back to Serendib as sad as he came.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE HOSPITAL FOR LIARS.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You will, no doubt, be glad to hear about the newly-established Infirmary at Lugville. I visited it a few days ago in company with Mr. Merkle, a Boston lawyer, whom I happened to meet upon the train. On the way down he gave me a most interesting account of the endowment of this institution by the late Lorin Jenks, to whose discriminating philanthropy the world owes a charity that is not less novel in its conception than noble and practical in its aim.

Mr. Lorin Jenks, as you know, was President of the Saco Stocking and Sock Mills. He was a bachelor and a very remarkable man. He made a million dollars one day by observing women as they purchased hose in a cheap store in Tremont Row. Mr. Jenks noticed that females who hesitated a good while about paying fifty cents a pair for plain white stockings eagerly paid seventy-five cents for the same quality ornamented with red clocks at the ankles. It cost twenty-two cents a pair to manufacture the stockings. The red filoselle for the clocks cost a quarter of a cent.

"That observation," said Mr. Merkle, "was the foundation of Jenks' great fortune. The Saco Mills immediately stopped making plain hosiery. From that time forth Jenks manufactured nothing but

stockings with red clocks, which he retailed at sixty cents. I am told that there is not a woman under sixty-five in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine or Vermont who does not own at least half a dozen pairs of poor Jenks' sixty-cent red clockers."

"That fact," said I, "would interest Mr. Matthew Arnold. It shows that sweetness and light—"

"Pardon me. It shows that Jenks was a practical man as well as a philosopher. Busy as he was during his life, he took great interest in politics, like all sensible citizens. He was also a metaphysician. He closely followed contemporary speculative thought, inclining, until shortly before his death, to the Hegelian school. Every midsummer he left the stocking mill to run itself, and repaired joyfully to Concord to listen to the lectures in the apple orchard. It is my private opinion that Messrs. Plato, Kant & Co. bled him pretty heavily for the privilege; but at Concord Jenks acquired new ideas as to his duty to the race."

Mr. Merkle paused to hand his ticket to the conductor.

"During the last years of his life, inasmuch as he was known to be eccentric, philanthropic and without a family, Jenks was much beset by people who sought to interest him in various schemes for the amelioration of the human race. A week before he died he sent for me.

"Merkle," says he, 'I want you to draw me a will so leathery that no shark in Pemberton Square can bite it in two.'

"Well," says I, 'what is it now, Jenks?'

"I wish," says he, 'to devote my entire fortune to the endowment of an institution, the idea of which occurred to me at Concord.'

"That's right," said I, rather sharply. 'Put honest money made in red clock hose into the Concord windmill—that's a fine final act for a summer philosopher!'

"Wait a minute," said Jenks, and I fancied I saw a smile around the corners of his mouth. 'It isn't the Concord school I want to endow, although I don't deny there may be certain expectations in and around the orchard. But why spend money in teaching wisdom to the wise?' And then he proceeded to unfold his noble plan for the foundation of an Infirmary for the Mendacious."

The train was hauling up at the platform of the Lugville station.

"A few days later," continued the lawyer, as we arose from our seats, "this far-seeing and public-spirited citizen died. By the terms of his will, the income of \$1,500,000 in Governments, Massachusetts sixes, Boston and Albany stock and sound first mortgages on New England property is devoted to the Infirmary, under the direction of thirteen trustees. How the trust has been administered you will see for yourself in a few minutes."

We were met at the door of the Infirmary by a pleasant-faced gentleman, who spoke with a slight German accent and introduced himself as the Assistant Superintendent.

"Excuse me," said he, politely, "but which of you is the patient?"

"Oh, neither," replied Merkle, with a laugh. "I am the counsel for the Board, and this gentleman is merely a visitor who is interested in the workings of the Institution."

"Ah, I see," said the Assistant Superintendent. "Will you kindly walk this way?"

We entered the office, and he handed me a book and a pen. "Please inscribe your name," said he, "in the Visitors' Book." I did so, and then turned to speak to Merkle, but the lawyer had disappeared.

"Our system," said the Assistant Superintendent, "is very simple. The theory of the Institution is that the habit of mendacity, which in many cases becomes chronic, is a moral disease, like habitual inebriety, and that it can generally be cured. We take the liar who voluntarily submits himself to our treatment, and for six months we submit him to the forcing process. That is, we encourage him in lying, surround him with liars, his equals and superiors in skill, and cram him with falsehood until he is fairly saturated. By this time the reaction has set in, and the patient is usually starved for the truth. He is prepared to welcome the second course of treatment. For the next half year the opposite method is pursued. The satiated and disgusted liar is surrounded by truthful attendants, encouraged to peruse veracious literature, and by force of lectures, example and moral influence brought to understand how much more creditable it is to say the thing which

is than the thing which is not. Then we send him back into the world; and I must say that cases of relapse are infrequent."

"Do you find no incurables?" I asked.

"Yes," said the Assistant Superintendent, "once in a while. But an incurable liar is better off here in the Infirmary than outside, and it is better for the outside community to have him here."

Somebody came in, bringing a new patient. After sending for the Superintendent, the Assistant invited me to follow him. "I will show you how our patients live and how they amuse themselves," he said. "We will go first, if you please, through the left wing, where the saturating process may be observed."

He led the way across a hall into a large room, comfortably furnished and occupied by two dozen or more gentlemen, some reading, some writing, while others sat or stood in groups engaged in animated talk. Indeed, had it not been for the iron bars at the windows, I might have fancied myself in the lounging room of a respectable club. My guide stopped to speak to an inmate who was listlessly turning the leaves of a well-thumbed copy of Baron Munchausen, and left me standing near enough to one of the groups to overhear parts of the conversation.

"My rod creaked and bent double," a stout, red-faced gentleman was saying, "and the birch spun like a teetotum. I tell you if Pierre Chaveau hadn't had the presence of mind to grip the most convenient part of my trousers with the boat-hook, I should have been dragged into the lake in two seconds or less. Well, sir, we fought sixty-nine minutes by actual time taking, and when I had him in and had got him back to the hotel, he tipped the scale, the speckled beauty did, at thirty-seven pounds and eleven-sixteenths, whether you believe it or not."

"Nonsense," said a quiet little gentleman who sat opposite. "That is impossible."

The first speaker looked flattered at this and colored with pleasure. "Nevertheless," he retorted, "it's a fact, on my honor as a sportsman. Why do you say it's impossible?"

"Because," said the other, calmly, "it is an ascertained scientific fact, as every true fisherman in this room knows perfectly well, that there are no trout in

Mooselamagunticook weighing under half a hundred.

"Certainly not," put in a third speaker. "The bottom of the lake is a sieve—a sort of schistose sieve formation—and all fish smaller than the fifty pounders fall through."

"Why doesn't the water drop through, too?" asked the stout patient, in a triumphant tone.

"It used to," replied the quiet gentleman, gravely, "until the Maine Legislature passed an act preventing it."

My guide rejoined me, and we went on across the room. "These sportsmen liars," he said, "are among the mildest and most easily cured cases that come here. We send them away in from six to nine weeks' time, with the habit broken up and pledged not to fish or hunt any more. The man who lies about the fish he has caught, or about the intelligence of his red setter dog, is often in all other respects a trustworthy citizen. Yet such cases form nearly forty per cent. of all our patients."

"What are the most obstinate cases?"

"Undoubtedly those which you will see in the Travellers' and Politicians' wards of the Infirmary. The more benign cases, such as the fishermen liars, the society liars, the lady-killer or *bonnes fortunes* liars, the Rocky Mountain and frontier liars (excepting Texas cases), the railroad prospectus liars, the psychical research liars, and the miscellaneous liars of various classes, we permit, during the first stage of treatment, to mingle freely with each other. The effect is good. But we keep the Travellers and the Politicians strictly isolated."

He was about to conduct me out of the room, by a door opposite that through which we had entered, when a detached phrase, uttered by a pompous gentleman, arrested my attention:

"Scipio Africanus once remarked to me—"

"There couldn't be a better example," said my guide, as we passed out of the room, "of what we call the forcing system in the treatment of mendacity. That patient came to us voluntarily about two months ago. The form of his disease is a common one. Perfectly truthful in all other respects, he cannot resist the temptation to claim personal acquaintance and even intimacy with

distinguished individuals. His friends laughed at him so much for this weakness, that, when he heard of the establishment of the Infirmary, he came here, like a sensible man, and put himself under our care. He is doing splendidly. When he found that his reminiscences of Beaconsfield and Bismarck and Victor Hugo created no sensation here, but were, on the contrary, at once matched and capped by still more remarkable experiences narrated by other inmates, he was at first a little staggered. But the habit is so strong, and the peculiar vanity that craves admiration on this score is so exacting, that he began to extend his acquaintance, gradually and cautiously, back into the past. Soon we had him giving reminiscences of Talleyrand, of Thomas Jefferson, and of Lord Cornwallis. Observe the psychologic effect of our system. The ordinary checks on the performances of such a liar being removed, and, no doubt, suspicion, nor even wonder, being expressed at any of his anecdotes, he has gone back through Voltaire and William the Silent to Charlemagne, and so on. There happens to be in the Institution another patient with precisely the same trouble. They are, therefore, in active competition, and each serves to force the other back more rapidly. Not long ago I heard our friend in here describing one of Heliogabalus' banquets, which he had attended as an honored guest. 'Why, I was there, too!' cried the other liar. 'It was the night they gave us the boar's head stuffed with goose giblets, and that delicious dry Opimian muscadine.'"

"Well," I asked, "and what is your prognosis in this case?"

"Just now the two personal reminiscence liars are driving each other back through ancient history at the rate of about three centuries a week. The flood isn't likely to stop them. Before long they will be matching reminiscences of the antediluvian patriarchs, and then they'll bring up square on Adam. They can't go any further than Adam. By that time they will be ready for the truth-cure process; and after a few weeks spent in an atmosphere of strict veracity in the other wing of the Infirmary, they'll go out into the world again perfectly cured, and much more useful citizens than before they came to us."

We went upstairs and saw the scrupu-

lously neat bedrooms which the patients occupy; through the separate wards where the isolated classes are treated; across to the right wing of the building and into a lecture-room, where the convalescent liars were gathered to hear a most interesting dissertation on "The Inexpediency of Falsehood from the Legal Point of View." I was not surprised to recognize in the lecturer my railroad acquaintance, the Boston lawyer, Merkle.

On our way back to the reception-room, or office, we met a pleasant-looking gentleman about forty years old. "He is a well-known society man," the Assistant Superintendent whispered, as the inmate approached, "and he was formerly the most politely insincere person in America. Nobody could tell when he was uttering the truth, or, indeed, whether he ever did utter the truth. His habit became so exaggerated that his relatives induced him to come to Lugville for treatment. I am glad to have you see him, for he is a good example of a radical cure. We shall be ready to discharge him by the first of next week."

The cured liar was about to pass us, but the Assistant Superintendent stopped him. "Mr. Van Ransevoort," he said, "let me make you acquainted with this gentleman, who has been inspecting our system."

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Van Ransevoort," I said.

He raised his hat and made me an unexceptionable bow. "And I," he replied, with a smile of charming courtesy, "am neither glad nor sorry to meet you, sir. I simply don't care a d—n."

The somewhat startling candor of his words was so much at variance with the perfect politeness of his manner that I was taken aback. I stammered something about not desiring to intrude. But as he still stood there as if expecting the conversation to be continued, I added:

"I suppose you are looking forward to your release next week?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I shall be rather glad to get out again; but my wife will be sorry."

I looked at the Assistant Superintendent. He returned a glance full of professional pride. "Well, good-bye, Mr. Van Ransevoort," I said. "Perhaps I shall have the pleasure of meeting you again."

"I hope not, sir; it's rather a bore," said he, shaking my hand most cordially and giving the Assistant Superintendent a friendly nod as he passed on.

I could fill many more pages than I have time to write with descriptions of what I saw in the Infirmary. Intelligence and thoroughness were apparent in all of the arrangements. I encountered and conversed with liars of more varieties and degrees of mendacity than you would believe had distinct existence. The majority of the cases were commonplace enough. Liars of real genius seem to be as rare inside the establishment as they are outside. I became convinced from my observations during the profitable afternoon which I spent at Lugville that chronic mendacity is a disease, as the Assistant Superintendent said, and that it is amenable, in a great number of cases, to proper treatment. On the importance of the experiment that is being carried on at Lugville with so much energy and apparent success, it is not necessary to dilate.

THE NEW YORK TIMES.

POWERFUL TEMPERANCE.

The sight of a log cabin squatting on a narrow flat at the opening of a ravine to the river valley was very welcome to me after a long mountain ride, and the combined look of curiosity and fear that I would not stop, of a man leaning lazily over the surrounding pole fence gave promise of a resting-place in it for the night, which was assured by his warm greeting:

"Howdee, stranger? Light off your critter an' come in. Hitch yer critter thar to that saplen an' come into the cabin," which I did most willingly.

"Take a cheer. Git nigher the fire. Right smart cold snap we're havin'." Tony, git up off the hearth an' let the man draw up." And Tony, a small boy, with red, chapped legs sticking well out of a shift, rolled over, using a half-strangled kitten as a support to get on his bare feet with, and stood looking at me out of a very dirty face with great, astonished eyes, entirely oblivious to the fact that the kitten would soon be no more unless the grasp of his chubby hand was relaxed. But it is surprising what

abuse a kitten will stand and still live. I once heard of a whole litter of kittens going through a washing-machine and not minding it much until they came to the wringer, which was rather hard on their eyes.

I took the offered chair and seated myself as invited before the open fireplace, in which was a cheerful fire of driftwood. An iron baker stood on the hearth, reposing on two logs and a stone, having an iron lid with a border around it to hold coals on the top for baking purposes; but it was at that time engaged in boiling coffee, and some time afterwards was in use as a frying-pan for bacon, a baker of corn bread and a potato fryer, reaching its final use for the day in dish-washing.

Children of all sizes stood around, mostly in corners and protective groups, gazing with eyes that knew no winking, assisted by mouths propped open with inquiry. The division of labor in the family was stamped upon the forms of those large enough to perform its simple duties. The girl with the inward angle in her back and corresponding outward angle in front, head a little to one side to escape boxes, had the baby for her share. Her boy assistant had the angles the other way, but head down and shoulders up for defence. The care-takers of the yearlings had the same angles, with the addition of rounded shoulders, from more load, and kept their backs well under cover against sudden assault and mouths drawn down at the corners, ready for yelling. The wood-carrier and fire-keeper—who divided his gaze between me and the fire—held his chin well up, from constant avoidance of arm-loads; hands clasped tightly in front, as though guarding sticks, and not a button on either shirt or trousers, from ravages of splinters; nor were they necessary so long as his eelskin suspenders held to the wooden pins thrust through the waistband of his trousers, which were so hoisted thereby as to have the appearance of shoulder climbing.

The next pair in ascent of age and descent of connubial enterprise was a fine, brown, well-made couple—West Virginia children always go in couples as time mates them, probably from close associations of birthdays, excepting the last and odd one, thirteen being the regulation number in a completed family—with

sturdy legs well seen through short, ragged dress and what of trousers doing duty above the knee, their wild, free, independent, out-door look, showing them to have charge of the "milkin'," which operation is performed whenever and wherever the cow can be found in this most unfenced State in the Union. The family water-carrier stood in the door—supple, straight, solid, the very perfection of form, strength, health and elasticity—just old enough to wear rosy cheeks becomingly; to droop her long eyelashes as she smiled a welcome; to wish she had ten instead of nine yards of calico in her dress, for her ankles' sake in the presence of company, and likely some thought of the additional security there would be in buttons, instead of pins, "o'er her breast's superb abundance, where a man might base his head."

If Jacob of old could have seen her, or any one of these youthful mountain water-carriers, coming up the steep river bank from the spring, stepping lightly, with the heavy pails hanging on either side by the shapeliest of arms, every part of the figure standing out just where it ought, rich in curve and grace, sound in wind, sure of step, he would have retired Laban from the droving business, without a single solid colored hide to call his own.

The cabin was of the usual log design, long, low and scorbutic. The logs were as intimate as they could be between the notched corners, under the separating influence of crooks and knots; where they were not on good terms, light and air, cold and rain took advantage of the breaches to enter.

The clapboards forming the roof had been cut in the wrong sign, and were curled up, one and all, like sled-runners, and looked to be in a perpetual state of sliding off.

The door, with its wooden latch and lock-pin, its finger-hole, and latch-string hanging outside, stood wide open. Over it—on the inside—were four effigies of four cats in mourning, cut from black paper and having button-eyes of various patterns. Around the one room thus partly separated from space was a perfect paper patchwork, pasted upon the logs, of pieces of newspapers, medical almanacs, with their illustrated horrors, a piece of an elephant, the head of a giraffe, three monkeys' tails and a pair

of pink legs in colors impossible for nature. "Tared from a circus fence," one of the boys said. A blue child, assisted by a white dog, praying to a red mother, formed a picture which was suspended from a thorn peg, and, with the cats aforementioned, supplied all ornament to the interior.

Strings of onions and dried apples, ears of corn, undressed, hanging head downwards by their husk skirts, bunches of "sang and yarbs," a lot of 'coon, 'possum and muskrat skins and the shorter members of the family wardrobe, were suspended from the low pole rafters.

Keeping company with the quilting-frame on the wooden pegs were a long brass-mounted rifle, a deerskin bullet-pouch, a powder-horn and charge measure, made from a boar's tusk. Two beds, foot to foot, occupied one end of the cabin, which had been supplemented by two trundle beds, as necessity demanded, catching the youngsters one by one, as they were crowded out of the original family allowance of bedsteads above them. A hole in the floor afforded a rendezvous for a flock of noisy ducks and two expectant pigs, grunting and squealing their impatience for scraps, while the fireplace supplied kitchen, light and heat.

"Ye must be cold, stranger. John Henry, put on a bit on the light wood you've got laid by fer gigger an' poke up the fire an' git the man hetted up. We hain't nary drop uv sperits in the shanty, stranger—my ole woman thar's powerful temperance," and he jerked his bushy head of black hair toward a large masculine-looking woman in a corner of the room. There were four white heads peeping out of and around the scanty folds of her jean petticoat, holding on to it for safety, while above them, on the sleeve of an old coat she wore, rested a baby, holding on by good substantial hold, as by nature provided. "Nary drop uv speerits in the shanty," the man repeated slowly and, I thought, sadly, as he looked dreamily at the fire. "Eighteen year an' nary a drop of speerits here nor yander. Looks like a man mought git dry in that time, stranger. Hev your critter put up? We hain't much stablin' nor roughness (fodder), but we've got willenness. Hev your critter put up an' stay all night. It's a right smart piece to Sandy. You'd hev to make your critter

git an' it would be away yonder after dark afore you'd got thar. There's a tide in the river, an' risen. We hain't much grub, 'cept inguns; hit's so tarnation fur to pack grist over the mountains to mill on millin' days this kinder weather; but we'll gin you what we've got an' welcome, an' me an' the ole woman'll git in with the children."

I knew I was in for a night at the cabin when I stopped there, cold, tired and hungry, so I thankfully accepted the hospitable offer.

After an impromptu stable had been fashioned out of fodder shucks and my mare fed and made comfortable in it and we were again in the cabin, I went to my saddle pockets, where all eyes followed me, and produced a good-sized flask of old rye whisky.

Whisky is the natural evolution from rye. Rye is good for nothing else. It makes black bread and mush, sticky as a poultice, while corn is perverted from its destiny in bacon and proverbial excellence in the national blessings of pone and dodgers to attest by its influence in Bourbon the truth of the motto of a single State in the Union: "United we stand, divided we fall."

I confess that I feared the attack upon my supply of a man who had not taken a drink for eighteen years—especially as he seemed to regret it so much—but not having any hump on my back or any other attribute of a camel to enable me to go forty days without a drink—therefore wanting one myself—I pulled the cork and handed him the bottle. He took it. His hand trembled, his mouth opened slowly and grew round and black as the top of an inkstand, his eyes took a distant, far-away set in the direction of a string of onions, his bottle hand went up, and I thought I felt a lump coming to adapt me to an empty flask in the wilderness, when, sharp as the command to surrender at the bayonet's point, the woman said: "Jake!" She did not move a muscle. The baby held on, but started its connection a little from force of the explosion so close to it. The first nurse's head instinctively dodged to one side; the boy assistant dodged and set up his shoulders; the yearling guardians backed suddenly to cover; the cow pair braced themselves and took a long breath for a run; the sleeping dog jumped a chair and vanished

out of the door, doubled up short for an expected kick; the very button-eyes of the paper cats seemed to start, and the ducks and pigs were awe-struck into silence. Slowly the bottle came toward me; the man's eyes came back from the onions, seemingly affected by them; his mouth flattened out into a solemn, sickly smile of resignation, and he, in the saddest of voices, said: "I'm obleeged to you, stranger; but she's powerful temperance."

I put the flask back into the saddle-pockets without taking a drink, under the advice of my nerves. If she had said "Stranger!" to me in the tone of voice she said "Jake!" I would have dropped the flask and gone with the dog.

Jake gave me a melancholy but reassuring wink and we sat down again, but there was a great weight upon him.

Presently he said: "Stranger, what's this local option they're sendin' 'round printens fer, axen you to vote fer an' aginst? I hain't got much larnin' nohow, anyway. I got my specs busted Foth uv July at the barbequen down to Sandy 'ginst that long-legged Budd Danell's foot ahangen down out uv the flyin' hoss an' I done got nothen spelled out sence. The young uns can't git no larnin', nohow, for the School Directors gits to fightin' 'bout who'll appint the teacher, an' when they gits a teacher some uv the boys an' him bez a differ an' they goes an' burns the school-house down to throw him out uv a job. We've had three uv em burnt down sence Mary Alice thar was borned, an' there's no show for nobody nary time. It's somethin' 'bout liquor. Does it persect a man in drinkin' that's fer or aginst?" I explained the matter to him. He studied a while, gave the fire a kick and then said, in a resigned tone: "I don't see as it makes much matter ter the likes uv me, nohow. I'm in favor uv every man heven' his chice, whether he's fer or aginst an' whether he's local or not. Hit's the doen' uv them 'lection people—the printens is like thurn."

"Jake, yer fer? Stranger, if you'r goin' to put liquor notions inter his head I'll jist hev your critter caught to onct an' you kin git to Sandy." This was cold steel in the viscera. I felt from the tone behind me of Mrs. Jake that I might be at any moment lifted up by her unempoyed arm and transported into the dark-

ness with an empty stomach. I fully agreed with the consoling and mollifying words that came quickly from Jake for my protection: "She's powerful temperance—my ole woman is."

Silence is gold at a premium with this sort of woman. I knew that, for I had previously been out-talked and sat upon several times by her kind, and was much impressed by experience. Strategy is best, so I soon had all the children around me and was churning the baby, and finally captured Mrs. Jake by giving her a sure remedy for water-brash and stone bruises; and peace again reigned over all. Nothing, however, roused the spirits of Jake. He took a huge chew of "native" and seemed bent on extinguishing the fire, spitting at it.

After a homely meal, which had all been cooked in the baker and which would have lost all its seductiveness, hungry as I was, if the water-carrier had not officiated as cook, the little ones became sleepy and disappeared one by one, the light of the fire died down to decent obscurity and, on looking around, I was surprised to find myself with Jake alone. "Stranger, I reckon you'r done tired," he said. "You kin take your choice—sleepin' this side uv me an' the baby an' Mary Alice an' Ally Althea, or gittin' in with the young 'uns in the trunnel bed, an', stranger"—here he lowered his voice to a whisper, somewhat resembling escaping steam—"yer the fust creetur as ever got a scald on her in a temperance spell. There's no heft in a-talkin' to her when she's got one uv them spells on. The water-brash physic done it. The stone-bruise physic wuz good. She seed it 'ud come han'y fer the children, but it were the water-brash physic done it."

I chose the trundle bed and got in with four as dirty little kickers as ever went to bed with their clothes on and laid all over the bed.

I had no doubt about there being a skeleton in that cabin, and I was anxious to know the secret of the spirit that animated it to the suppression of Jake, who was a large, powerful man.

The next morning when Jake and myself were getting my mare out of the shelter of fodder shucks piled up about her, preparatory to leaving, and while we were well screened from the cabin, I again produced my flask and offered it to him. He carefully parted the shucks, looked

toward the cabin through the hole he made and seeing no one in sight he took it, while a flush of pleasure spread over his face.

"Eighteen years ago"—he stopped. I saw his bronzed face turn pale and his hand tremble, as it had the night before. He again handed me the flask, with the same sad, weary look upon his face and said: "Stranger, I'm obleeged to you; I darsent; I've promised. The ole woman would smell it, if I swallowed the bottle an' the cork in it: and 'darned ef I wouldn't rather fall off a ridge pole at a barn raisen' than hev her do that. You'r a feelin' man, stranger; I seed that last night by the way the children took to you, an' the way you made the ole woman soften like; more 'an I've seed this many day—an' the nickles all 'round. I sees you'r a feelin' man, an' won't think hard on me fer not jinin' you."

I knew that the way to get at the secret of the skeleton was to look hurt. So I did, in order to keep him talking. He continued: "Looks like, when she gits over the water-brash—from the physic you've give her—maybe she won't be so bossy an' boastified, an' you'll hev done me a mighty favor—a mighty favor." A West Virginia native cannot be hurried any more than can a canal boat. I saw that he would come around to what I wanted to know in the course of the morning if left alone, so I waited. At last he said: "I'll tell you how 'twas, but I—I would not if you wasn't a feelin' man an' me obleeged to you. Afore we wuz married—the ole woman an' me—I used to spree about a deal and there wasn't no better man in the hull kentry. No man 'ud step out in the public road and gin up the law on me an' fight me. At picnics or barbecuen or night meetin', when I had a few drinks in me an' wanted to fight, I wuz a hull flail, stick an' suple, and tuk nothin' from no man no time. Well, I tuk to sparkin' Mag—that's the ole woman. She was a rousin' gal, heap bigger than she is now—what with children an' water-brash an' sich. I licked a feller from the East clar out uv his shiny clothes—down to Sandy—fer sayen she wuz a Hellun, a Hellun uv Troy; an' that sort uv settled it, an' we wuz jined to onct. Jist two weeks arterwards we hed a fallen out about what the feller meant. She said the school-

teacher said it was a com-plee-ment—whatever that is anyway—an' I said he said she wuz a Hellun; and I didn't care a darned bit whar frum—that was enough. An' she said she'd show me ef I didn't care whar frum, an' a hull lot more, jawen back an' forrid. An' I got mad an' left the cabin here where we'd moved in an' footed it off to Sandy an' got tight. It wuz of a mornin'. I told the boys about it, an' they said I oughten to take no sass from her nary time, an' ef I wanted to lick an Eastern man, 'twas none of her business, an' I oughter know how to manage a woman, an' kinder hissed me on an' sicked me up, till I lit out fer home purty mad. I wuz hevin' a bottle 'long an' kep' gettin' tighter an' tighter. Jist as I got thar by them bars you sees thar, I wuz feelin' as big as a poplar log an' sot that I was goin' to boss my shanty an' any woman that ever lived. So I gins a whoop an' straightens myself up's well 's I could fer wobblin' an' breaks off a paw-paw stick an' inter the cabin I goes. I jist thought I'd show her I wuz sot an' meant business, so I smashes her dishes an' told her I'd take no sass, no how. I took down the lookin'-glass an' I jumped on it, an' I told her I wuz goin' ter be boss all the time. I tore up her weddin' sun-bonnet an' told her ef she wanted ter be a Hellun she couldn't be one in that cabin, an' if the teacher said it wuz a com-plee-ment I could lick him, or her, either, an' I started for her—for by this time I wuz rale mad an' ugly an' things wuz a spinnen. But thar she stood, not sayin' a word, with her han's on her hips and her elbow jints stickin' out like jug hannels, an' lookin' straight into my face, an' hern wuz as red ez that chicken's gills thar. I kinder supled an' stepped back, an' I stepped right inter the lookin'-glass frame, an' my feet got knotted somehow or other, an' I gin a swirl, an' when I lighted I lit on the bed, on top uv the new tow linen, humspun sheets her mother gin her to git married in, with my boots on, an' thar I laid. The next thing I knowed I wuz nigh smothered an' I couldn't move hand ner foot. I thought there'd been buryin' an' I wuz the feller in the coffin, an' that sorter sobered me up a bit. I seed it wuz kinder light like, an' not dark, ez they say graves is. So I yells loud ez I could, 'Mag!' an' I heerd her answer, 'What's

the matter?' close 'long side on me. But her vice didn't sound nateral; it were kinder smothered an' sot like. I 'gin to shake. 'Where am I?' I sez; an' she told me: 'Yer stitched up in my new humspun sheets ez my mother gin me, an' you got in drunk with your boots on, an' I'm goin' ter settle with you.'

"Derned if she hadn't sewed me up tight as a sassage, and with her sayin' that down came the allfiredest whack! uv a hickory saplin'—a two-hander—suar' across my back. For she'd sewed me in an' turned me right side up for lickin' an' stitched me down to the ticken tight as wax-end sewens. I tried to roll, but it were no use. Up an' down went the saplin'—I kin hear it whiz yit. I yelled an' hollered an' tried to tear the tarnel kiver, but it were genuine humspun, an' no more tear in it than a side uv sole leather; an' she'd stitched me in good—we hez 'em yit. She kept on a latherin', an' I could hear her ketch her breathe an' come up with a run fer a harder lick; an' I felt ez if I wuz bein' notched an' hammered out like a hoss-shoe nail. Arter a right smart bit of hammerin' she sorter slowed to catch her wind, an' began talkin'. An'—sez she—a-keepin' on with the lickin', but a-mixin' it up with her talk—'you'll take no sass, won't you?' Whiz! 'An' you'r goin' to be boss, air you?' Whiz! 'Boss?' Whiz! 'Boss?' Whiz! 'An' you've stamped the lookin'-glass?' An' I b'leeve she licked me more fer that than anything else, but I disremember jist. 'An' I kin be a Hellun, kin I?' Whack! 'Yes, I kin.' Sish! sish! 'You can lick me? Me? Kin you? Well, I'll git in my licken fust and then see whose goen to be boss in this cabin.' An' she kep' on axin' questions an' pilen on me 'till I wuz nigh dead with hurt an' hollerin'. I reckon the only thing that choked her wuz the saplen ginnen ter guv out. Fer I begged an' 'llowed fer her to stop an' rip me out, an' I hollered enough more'n fifty times. Furdur long she sez: 'Now, Jake,' she says, 'will you ever take another drap uv liquor agin?' 'Never,' says I; 'I swears it, if you'll stop.' 'Who's boss?' says she. 'You be,' says I. 'Oh!!! Who's a Hell-un in the cabin if she wants to be?' 'You,' sez I. 'Air you sartin you won't fergit what you'se promised many a time?' sez she. 'Never,' sez I, 'only stay choked

an' onrip me.' An' then she onripped me with the pints on her scissors—kinder slow an' oncertain like—an' I was afeered to move, fear she'd think I wuz more lively than I wuz. Bimeby I crawled out ur them humspuns jist like one ur them locusts out ur his shell an' thar wasn't an inch in me that hadn't a mis'ry inter it for a month arterwards. An', stranger, I hain't took a drap uv liquor these goin' on nineteen year; for she's powerful temperance—powerful."

As I rode away I heard him utter: "A man mought git dry though in eighteen year."

TOBE HODGE (*Charles McIlwain*).

"NOT TO COUNTERFEIT BEING SICK."

[MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE was born near Bordeaux in 1533, the third son of parents in comfortable circumstances; his father's name was Pierre Eyquem. His early education was at the school of Guienne, where George Buchanan was a professor at the time. About 1550 we find Montaigne in Paris, a city which he loved with all a Frenchman's devotion. After a varied career as courtier, philosopher, soldier, and author, he died 13th September, 1591, aged fifty-eight years.

Montaigne is best known by his celebrated *Essays*, which take rank as one of the greatest works of any time.

Walter Besant says of Montaigne in his *French Humanists*, "my book would be incomplete indeed were it to pass over the name of this most remarkable writer, the most original and delightful that France has ever produced. Montaigne is an old-established favorite; he belongs to the world: the older we grow the more we love to read him."

We select a brief example of his style from his essay, *Not to Counterfeit being Sick*.

There is an epigram in Martial, and one of the very good ones—for he has all sorts—where he pleasantly tells the story of Cælius, who, to avoid making his court to some great men of Rome, to wait their rising, and to attend them abroad, pretended to have the gout; and the better to color this, anointed his legs, and had them lapped up in a great many swathings, and perfectly counterfeited both the gesture and countenance of a gouty person; till in the end, Fortune did him the kindness to make him one indeed.

"Tantum cura potest, et ars doloris!
Desit fingere Caelius podagram." *

I think I have read somewhere in Appian,† a story like this, of one who to escape the proscriptions of the triumvirs of Rome, and the better to be concealed from the discovery of those who pursued him, having hidden himself in a disguise, would yet add this invention, to counterfeit having but one eye; but when he came to have a little more liberty, and went to take off the plaster he had a great while worn over his eye, he found he had totally lost the sight of it indeed, and that it was absolutely gone. 'Tis possible that the action of sight was dulled from having been so long without exercise, and that the optic power was wholly retired into the other eye: for we evidently perceive that the eye we keep shut sends some part of its virtue to its fellow, so that it will swell and grow bigger; and so, in action, with the heat of ligatures and plasters, might very well have brought some gouty humor upon this dissembler of Martial.

Reading in Froissart the vow of a troop of young English gallants, to keep their left eyes bound up till they had arrived in France and performed some notable exploit upon us, I have often been tickled with the conceit: suppose it had befallen them as it did the Roman, and they had returned with but one eye apiece to their mistresses, for whose sakes they had made this ridiculous vow.

Mothers have reason to rebuke their children when they counterfeit having but one eye, squinting, lameness, or any other personal defect; for, besides that their bodies being then so tender may be subject to take an ill bent, Fortune, I know not how, sometimes seems to delight in taking us at our word; and I have heard several examples related of people who have become really sick, by only feigning to be so. I have always used, whether on horseback or on foot, to carry a stick in my hand, and even to affect doing it with an elegant air; many have threatened that this fancy would one day be turned into necessity: if so, I should be the first of my family to have the gout.

But let us a little lengthen this chapter, and add another anecdote concerning blindness. Pliny reports* of one who, dreaming he was blind, found himself so indeed in the morning without any preceding infirmity in his eyes. The force of imagination might assist in this case, as I have said elsewhere,† and Pliny seems to be of the same opinion; but it is more likely that the motions which the body felt within, of which physicians, if they please, may find out the cause, taking away his sight, were the occasion of his dream.

Let us add another story, not very improper for this subject, which Seneca relates in one of his epistles: "You know," says he, writing to Lucilius, "that Harpax, my wife's fool, is thrown upon me as an hereditary charge, for I have naturally an aversion to those monsters; and if I have a mind to laugh at a fool, I need not seek him far, I can laugh at myself. This fool has suddenly lost her sight: I tell you a strange, but a very true thing; she is not sensible that she is blind, but eternally importunes her keeper to take her abroad, because she says the house is dark. That what we laugh at in her, I pray you to believe, happens to every one of us: no one knows himself to be avaricious or grasping; and again, the blind call for a guide, while we stray of our own accord. I am not ambitious, we say; but a man cannot live otherwise at Rome; I am not wasteful, but the city requires a great outlay; 'tis not my fault if I am choleric—if I have not yet established any certain course of life: 'tis the fault of youth. Let us not seek our disease out of ourselves; 'tis in us, and planted in our bowels; and the mere fact that we do not perceive ourselves to be sick, renders us more hard to be cured. If we do not betimes begin to see to ourselves, when shall we have provided for so many wounds and evils wherewith we abound? And yet we have a most sweet and charming medicine in philosophy; for of all the rest we are sensible of no pleasure till after the cure: this pleases and heals at once."‡ This is what Seneca says, that has carried me from my subject, but there is advantage in the change.

* "The power of counterfeiting maladies is so great, that Caelius no longer needs to feign the gout; he has got it."—Martial, Ep. vii. 39, 8.
† Dell. Civil., iv.

Nat. Hist., vii. 50. † Book I., c. 20.

‡ Ep. 50.

"VIRGILE TRAVESTI."

[PAUL SCARRON, the celebrated French humorist, was born at Paris, 1610. His father was a man of good family and a counsellor of the parliament. His early life was that of pure bird of pleasure—pleasure of the kind sought after by young gentlemen of epicurean proclivities. When twenty-four he visited Italy, where he did not improve his morals. When twenty-eight, at Carnival time, he disguised himself as a savage, and with other young men got into a serious quarrel—so serious that they had to run for their lives, and only escaped by swimming the Seine. In consequence of this cold bath in February his limbs were paralyzed and twisted, from which he never was cured. In 1652 he met and married Francoise d'Aubigné, then seventeen years of age. "And what is your settlement upon her?" asked the notary at their marriage. "Immortality," said Scarron; "other names may perish; that of Scarron's wife will remain for ever."

Perhaps the immortality that the wife of Scarron got from her first husband was palled in the eyes of some by the greater splendor which she derived from her second, for Madame Veuve Scarron became Madame de Maintenon, wife of the Grand Monarque.

He died in 1680 in the fiftieth year of his age. From Walter Besant's *French Humorists* we make the following extract.]

In 1648 came out the first instalment of the "Virgile Travesti," which went on at intervals until 1652. Scarron finished the first eight books; and then, growing tired of so sustained an effort, he seems to have given it up altogether. Other literary work also pressed upon him; indeed, his busiest time was between 1646 and 1653. His plays (chiefly from Spanish sources), his novels, his epigrams, his letters, his "Gazette burlesque"—all this work left little time for the "Virgil," which, we suspect, was at first considered by Scarron only as the recreation of an idle hour. But it "took" as no other book of the time succeeded in doing. Imitators crowded into the field. Ovid, Homer—anybody—was burlesqued; and for a period of twenty years, after which the taste for burlesque died out almost as rapidly as it had grown up, the bookshelves were inundated with travesties, most of them mere stupid imitations of Scarron and floundering attempts at wit, with no claim to admiration except for their unblushing grossness.

Of his tales, the one chiefly remembered, because Goldsmith translated it, is the "Roman Comique." I confess to having been bored to the last degree in reading it. Of his plays "Don Japhet

de l'Armenie," one of his last, and "Jod-elet," his first, are the two best, and are worthy of being read still, were life long enough. Poems he wrote—lines to his mistress, poor fellow—as gay and bright as when he had a dancing leg, as well as a laughing eye, but quite in the conventional gallantry of the time:

Adieu, fair Chloris, adieu:

'Tis time that I speak,

After many and many a week,
('Tis not thus that at Paris we woo)
You pay me for all with a smile
And cheat me the while,

Speak now. Let me go.

Close your doors, or open them wide,

Matters not, so that I am outside;

Devil take me, if ever I show

Love or pity for you and your pride.

To laugh in my face,

It is all that she grants me

Of pity and grace:

Can it mean that she wants me?

This for five or six months is my pay.

Now hear my command,

Shut your doors, keep them tight night and day,

With a porter at hand

To keep every one in;

Well, I know my own mind.

The devil himself, if once you begin

To go out, couldn't keep me behind.

The following is better known. It is his description of Paris:

Houses in labyrinthine maze;

The streets with mud bespattered all;

Palace and prison, churches, quays,

Here stately shop, there shabby stall.

Passengers black, red, gray, and white,

The pursed-up prude, the light coquette;

Murder and treason dark as night;

With clerks, their hands with inkstains wet;

A gold-laced coat without a sou,

And trembling at a bailiff's sight;

A braggart shivering with fear;

Pages and lackeys, thieves of night;

And 'mid the tumult, noise, and stink of it,
There's Paris—Pray, what do you think of it?

We are, however, chiefly concerned with his "Virgil."

The burlesque effect, if we analyze the work, is produced, of course, by a perpetual antithesis between the grandeur of the personages and the manner in which

they talk; between their traditional motives and the motives which Scarron ascribes to them; and between the importance of the acts described and the littleness of the actors:

Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro
Migrat in obscuras humili sermone tabernas.

Thus, whatever Æneas does or says, his words and thoughts are those of a petty shopkeeper. He asks Jupiter to send down rain, some of that which the god is accustomed to bestow so freely on those occasions when it is not wanted, as when one has a new hat. When he is puzzled, as, for instance, when he wants to find some pretext for deserting Dido, he scratches his head all over. He makes the most commonplace observations with a sententious air, and an overwhelming regard to propriety; as when, moralizing over his father's death, he says:

He's gone—good man!—we can but weep;
Had he but learned his breath to keep,
A little later had he died.
He's gone! in sorrow we abide;
And, as is only right, meanwhile,
I never laugh, and seldom smile.

The second and third lines remind one of the epitaph in the country churchyard:

Here lies the body of Alice Wooden;
Longer she wished to live—but cooden.

The most common accidents of life, when he is in his most heroic vein, are sufficient to break him down. Thus, when he is invoking the shade of his father:

"Return once more, oh, father dear!
Return to me—I wait you here.
Alas! your heart is cold as stone
To come so seldom to your son."
Thus calling on his absent sire,
He tried to light the lingering fire;
But not employing, as he ought,
The tongs to move the cinders hot,
He burned his fingers. "Devil take,"
He cried, "my father!—for whose sake
I've all this trouble."

But—good man!
Pious by nature, he began
Remorse to feel for this bad word—
The first the gods had ever heard.

He tells the long story of "Virgil's" second and third books, and at last concludes:

Continuit tandem, factoque hic fine quievit;
which Scarron translates, with some freedom:

This of his long tale was the sum;
But with narrating it overcome,
And quite weighed down with want of sleep,
From yawning wide he could not keep,
Queen Dido, too, yawned; for 'tis found,
When one begins, the yawn goes round.

It is on the character of Æneas, indeed, that he spends his chief strength. Above all, he insists on the hero's unlimited command of tears:

Æneas pleurant comme un veau.

And again:

Je crois vous avoir déjà dit
Qu'il donnoit des pleurs à cr dit,
Et qu'il avait le don des larmes.

The persecuted hero, victim of Juno's wrath, is fat, orthodox, hypocritical, and easy-tempered. Penetrated with the propriety of seeming pious, he is careful to observe all the outward semblances of religion. His superstition is enormous, his stupidity great; his bravery is not conspicuous; his observations are trite; beneath the armor of a hero he wears the heart of a calf. In appearance a king, in reality he is an *épicier*, and he looks on life from the point of view of some respectable *bourgeois*.

With Dido, Scarron pursues the same treatment. He describes her carefully. She is a "*grosse dondon*"—what a shame to call Dido a *dondon*!—fat, vigorous, and healthy, "somewhat flat-nosed, after the fashion of most African women, but agreeable *au dernier point*." She takes a lively interest in Æneas from the very beginning; makes a mental comparison between him and the deceased Sychæus:

Le défunt ne le valoit pas.

She confesses her love to Anna, in words which bear an absurdly close resemblance to "Virgil's:"

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus
hospes?
Quam sese ore ferens! quam forti pectore et
arnis!

Ah! sister—faithful sister—tell
By what strange destiny it fell

That thus Æneas hither came?
Æneas! how I love the name!
How fresh is he!—how fat!—how fair!
How strong and big! with what an air
He tells his deeds! and what a height!
Oh! sister Anne—he charms me quite.

After dinner she calls for tobacco :

Mais celle n'en prit pas deux pipes
Qu'elle ne vidât jusqu'aux tripes :
Et ne s'en offusquait l'esprit.

And she betrays the curiosity of her sex
in the most characteristic way :

Multa super Priamo rogitan, super Hectore
multa.

This line becomes, in Scarron's hands,
expanded in the following manner, pec-
uliarly Scarronesque :

A hundred questions then she asks,
Of Priam, and the mighty tasks
Of Hector ere the siege was done ;
Of Helen—how she held her own—
What kind of paint she used to buy ;
Was Hecuba's hair all false?—and why
Paris was called so fair a youth?
And then that apple—which, in truth,
Was the first cause of all the woe—
Was it a Ribstone—yes or no?
Of Memnon—bright Aurora's son—
Was he a Moor to look upon?
Who killed him? Was it rightly said,
About the stud of Diomed,
That farcy killed them all?—because
Of that disease she knew the laws ;
And when Patroclus met his end,
How long Achilles mourned his friend?

And only in her last speech Scarron per-
mits himself for a brief moment to leave
burlesque.

The gods, of course, are lowered in the
same proportions as the men and women.
Jupiter, Juno, and the rest are mere *bour-
geois*. Olympus might be Paris. The
quarrels of the gods are those of the fish-
market. The predilections, whims, and
caprices are the same as those of Æneas
and his friends. Mercury, in spite of his
being a god, cannot fly without the wings
tied to his heels, and is afraid of breaking
his neck. Jupiter is coarse and stupid,
Juno intriguing and malicious, Venus al-
ternately a courtesan and a doting mother.
Thus, when Æneas has addressed her
with the words :

O quam te memorem, virgo? namque haud
tibi vultus
Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat. O Dea
certe, etc.

she replies ("Haud equidem tali me dig-
nor honore") :

"I am not really," answered she,
"Of such exalted quality—
Your servant, sir."
"Too much," he cried,
"You honor me, I'm sure. . . . Beside—"
"Oh, sir!" said Venus, making then
A court'sy—the best-bred of men
Turned half upon his heels, and low
Bent to the ground with courtly bow.
The mother's heart shed tears of joy
To see how polished was her boy.

Often a happy anachronism, a trick well
known in modern burlesque, lights upon
the page. Thus, Dido makes the sign of
the cross; Mezentius is a blaspheming
ruffian who never goes to confession;
Æneas, when they land on the shores of
Africa, is particularly anxious to learn
whether the natives are Christians or Ma-
hometans; the nymph Deiopeia numbers
among her accomplishments the power
of speaking Spanish and Italian, and she
can quote "The Cid" of Corneille; Dido
says "Benedicite" at table; and Pyg-
malion kills Sychæus with an arquebus.

Or he introduces himself, as when he
says (I cannot translate it) :

Messire Æneas, dont l'esprit
Ne songeait alors qu'à Carthage;
Et bien moins à faire voyage
Que moi—cul-de-jatte follet—
Ne songe à danser un ballet.

Or in his observation on the line

Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere
Divos;

to which he remarks :

This observation's very well;
But what's the good of it in hell?

But the finest specimens of burlesque,
where the fun is concealed—sheathed as
it were in a scabbard of grief—are to be
found in his description of the fall of
Troy.

Æneas meets Panthus :

Poor man! he faintly struggled on,
And gasped—his breath was almost gone

With shouting "Fire!" The gods he bore
Safe in a basket held before;
While at his back his nephew clung.
Soon as he saw me—sorrow wrung
His noble heart. . . .

Æneas asks :

"Our citadel is fallen then?"
"Alas! *Æneas*, king of men—
And I, its governor, seeing well
Myself would perish when it fell
If I remained, most bravely fled
(Preserving still some strength of head),
Not for the fear of death or blow,
But only just to die with you."

And for a last extract, the scene in which *Æneas* sorrowfully recalls the days of the past :

By that gate fair *Andromache*
Would pass, papa-in-law to see,
And ere those fatal Greek attacks
Would bring with her *Astyanax*.
Queen Hecuba's continued joy
Was to caress and kiss the boy.
When he was but a tiny child
She dandling him her hours beguiled ;
And when he somewhat bigger grew
This good grandam, a baby too,
Would play with him. Sometimes the *Queen*
Would tell him of fair *Melusine*,
And *Fierabras*, of wondrous *Jack*,
And all the old tales in the pack :
The child her idol was, and pet :
Sometimes so doting did she get,
That she would even ride cock-horse,
A stick between her legs, and course
All up and down, till, tired and weak,
She could not either breathe or speak.
Andromache oft plainly said
That grandmamma would spoil the lad :
And *Priam*, when he saw him cram
His mouth all day with bread and jam,
Remarked with some severity,
The boy would surely ruined be.

Burlesque has its times of splendor and decadence, like every other form of literature. At times of strong belief and general enthusiasm it cannot exist. When enthusiasms die out, and ardor cools, when some people are conscious of having been fools, and others are laughing at them, burlesque has its opportunities. Old idols and heroes are fair game. Mythical history, for instance, seen from the modern point of view, is a proper subject, and it is pardonable to upset old notions of which people are tired. Classical idolatry, in *Scarron's* time, was over.

THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN AND HIS WATER LOTS.

How much real comfort every one might enjoy, if he would be contented with the lot in which heaven has cast him, and how much trouble would be avoided if people would only "let well alone." A moderate independence, quietly and honestly procured, is certainly every way preferable even to immense possessions achieved by the wear and tear of mind and body so necessary to procure them. Yet there are very few individuals, let them be doing ever so well in the world, who are not always straining every nerve to do better ; and this is one of the many causes why failures in business so frequently occur among us. The present generation seem unwilling to "realize" by slow and sure degrees ; but choose rather to set their whole hopes upon a single cast, which either makes or mars them for ever !

Gentle reader, do you remember *Monsieur Poopoo* ? He used to keep a small toy-store in *Chatham*, near the corner of *Pearl street*. You *must* recollect him, of course. He lived there for many years, and was one of the most polite and accommodating of shopkeepers. When a juvenile, you have bought tops and marbles of him a thousand times. To be sure you have ; and seen his vinegar-visage lighted up with a smile as you flung him the coppers ; and you have laughed at his little straight queue and his dimity breeches, and all the other oddities that made up the every-day apparel of my little Frenchman. Ah, I perceive you recollect him now.

Well, then, there lived *Monsieur Poopoo* ever since he came from "dear, delightful *Paris*," as he was wont to call the city of his nativity—there he took in the pennies for his kickshaws—there he laid aside five thousand dollars against a rainy day—there he was as happy as a lark—and there, in all human probability, he would have been to this very day, a respected and substantial citizen, had he been willing to "let well alone." But *Monsieur Poopoo* had heard strange stories about the prodigious rise in real estate ; and, having understood that most of his neighbors had become suddenly rich by speculating in lots, he instantly grew dissatisfied with his own lot, forthwith de-

etermined to shut up shop, turn everything into cash, and set about making money in right down earnest. No sooner said than done; and our quondam storekeeper a few days afterward attended an extensive sale of real estate, at the Merchants' Exchange.

There was the auctioneer, with his beautiful and inviting lithographic maps—all the lots as smooth and square and enticingly laid out as possible—and there were the speculators—and there, in the midst of them, stood Monsieur Poopoo.

"Here they are, gentlemen," said he of the hammer, "the most valuable lots ever offered for sale. Give me a bid for them?"

"One hundred each," said a bystander.

"One hundred!" said the auctioneer, "scarcely enough to pay for the maps. One hundred—going—and fifty—gone! Mr. H., they are yours. A noble purchase. You'll sell those same lots in less than a fortnight for fifty thousand dollars' profit!"

Monsieur Poopoo pricked up his ears at this, and was lost in astonishment. This was a much easier way certainly of accumulating riches than selling toys in Chatham street, and he determined to buy and mend his fortune without delay.

The auctioneer proceeded in his sale. Other parcels were offered and disposed of, and all the purchasers were promised immense advantages for their enterprise. At last, came a more valuable parcel than all the rest. The company pressed around the stand, and Monsieur Poopoo did the same.

"I now offer you, gentlemen, these magnificent lots, delightfully situated on Long Island, with valuable water privileges. Property in fee—title indisputable—terms of sale, cash—deeds ready for delivery immediately after the sale. How much for them? Give them a start at something. How much?" The auctioneer looked around; there were no bidders. At last he caught the eye of Monsieur Poopoo. "Did you say one hundred, sir? Beautiful lots—valuable water privileges—shall I say one hundred for you?"

"*Oui, monsieur*; I will give you one hundred dollars apiece, for de lot vid de valuarble vatate privilege; *c'est ça*."

"Only one hundred apiece for these sixty valuable lots—only one hundred—going—going—going—gone!"

Monsieur Poopoo was the fortunate possessor. The auctioneer congratulated him—the sale closed—and the company dispersed.

"*Pardonnez moi, monsieur*," said Poopoo, as the auctioneer descended his pedestal, "you shall *excusez moi*, if I shall go to *votre bureau*, your counting-house, ver quick to make every ting sure wid respec to de lot vid de valuarble vatate privilege. Von leetle bird in de hand he worth two in de tree, *c'est vrai*—eh?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Vell den, *allons*."

And the gentlemen repaired to the counting-house, where the six thousand dollars were paid, and the deeds of the property delivered. Monsieur Poopoo put these carefully in his pocket, and as he was about taking his leave, the auctioneer made him a present of the lithographic outline of the lots, which was a very liberal thing on his part, considering the map was a beautiful specimen of that glorious art. Poopoo could not admire it sufficiently. There were his sixty lots as uniform as possible, and his little gray eyes sparkled like diamonds as they wandered from one end of the spacious sheet to the other.

Poopoo's heart was as light as a feather, and he snapped his fingers in the very wantonness of joy as he repaired to Delmonico's, and ordered the first good French dinner that had gladdened his palate since his arrival in America.

After having discussed his repast, and washed it down with a bottle of choice old claret, he resolved upon a visit to Long Island to view his purchase. He consequently immediately hired a horse and gig, crossed the Brooklyn ferry, and drove along the margin of the river to the Wallabout, the location in question.

Our friend, however, was not a little perplexed to find his property. Everything on the map was as fair and even as possible, while all the grounds about him were as undulated as they could well be imagined, and there was an elbow of the East river thrusting itself quite into the ribs of the land, which seemed to have no business there. This puzzled the Frenchman exceedingly; and being a stranger in those parts, he called to a farmer in an adjacent field.

"*Mon ami*, are you acquaint vid dis part of de country—eh?"

"Yes, I was born here, and know every inch of it."

"Ah, *c'est bien*, dat vill do," and the Frenchman got out of the gig, tied the horse, and produced his lithographic map.

"Den maybe you vill have de kindness to show me de sixty lot vich I have bought, vid de valuarble vatare privelege?"

The farmer glanced his eye over the paper.

"Yes, sir, with pleasure; if you will be good enough to get into my boat I will row you out to them!"

"Vat dat you say, sare?"

"My friend," said the farmer, "this section of Long Island has recently been bought up by the speculators of New York, and laid out for a great city; but the principal street is only visible at low tide. When this part of the East river is filled up, it will be just there. Your lots, as you will perceive, are beyond it; and are now all under water."

At first the Frenchman was incredulous. He could not believe his senses. As the facts, however, gradually broke upon him, he shut one eye, squinted obliquely at the heavens—the river—the farmer—and then he turned away and squinted at them all over again! There was his purchase sure enough; but then it could not be perceived for there was a river flowing over it! He drew a box from his waistcoat pocket, opened it, with an emphatic knock upon the lid, took a pinch of snuff and restored it to his waistcoat pocket as before. Poopoo was evidently in trouble, having "thoughts which often lie too deep for tears;" and, as his grief was also too big for words, he untied his horse, jumped into his gig, and returned to the auctioneer in hot haste.

It was near night when he arrived at the auction-room—his horse in a foam and himself in a fury. The auctioneer was leaning back in his chair, with his legs stuck out of a low window, quietly smoking his cigar after the labors of the day, and humming the music from the last new opera.

"Monsieur, I have much plaisir to fin you, chez vous, at home."

"Ah, Poopoo! glad to see you. Take a seat, old boy."

"But I shall not take de seat, sare."

"No—why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, *beaucoup* de matter. I have been to see de gran lot vot you sell me to-day."

"Well, sir, I hope you like your purchase?"

"No, monsieur, I no like him."

"I'm sorry for it; but there is no ground for your complaint."

"No, sare; dare is no ground at ail—de ground is all vatare!"

"You joke!"

"I no joke. I nevere joke; *je n'entends pas la raillerie*. Sare, *voulez vous* have de kindness to give me back de money vot I pay!"

"Certainly not."

"Den will you be so good as to take de East river off de top of my lot?"

"That's your business, sir, not mine."

"Den I make von *mauvaise affaire*—von gran mistake!"

"I hope not. I don't think you have thrown your money away in the land."

"No, sare; but I tro it away in de vatare!"

"That's not my fault."

"Yes, sare, but it is your fault. You're von ver gran rascal to swindle me out of de l'argent."

"Hollo, old Poopoo, you grow personal; and if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you must go out of my counting-room."

"Vare shall I go to, eh?"

"To the devil, for aught I care, you foolish old Frenchman!" said the auctioneer, waxing warm.

"But, sare, I vill not go to de devil to oblige you!" replied the Frenchman, waxing warmer. "You sheat me out of all de dollar vot I make in Shathame street; but I vill not go to de devil for all dat. I vish you may go to de devil yourself, you dem yankee-doo-dell, and I vill go and drown myself, *tout de suite*, right away."

"You couldn't make a better use of your water privileges, old boy!"

"Ah, *miséricorde!* Ah, *mon dieu, je suis abîmé*. I am ruin! I am done up! I am break all into ten sousan leetle pieces! I am von lame duck, and I shall vaddle across de gran ocean for Paris, vish is de only valuarble vatare privelege dat is left me *à présent!*"

Poor Poopoo was as good as his word. He sailed in the next packet, and arrived in Paris almost as penniless as the day he left it.

Should any one feel disposed to doubt the veritable circumstances here recorded, let him cross the East river to the Wallabout, and farmer J***** will row him out to the very place where the poor Frenchman's lots still remain under water.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.



W. J. Florence.

THE MIGHTY DOLLAR.

SLOTE SORE AT BEING CALLED A DODO.

[Although this play has been severely criticised by the press, in spite of all, it has become a popular favorite; and despite the splendid acting of Mr. W. J. Florence in Captain Cuttle, in the hero of *The Ticket of Leave Man*, and other characters which he prefers, yet, strange to say, he is likely to descend to posterity as "The Hon. Bardwell Slote" rather than, to him, a more desirable character remembrance.

The Hon. Bardwell Slote, "the cheap Western politician," is really the creation of Mr. Florence; and, although put into play form by Mr. Woolf under the title of *The Mighty Dollar*, everybody recognizes its parent, father, and foster-father as Mr. Florence.

Knowledge and keen appreciation of the follies and foibles of human nature are necessary for such productions. Mr. and Mrs. Florence have shown their possession of these qualities, and have made it a great success.]

SCENE.—MANSION AND GARDEN OF MR. DART.

SLOTE. (*Speaks in house.*) Join me in the garden. I see what's become of Mrs. Dart. (*Enters from house, CLARA.*) Ah, there you are, my lady, enjoying the cool air of the evening; all alone, too. I wish I had known it; I would have hastened to help you beguile the tedium of your loneliness.

CLARA. (*Crossing to house.*) Pardon me, my guests require my presence. (*Turns, bows on step, and exits.*)

SLOTE. Certainly, my dear lady; attend to your guests by all means. That's a remarkably fine woman, but just a trifle too high-strung. One of the kind that you have to talk dictionary to, and keep your eye on your etiquette. No calling for soup twice at her table. Oh, no! That's a woman who wouldn't give a healthy laugh if she could. Whenever I see a woman—(*Sees Roland.*) Ah! Humph! along—in the garden: something R.Q.—rather queer. This is one of the penalties an old man pays for marrying a young wife. To be eventually referred to the Committee on Judiciary. I wonder who this young man is. Gad, I'll find out. Fine night, Judge.

ROLAND. Well, sir?

SLOTE. Why, it's Mr. Vance. I did not know you. Couldn't stand the heat of the ball-room, I suppose; my case exactly. You look pale; not ill, I hope. Up late at night. Ah, I see how it is.

You newspaper men do have a hard time of it, so do we statesmen.

ROLAND. Excuse me, Mr. Slote, but I am not ill.

SLOTE. Not ill; well, I am glad to hear it, and now that we are alone I want you to give me a few hours, while we talk about the tariff bill.

ROLAND. (*Taking his arm from Slote.*) Excuse me, Mr. Slote, if I cannot enter upon this subject at present. *Good-night, sir. (Turning at step.)* GOOD-NIGHT, SIR.

SLOTE. Good-night, sir. That's a D. S.—a dead shake. I'd like to clip that young man's wings; in fact, I'd like to clip the wings of the entire newspaper brood; they make it impossible for an ambitious legislator to obtain the perquisites of office; as though he could afford to come to Washington for the honor of the thing—and his salary. No sooner does a man begin to look after his own interests than they set up a howl about rings, bribery, corruption, etc. Confound them, they robbed me of thousands. Here, for instance, was a financial party, a perfect J. J. A.—John Jacob Astor—wanted to build a railroad solely for the benefit of his fellow-men, and so confident was he of the success of his scheme, that he professed himself ready to back up his opinion with \$10,000, which was to be forfeited to me in case the bill passed. Now, when a man is willing to take such risks on the strength of his ability, when, I say, a man is prepared for such a sacrifice of H. K.—hard cash—is it for me to discourage him? No, sir, not by a G. F.—jugful—and the bill would have gone through; but just then out come these newspapers, with their howl about corruption, bottomless schemes, etc., and frightened the man off, railroad and all. So, to indulge in highly figurative language, knocked the lining out of that. I have suffered so, not once, but twenty times, and yet they talk about corruption in Congress. Why, I've never been corrupted once, and what's more, I'm not likely to be, if these newspapers are to be encouraged. Liberty of the press! I'd press them. If I had my way I'd put all those newspapers down P. D. Q.—*pretty damned quick.* But I owe this Vance a special grudge for having referred to me in his paper as a political Dodo. A Dodo! I, the Honorable Bardwell Slote, member from the Cohosh District, a Dodo! I

don't know what a Dodo is, but I'll bet it's something nasty. A Dodo! Oh, the K. K.—cruel cuss. But he'll find that the Dodo, when trodden on, will turn. I suppose Dodos can turn. I don't know.

DART. (*Enters from house.*) Is that you, Slote?

SLOTE. Ah, there you are, Colonel. I was beginning to think you had forgotten me. You should have come in the garden when I did. I think the honorable member from nowhere in particular would have opened his eyes a bit. I fancy—

DART. What do you mean? Are you in your senses?

SLOTE. Yes, sir, by a large majority. Your wife and young Vance were here, along in the garden, enjoying a *tête à tête*. When I say enjoying, I would offer as an amendment, that they both looked as though they had been struck with lightning.

DART. Vance and my wife?

SLOTE. Yes, Vance and your wife. Tell me, Colonel, why did you invite him here? You told me he was your pet aversion.

DART. He came here with the Foreign Minister. He is connected with one of our most influential journals.

SLOTE. Ah, I know his journal; the one that called me a Dodo. I protest against his journal being represented here.

DART. Ah, do not be so hard on journalists. Think, what credit would you get for your fine speeches if they were not reported in the papers?

SLOTE. Yes, but my fine speeches never are reported in the paper. I'm usually disposed of as follows: "The member from Cohosh District took up the time of the House and afforded much amusement;" or, "The Honorable Bardwell Slote made some uninteresting remarks which were not listened to." Why, sir, were it not for the Congressional *Record*—that generous witness to the fame of the unrecognized—I should have gone down to posterity "*unwept, unhonored and unsung*"—*unsung, sir, unsung*. But my time will come, and when it does—

DART. Yes, yes, my dear Slote, you will doubtless avenge yourself and make the world weep for its neglect of you.

SLOTE. Weep! I'll make it *writhe*, sir. Then shall my enemies find that they have conspired against me in vain, Mr. Speaker.

From the lofty cloud-defying dome of the nation's capitol I will proclaim in thunder tones to an ungrateful country the dawn of a new era in which the lion shall lie down with the lamb. Then shall my colleague find that Slote shall rise again!

DART. Inevitably. But you were speaking of my wife.

SLOTE. Yes, and Vance. Tell me, Colonel, what is he doing here to-night?

DART. He loved my wife before I married her; she loved him, too. I had it all from her own lips. She was too honest to become mine before she had told me the whole truth. My heart is crusty and suspicious, but it has at least one *green* spot, and that is where she dwells in it.

SLOTE. Yes, O. G.—awful green.

DART. Clara may not love me as I yearn she should, but she is neither ungrateful nor wicked.

SLOTE. Glad you think so.

DART. But to business. Shall you be able to carry the bill through the House?

SLOTE. By a large majority, sir. There are one or two yet who are blind to the advantage of having the road go our way, but (*winks*), of course—

DART. (*Slaps his pocket.*) Ah, I see.

SLOTE. That's about the size of it; that's the F. F.—physical fact. By the way, Colonel, do you know that if the road goes in the other direction it will make Vance wealthy? His father, it seems, saved out of the ruins of his estate some five hundred acres of land which will run along the line of the track. It's all rock and stubble, but as it is near headwaters, where it is proposed to build an engine factory and to establish a central depot, in case the land runs that way, he would make a fortune.

DART. Does he know this?

SLOTE. No, nor must we tell—I won't tell him—the *Dodo* won't tell him.

DART. The road must go through my land, by way of Chalkville, Slote, if the thing can be done. A brilliant idea—why could we not, through some third party, purchase Vance's land, so that he would have no interest in thwarting us if his eyes were opened to his own chances of fortune? In that case, if the bill were lost on one side we still should be a gainer on the other! He is in want of money and will sell. Will you see to it?

SLOTE. Will I? Won't I? The thought of getting even with him will redouble my

patriotic zeal; the Dodo will prepare for him a H. O. T.—high old time.

DART. I must consult you further on this subject to-morrow early; in the meantime lobby, promise, pay, do what you will to secure votes and interest. By the way, I have invited my guests to a steam-boat excursion, and a picnic to-morrow to the Point. There are lots of Honorables among them, as you know, who can serve us. You must make one of the party. When a man has enjoyed your bounteous hospitality, he can't very well refuse you a favor. Ha! ha! especially when he has reason to believe that there are favors to be given in exchange. I must now return to my guests. Do not forget to-morrow. (*Exit into house.*)

SLOTE. Now, there's a man for you! (*Music and laughing heard in house.*) Ah, there they go, waltzing away, they fancy they are enjoying themselves, packed in there like figs in a box. That's what they call society. I'd like to have a contract.

MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATAS- TROPHE.

A young fellow, a tobacco pedler by trade, was on his way from Morristown, where he had dealt largely with the Deacon of the Shaker settlement, to the village of Parker's Falls, on Salmon River. He had a neat little cart, painted green, with a box of cigars depicted on each side panel, and an Indian chief, holding a pipe and a golden tobacco stalk, on the rear. The pedler drove a smart little mare, and was a young man of excellent character, keen at a bargain, but none the worse liked by the Yankees, who, as I have heard them say, would rather be shaved with a sharp razor than a dull one. Especially was he beloved by the pretty girls along the Connecticut, whose favor he used to court by presents of the best smoking-tobacco in his stock, knowing well that the country lasses of New England are generally great performers on pipes. Moreover, as will be seen in the course of my story, the pedler was inquisitive, and something of a tattler, always itching to hear the news and anxious to tell it again.

After an early breakfast at Morristown, the tobacco pedler, whose name was Dominicus Pike, had travelled seven miles

through a solitary piece of woods without speaking a word to anybody but himself and his little gray mare. It being nearly seven o'clock, he was as eager to hold a morning gossip as a city shopkeeper to read the morning paper. An opportunity seemed at hand when, after lighting a cigar with a sun-glass, he looked up and perceived a man coming over the brow of the hill, at the foot of which the pedler had stopped his green cart. Dominicus watched him as he descended, and noticed that he carried a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick, and travelled with a weary yet determined pace. He did not look as if he had started in the freshness of the morning, but had footed it all night and meant to do the same all day.

"Good-morning, mister," said Dominicus, when within speaking distance. "You go a pretty good jog. What's the latest news at Parker's Falls?"

The man pulled the broad brim of a gray hat over his eyes, and answered rather sullenly, that he did not come from Parker's Falls, which, as being the limit of his own day's journey, the pedler had naturally mentioned in his inquiry.

"Well, then," rejoined Dominicus Pike, "let's have the latest news where you did come from. I'm not particular about Parker's Falls. Any place will answer."

Being thus importuned, the traveller—who was as ill-looking a fellow as one would desire to meet in a solitary piece of woods—appeared to hesitate a little, as if he was either searching his memory for news or weighing the expediency of telling it. At last, mounting on the step of the cart, he whispered in the ear of Dominicus, though he might have shouted aloud, and no other mortal would have heard him.

"I do remember one little trifle of news," said he. "Old Mr. Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard, at eight o'clock last night, by an Irishman and a nigger. They strung him up to the branch of a St. Michael's pear-tree, where nobody would find him till the morning."

As soon as this horrible intelligence was communicated, the stranger betook himself to his journey again with more speed than ever, not even turning his head when Dominicus invited him to

smoke a Spanish cigar and relate all the particulars. The pedler whistled to his mare, and went up the hill, pondering on the doleful fate of Mr. Higginbotham, whom he had known in the way of trade, having sold him many a bunch of long nines and a great deal of pigtail, lady's twist and fig tobacco. He was rather astonished at the rapidity with which the news had spread. Kimballton was nearly sixty miles distant in a straight line; the murder had been perpetrated only at eight o'clock the preceding night; yet Dominicus had heard of it at seven in the morning, when, in all probability, poor Mr. Higginbotham's own family had but just discovered his corpse hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. The stranger on foot must have worn seven-league boots to travel at such a rate.

"All news flies fast, they say," thought Dominicus Pike; "but this beats railroads. The fellow ought to be hired to go express with the President's Message."

The difficulty was solved by supposing that the narrator had made a mistake of one day in the date of the occurrence; so that our friend did not hesitate to introduce the story at every tavern and country store along the road, expending a whole bunch of Spanish wrappers among at least twenty horrified audiences. He found himself invariably the first bearer of the intelligence, and was so pestered with questions that he could not avoid filling up the outline, till it became quite a respectable narrative. He met with one piece of corroborative evidence. Mr. Higginbotham was a trader; and a former clerk of his, to whom Dominicus related the facts, testified that the old gentleman was accustomed to return home through the orchard about nightfall, with the money and valuable papers of the store in his pocket. The clerk manifested but little grief at Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe, hinting what the pedler had discovered in his own dealings with him, that he was a crusty old fellow, as close as a vice. His property would descend to a pretty niece who was now keeping school in Kimballton.

What with telling the news for the public good and driving bargains for his own, Dominicus was so much delayed on the road that he chose to put up at a tavern about five miles short of Parker's Falls. After supper, lighting one of his

prime cigars, he seated himself in the bar-room and went through the story of the murder, which had grown so fast that it took him half an hour to tell. There were as many as twenty people in the room, nineteen of whom received it all for gospel. But the twentieth was an elderly farmer, who had arrived on horseback a short time before, and was now seated in a corner, smoking his pipe. When the story was concluded, he rose up very deliberately, brought his chair right in front of Dominicus, and stared him full in the face, puffing out the vilest tobacco-smoke the pedler had ever smelt.

"Will you make affidavit," demanded he, in the tone of a country justice taking an examination, "that old Squire Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard the night before last, and found hanging on his great pear-tree yesterday morning?"

"I tell the story as I heard it, mister," answered Dominicus, dropping his half-burnt cigar; "I don't say that I saw the thing done. So I can't take my oath that he was murdered exactly in that way."

"But I can take mine," said the farmer, "that if Squire Higginbotham was murdered night before last, I drank a glass of bitters with his ghost this morning. Being a neighbor of mine, he called me into his store as I was riding by, and treated me, and then asked me to do a little business for him on the road. He didn't seem to know any more about his own murder than I did."

"Why, then it can't be a fact!" exclaimed Dominicus Pike.

"I guess he'd have mentioned, if it was," said the old farmer, and he removed his chair back to the corner, leaving Dominicus quite down in the mouth.

Here was a sad resurrection of old Mr. Higginbotham! The pedler had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but comforted himself with a glass of gin and water, and went to bed, where all night long he dreamed of hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. To avoid the old farmer (whom he so detested that his suspension would have pleased him better than Mr. Higginbotham's), Dominicus rose in the gray of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart, and trotted swiftly away towards Parker's Falls. The fresh breeze, the dewy road and the pleasant summer dawn revived his spirits, and

might have encouraged him to repeat the old story had there been anybody awake to hear it. But he met neither ox-team, light wagon, chaise, horseman nor foot traveller till, just as he crossed Salmon River, a man came trudging down to the bridge with a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick.

"Good-morning, mister," said the pedler, reining in his mare. "If you come from Kimballton or that neighborhood, may be you can tell me the real fact about this affair of old Mr. Higginbotham. Was the old fellow actually murdered two or three nights ago by an Irishman and a nigger?"

Dominicus had spoken in too great a hurry to observe, at first, that the stranger himself had a deep tinge of negro blood. On hearing this sudden question, the Ethiopian appeared to change his skin, its yellow hue becoming a ghastly white, while, shaking and stammering, he thus replied:

"No! no! There was no colored man! It was an Irishman that hanged him last night, at eight o'clock. I came away at seven! His folks can't have looked for him in the orchard yet."

Scarcely had the yellow man spoken, when he interrupted himself, and though he seemed weary enough before, continued his journey at a pace which would have kept the pedler's mare on a smart trot. Dominicus stared after him in great perplexity. If the murder had not been committed till Tuesday night, who was the prophet that had foretold it, in all its circumstances, on Tuesday morning? If Mr. Higginbotham's corpse were not yet discovered by his own family, how came the mulatto, at above thirty miles' distance, to know that he was hanging in the orchard, especially as he had left Kimballton before the unfortunate man was hanged at all! These ambiguous circumstances, with the stranger's surprise and terror, made Dominicus think of raising a hue and cry after him, as an accomplice in the murder; since a murder, it seemed, had really been perpetrated.

"But let the poor devil go," thought the pedler. "I don't want his black blood on my head; and hanging the nigger wouldn't unhang Mr. Higginbotham. Unhang the old gentleman! It's a sin, I know; but I should hate to have him come to life a second time, and give me the lie!"

With these meditations, Dominicus Pike drove into the street of Parker's Falls, which, as everybody knows, is as thriving a village as three cotton factories and a slitting mill can make it. The machinery was not in motion, and but a few of the shop doors unbarred, when he alighted in the stable yard of the tavern, and made it his first business to order the mare four quarts of oats. His second duty, of course, was to impart Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe to the hostler. He deemed it advisable, however, not to be too positive as to the date of the direful fact, and also to be uncertain whether it were perpetrated by an Irishman and a mulatto, or by the son of Erin alone. Neither did he profess to relate it on his own authority, or that of any one person; but mentioned it as a report generally diffused.

The story ran through the town like fire among girdled trees, and became so much the universal talk, that nobody could tell whence it had originated. Mr. Higginbotham was as well known at Parker's Falls, as any citizen of the place, being part owner of the slitting mill, and a considerable stockholder in the cotton factories. The inhabitants felt their own prosperity interested in his fate. Such was the excitement, that the Parker's Falls *Gazette* anticipated its regular day of publication, and came out with half a form of blank paper and a column of double pica emphasized with capitals, and headed HORRID MURDER OF MR. HIGGINBOTHAM! Among other dreadful details, the printed account described the mark of the cord round the dead man's neck, and stated the number of thousand dollars of which he had been robbed; there was much pathos also about the affliction of his niece, who had gone from one fainting fit to another, ever since her uncle was found hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree with his pockets inside out. The village poet likewise commemorated the young lady's grief in seventeen stanzas of a ballad. The selectmen held a meeting, and, in consideration of Mr. Higginbotham's claims on the town, determined to issue hand-bills, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of his murderers, and the recovery of the stolen property.

Meanwhile, the whole population of Parker's Falls, consisting of shopkeepers,

mistresses of boarding-houses, factory girls, millmen, and schoolboys, rushed into the street, and kept up such a terrible loquacity, as more than compensated for the silence of the cotton machines, which refrained from their usual din out of respect to the deceased. Had Mr. Higginbotham cared about posthumous renown, his untimely ghost would have exulted in this tumult. Our friend Dominicus, in his vanity of heart, forgot his intended precautions, and mounting on the town pump, announced himself as the bearer of the authentic intelligence which had caused so wonderful a sensation. He immediately became the great man of the moment, and had just begun a new edition of the narrative, with a voice like a field preacher, when the mail stage drove into the village street. It had travelled all night, and must have shifted horses at Kimballton, at three in the morning.

"Now we shall hear all the particulars," shouted the crowd.

The coach rumbled up to the piazza of the tavern, followed by a thousand people; for if any man had been minding his own business till then, he now left it at sixes and sevens, to hear the news. The pedler, foremost in the race, discovered two passengers, both of whom had been startled from a comfortable nap, to find themselves in the centre of a mob. Every man assailing them with separate questions, all propounded at once, the couple were struck speechless, though one was a lawyer and the other a young lady.

"Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham! Tell us the particulars about old Mr. Higginbotham!" bawled the mob. "What is the coroner's verdict? Are the murderers apprehended? Is Mr. Higginbotham's niece come out of her fainting fits? Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham!"

The coachman said not a word, except to swear awfully at the hostler for not bringing him a fresh team of horses. The lawyer inside had generally his wits about him, even when asleep; the first thing he did, after learning the cause of the excitement, was to produce a large, red pocket-book. Meantime, Dominicus Pike, being an extremely polite young man, and also suspecting that a female tongue would tell the story as glibly as a lawyer's, had handed the lady out of the

coach. She was a fine, smart girl, now wide awake and bright as a button, and had such a sweet, pretty mouth, that Dominicus would almost as lief have heard a love tale from it as a tale of murder.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the lawyer, to the shopkeepers, the millmen and the factory girls, "I can assure you that some unaccountable mistake, or, more probably, a wilful falsehood, maliciously contrived to injure Mr. Higginbotham's credit, has excited this singular uproar. We passed through Kimballton at three o'clock this morning, and most certainly should have been informed of the murder, had any been perpetrated. But I have proof nearly as strong as Mr. Higginbotham's own oral testimony, in the negative. Here is a note, relating to a suit of his in the Connecticut courts, which was delivered me from that gentleman himself. I find it dated at ten o'clock last evening."

So saying, the lawyer exhibited the date and signature of the note, which irrefragably proved, either that this perverse Mr. Higginbotham was alive when he wrote it, or,—as some deemed the more probable case, of two doubtful ones,—that he was so absorbed in worldly business as to continue to transact it, even after his death. But unexpected evidence was forthcoming. The young lady, after listening to the pedler's explanation, merely seized a moment to smooth her gown and put her curls in order, and then appeared at the tavern door, making a modest signal to be heard.

"Good people," said she, "I am Mr. Higginbotham's niece."

A wondering murmur passed through the crowd, on beholding her so rosy and bright; that same unhappy niece, whom they had supposed, on the authority of the *Parker's Falls Gazette*, to be lying at death's door in a fainting fit. But some shrewd fellows had doubted, all along, whether a young lady would be quite so desperate at the hanging of a rich old uncle.

"You see," continued Miss Higginbotham, with a smile, "that this strange story is quite unfounded, as to myself; and I believe I may affirm it to be equally so, in regard to my dear uncle Higginbotham. He has the kindness to give me a home in his house, though I contribute

to my own support by teaching a school. I left Kimballton this morning to spend the vacation of commencement week with a friend, about five miles from Parker's Falls. My generous uncle, when he heard me on the stairs, called me to his bedside, and gave me two dollars and fifty cents, to pay my stage fare, and another dollar for my extra expenses. He then laid his pocketbook under his pillow, shook hands with me, and advised me to take some biscuit in my bag, instead of breakfasting on the road. I feel confident, therefore, that I left my beloved relative alive, and trust that I shall find him so on my return."

The young lady courtesied at the close of her speech, which was so sensible, and well worded, and delivered with such grace and propriety, that everybody thought her fit to be preceptress of the best academy in the State. But a stranger would have supposed that Mr. Higginbotham was an object of abhorrence at Parker's Falls, and that a thanksgiving had been proclaimed for his murder, so excessive was the wrath of the inhabitants, on learning their mistake. The millmen resolved to bestow public honors on Dominicus Pike, only hesitating whether to tar and feather him, ride him on a rail, or refresh him with an ablution at the town pump, on the top of which he had declared himself the bearer of the news. The selectmen, by advice of the lawyer, spoke of prosecuting him for a misdemeanor, in circulating unfounded reports, to the great disturbance of the peace of the commonwealth. Nothing saved Dominicus, either from mob law or a court of justice, but an eloquent appeal made by the young lady in his behalf. Addressing a few words of heartfelt gratitude to his benefactress, he mounted the green cart and rode out of town, under a discharge of artillery from the school-boys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighboring clay pits and mud holes. As he turned his head, to exchange a farewell glance with Mr. Higginbotham's niece, a ball, of the consistence of hasty pudding, hit him slap in the mouth, giving him a most grim aspect. His whole person was so bespattered with the like filthy missiles, that he had almost a mind to ride back and supplicate for the threatened ablution at the town pump; for, though not meant in kindness, it would now have been a deed of charity.

However, the sun shone bright on poor Dominicus, and the mud, an emblem of all stains of undeserved opprobrium, was easily brushed off when dry. Being a funny rogue, his heart soon cheered up; nor could he refrain from a hearty laugh at the uproar which his story had excited. The handbills of the selectmen would cause the commitment of all the vagabonds in the State; the paragraph in the Parker's Falls *Gazette* would be reprinted from Maine to Florida, and perhaps form an item in the London newspapers; and many a miser would tremble for his money bags and life, on learning the catastrophe of Mr. Higginbotham. The peddler meditated with much fervor on the charms of the young schoolmistress, and swore that Daniel Webster never spoke nor looked so like an angel as Miss Higginbotham, while defending him from the wrathful populace at Parker's Falls.

Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike, having all along determined to visit that place, though business had drawn him out of the most direct road from Morristown. As he approached the scene of the supposed murder, he continued to revolve the circumstances in his mind, and was astonished at the aspect which the whole case assumed. Had nothing occurred to corroborate the story of the first traveller, it might now have been considered as a hoax; but the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or the fact; and there was a mystery in his dismayed and guilty look on being abruptly questioned. When, to this singular combination of incidents, it was added that the rumor tallied exactly with Mr. Higginbotham's character and habits of life, and that he had an orchard and a St. Michael's pear-tree, near which he always passed at nightfall, the circumstantial evidence appeared so strong that Dominicus doubted whether the autograph produced by the lawyer, or even the niece's direct testimony, ought to be equivalent. Making cautious inquiries along the road, the peddler further learned that Mr. Higginbotham had in his service an Irishman of doubtful character, whom he had hired without a recommendation, on the score of economy.

"May I be hanged myself," exclaimed Dominicus Pike aloud, on reaching the top of a lonely hill, "if I'll believe old

Higginbotham is unchanged till I see him with my own eyes, and hear it from his own mouth! And, as he's a real shaver, I'll have the minister, or some other responsible man, for an indorser."

It was growing dusk when he reached the toll-house on Kimballton turnpike, about a quarter of a mile from the village of this name. His little mare was fast bringing him up with a man on horseback, who trotted through the gate a few rods in advance of him, nodded to the toll-gatherer, and kept on towards the village. Dominicus was acquainted with the tollman, and, while making change, the usual remarks on the weather passed between them.

"I suppose," said the peddler, throwing back his whiplash, to bring it down like a feather on the mare's flank, "you have not seen anything of old Mr. Higginbotham within a day or two?"

"Yes," answered the toll-gatherer. "He passed the gate just before you drove up, and yonder he rides now, if you can see him through the dusk. He's been to Woodfield this afternoon attending a sheriff's sale there. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me; but to-night he nodded—as if to say, 'charge my toll'—and jogged on; for, wherever he goes, he must always be at home by eight o'clock."

"So they tell me," said Dominicus.

"I never saw a man look so yellow and thin as the squire does," continued the toll-gatherer. "Says I to myself, to-night, he's more like a ghost or an old mummy than good flesh and blood."

The peddler strained his eyes through the twilight, and could just discern the horseman now far ahead on the village road. He seemed to recognize the rear of Mr. Higginbotham; but through the evening shadows, and amid the dust from the horse's feet, the figure appeared dim and unsubstantial; as if the shape of the mysterious old man were faintly moulded of darkness and gray light. Dominicus shivered.

"Mr. Higginbotham has come back from the other world, by way of the Kimballton turnpike," thought he.

He shook the reins and rode forward, keeping about the same distance in the rear of the gray old shadow, till the latter was concealed by a bend of the road. On reaching this point, the peddler no longer

saw the man on horseback, but found himself at the head of the village street, not far from a number of stores and two taverns, clustered round the meeting-house steeple. On his left were a stone wall and a gate, the boundary of a wood lot, beyond which lay an orchard, farther still, a mowing field, and, last of all, a house. These were the premises of Mr. Higginbotham, whose dwelling stood beside the old highway, but had been left in the background by the Kimballton turnpike. Dominicus knew the place; and the little mare stopped short by instinct; for he was not conscious of tightening the reins.

"For the soul of me I cannot get by this gate!" said he, trembling. "I never shall be my own man again till I see whether Mr. Higginbotham is hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree!"

He leaped from the cart, gave the rein a turn round the gate-post, and ran along the green path of the wood lot as if Old Nick were chasing behind. Just then the village clock tolled eight, and, as each deep stroke fell, Dominicus gave a fresh bound and flew faster than before, till, dim in the solitary centre of the orchard, he saw the fated pear-tree. One great branch stretched from the old contorted trunk across the path, and threw the darkest shadow on that one spot. But something seemed to struggle beneath the branch!

The peddler had never pretended to more courage than befits a man of peaceable occupation, nor could he account for his valor on this awful emergency. Certain it is, however, that he rushed forward, prostrated a sturdy Irishman with the butt end of his whip, and found—not indeed hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree, but trembling beneath it, with a halter round his neck—the old identical Mr. Higginbotham!

"Mr. Higginbotham," said Dominicus, tremulously, "you're an honest man, and I'll take your word for it. Have you been hanged or not?"

If the riddle be not already guessed, a few words will explain the simple machinery by which this "coming event" was made to "cast its shadow before." Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr. Higginbotham; two of them, successively, lost courage and fled, each delaying the crime one night by their disappearance; the third was in the act of

perpetration, when a champion, blindly obeying the call of fate, like the heroes of old romance, appeared in the person of Dominicus Pike.

It only remains to say that Mr. Higginbotham took the pedler into high favor, sanctioned his addresses to the pretty schoolmistress, and settled his whole property on their children, allowing themselves the interest. In due time the old gentleman capped the climax of his favors by dying a Christian death, in bed, since which melancholy event Dominicus Pike has removed from Kimballton and established a large tobacco manufactory in my native village.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

[MRS. THRALE (afterwards MRS. PROZZI). Born at Bodville, Carmarthen, in 1740. A great friend of Dr. Johnson. Died at Clifton, 1822.]

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave—"You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!" the hapless husband cried.
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day, you know."
What more he urged I have not heard.

His reasons could not well be stronger,
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,

Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave;
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;

In hopes you'll have no more to say;
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,

The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near:
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.
"So soon, d'y'e call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."
"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal:
And your authority—is't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides, you promised me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and morn-
ings:
But for that loss of time and ease I can re-
cover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best
I seldom am a welcome guest:
But don't be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

"Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies :
 "However, you still keep your eyes ;
 And, sure to see one's loves and friends,
 For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
 But latterly I've lost my sight."
 "This is a shocking tale, 'tis true ;
 But still there's comfort left for you :
 Each strives your sadness to amuse ;
 I warrant you hear all the news."
 "There's none," cries he ; "and if there
 were,
 I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
 "Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
 "These are unjustifiable yearnings ;
 If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
 You've had your three sufficient warnings ;
 So come along ; no more we'll part,"
 He said, and touched him with his dart.
 And now old Dodson, turning pale,
 Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

IN WHICH TICKLER NARRATES HIS EXPERIENCES AT DALNACARDOCH.

[JOHN WILSON, born in Paisley, 18th May, 1785 ; died in Edinburgh, 3d April, 1854. Poet, novelist, miscellaneous writer, and professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Amongst the contemporaries of Scott, none hold a more enduring position than "Christopher North." He was educated at Glasgow and at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he gained the Newdigate prize of fifty guineas by a poem on *Painting, Poetry, and Architecture*. Having succeeded to a considerable fortune on the death of his father, he purchased, in 1808, Ellera, a small estate in Cumberland, where he settled for a time, with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey for his neighbors and friends. In 1814 he became a member of the Edinburgh bar. Meanwhile he had been making some reputation as a poet ; and in his lines called *The Magic Mirror*, published in the *Annual Register* for 1812, he was the first to hail Scott as "the great Magician." In the same year his poem the *Isle of Palms* appeared, and Jeffrey predicted that the author would "rise to high honors in the corps of Lake poets." *The City of the Plague* was issued four years after, and Allan Cunningham characterized it as "a noble and deeply pathetic poem." In 1820 he succeeded Dr. Thomas Brown in the chair of moral philosophy. Two years later appeared his first essay as a novelist, *The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, "a selection from the papers of the late Arthur Austin," comprising twenty-four tales and sketches, one of which we quote here. The *Trials of Margaret Lindsay* and the *Foresters* followed, and obtained extensive favor. Wilson's greatest popularity, however, was earned as

"Christopher North," and by the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, which first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1822-1835), and were subsequently collected and published in three volumes. Humor, satire, and incisive criticism of men and books render the *Noctes* one of the most notable literary productions of the century. Wilson resigned his professorship in 1852, and about the same time his name was placed on the civil list for an annuity of £300. A bronze statue of him by Steel was erected in the Princes Street Gardens in 1865.]

NORTH. Let us have some sensible conversation, Timothy. At our time of life such colloquy is becoming.

TICKLER. Why the devil would you not come to Dalnacardoch ?* Glorious guffawing all night, and immeasurable murder all day. Twenty-seven brace of birds, nine hares, three roes, and a red deer stained the heather on the Twelfth, beneath my single-barrelled Joe—not to mention a pair of patriarchal ravens, and the Loch-Ericht eagle, whose leg was broken by the Prince when hiding in the moor of Rannoch.

NORTH. Why kill the royal bird ?

TICKLER. In self-defence. It bore down upon Sancho like a sunbeam from its eyrie on the cliff of Snows, and it would have broken his back with one stroke of its wing, had I not sent a ball right through its heart. It went up with a yell, a hundred fathom into the clear blue air ; and then, striking a green knoll in the midst of the heather, bounded down the rocky hill-side, and went shivering and whizzing along the black surface of a tarn, till it lay motionless in a huge heap among the water lilies.

NORTH. Lost ?

TICKLER. I stripped instant—six feet four and three-quarters in *puris naturalibus*—and out-Byroning Byron, shot in twenty seconds, a furlong across the Fresh. Grasping the bird of Jove in my right, with my left I rowed my airy state towards the spot where I had left my breeches and other habiliments. Espying a trimmer, I seized it in my mouth, and on relanding on a small natural pier, as I hope to be shaved, lo ! a pike of twenty-pounds standing, with a jaw like an alligator, and reaching from my hip to my instep, smote the heather, like a flail, into a shower of blossoms.

NORTH. Was there a cloud of witnesses ?

* A shooting-quartermaster in the highlands of Perthshire, occupied in the summer of 1825 by some friends of Professor Wilson.

TICKLER. To be sure there was. A hundred stills beheld me from the mountain-sides. Shepherd and smuggler cheered me like voices in the sky; and the old genius of the solitary place rustled applause through the reeds and rushes, and birch-trees among the rocks—paced up and down the shore in triumph . . .

NORTH. What a subject for the painter! Oh, that Sir Thomas Lawrence* or our own John Watson, † had been there to put you on canvas! Or, shall I rather say, would that Chantrey had been by to study you for immortal marble!

TICKLER. Braced by the liquid plunge, I circled the tarn at ten miles an hour. Unconsciously I had taken my Manton into my hand—and unconsciously reloaded—when, just as I was clearing the feeder-stream, not less than five yards across, up springs a red deer, who, at the death of the eagle, had cowered down in the brake, and wafted away his antlers in the direction of Benvoirlich. We were both going at the top of our speed when I fired, and the ball piercing his spine the magnificent creature sunk down, and died almost without a convulsion.

NORTH. Red deer, eagle and pike, all dead as mutton!

TICKLER. I sat down upon the forehead, resting an arm on each antler—Sancho sitting with victorious eyes on the carcass. I sent him off to the tarn-side for my pocket-pistol, charged with Glenlivet, No. 5. In a few minutes he returned, and crouched down with an air of mortification at my feet.

NORTH. Ho! ho! the fairies have spirited away your nether integuments!

TICKLER. Not an article to be seen!—save and except my shoes!—jacket, waistcoat, flannel shirt, breeches, all melted away with the mountain dew! There was I like Adam in Paradise, or—

“Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.”

NORTH. Did not the dragon-flies attack you—the winged ants, and the wasp of the desert?

TICKLER. A figure moved along the horizon—a female figure—a Light and Shadow of Celtic Life—and, as I am a Christian, I beheld my buckskin breeches

dangling over her shoulders. I neared upon the chase, but saw that Malvina was making for a morass. Whiz went a ball within a stride of her petticoats, and she deflected her course towards a wood on the right. She dropped our breeches. I literally leaped into them, and, like Apollo in pursuit of Daphne, pursued my impetuous career.

NORTH. To Diana!—to Diana ascends the virgin's prayer!

TICKLER. Down went—one after the other—jacket, waistcoat, flannel shirt—would you believe it? her own blue linsey-woolsey petticoat! Thus lightened, she bounded over the little knolls like a barge over Sicilian seas; in ten minutes she had fairly run away from me hull-down; and her long yellow hair, streaming like a pendant, disappeared in the forest.

NORTH. What have you done with the puir lassie's petticoat?

TICKLER. I sent it to my friend, Dr. McCulloch, to lie among his other relics . . . of Highland greed.

NORTH. If idle folks will wander over the Highlands, and get the natives to show them how to follow their noses through the wildernesses, ought they not to pay handsomely for being saved from perdition, in bogs, quagmires, mosses, shelving lake-shores, fords and chasms?

TICKLER. Undoubtedly; and if the orphan son of some old Celt, who, perhaps, fought under Abercromby, and lost his eyes in ophthalmia, leave his ordinary work beside his shieling, be it what it may, or give up a day's sport on the hill or river to accompany a Sassenach* some thirty miles over the moors, with his big nag, too, loaded with mineralogy and botany, and all other matter of trash, are five shillings, or twice five, a sufficient remuneration? Not they, indeed. Pay him like a post-chaise, fifteen pence a mile, and send him to his hut rejoicing through a whole winter.

NORTH. Spoken like a gentleman. So, with boats, a couple of poor fellows live, and that is all—by rowing waif and stray Sassenachs over lochs or arms of the sea. No regular ferry, mind you. Perhaps days and weeks pass by without their boat being called for—and yet grumble and growl is the go as soon as they hold out a hand for silver or gold. Recollect, old or

* Sir Thomas Lawrence died in 1830.

† Afterwards Sir John Watson Gordon, President of the Royal Scottish Academy.

* Sassenach—a Lowlander or Englishman.

young hunks, that you are on a tour of pleasure—that you are as fat as a barn-door fowl; and these two boatmen—there they are grinding Gaelic—as lean as laths;—what the worse will you be of being cheated a little? But if you grudge a guinea, why, go round by the head of the loch, and twenty to one you are never seen again in this world.

TICKLER. The Highlanders are far from being extortioners. An extraordinary price must be paid for an extraordinary service. But oh! my dear North, what grouse-soup at Dalnacardoch! You smell it on the homeward hill, as if it were exhaling from the heather: deeper and deeper still, as you approach the beautiful chimney vomiting forth its intermitting columns of cloud-like peat-smoke that melts afar over the wilderness!

NORTH. Yes, Tickler—it was Burke that vindicated the claims of smells to the character of the sublime and beautiful.

TICKLER. Yes, yes! Burke it was. As you enter the inn, the divine afflatus penetrates your soul. When up-stairs, perhaps in the garret, adorning for dinner, it rises like a cloud of rich distilled perfumes through every chink on the floor, every cranny of the wall. The little mouse issues from his hole, close to the foot of the bed-post, and raising himself squirrel-like on his hinder-legs, wets his tusks with his merry paws and smooths his whiskers.

NORTH. Shakespearean!

TICKLER. There we are, a band of brothers round the glorious tureen! Down goes the ladle into "*a profundus clamavi*," and up floats from that blessed Erebus a dozen cunningly resuscitated spirits. Old cocks, bitter to the back-bone, lovingly alternating with young pouts, whose swelling bosoms might seduce an anchorite!

NORTH (*rising*). I must ring for supper. Ambrose—Ambrose—Ambrose!

TICKLER. No respect of persons at Dalnacardoch! I plump them into the plates around *sans* selection. No matter, although the soup play JAWP* from presses to croupier. There, too, sit a few choice spirits of pointers round the board—Don—Jupiter—Sancho—"and the rest"—with steadfast eyes and dewy chops, patient alike of heat, cold, thirst, and hunger—dogs of the desert, indeed, and nosed by unerring instinct right up to the

covering covey in the heather groves on the mountain-side.

NORTH. Is eagle good eating, Timothy? Pocke, the traveller, used to eat lion: lion pasty is excellent, it is said—but is not eagle tough?

TICKLER. Thigh good, devilled. The delight of the Highlands is in the Highland feeling. That feeling is entirely destroyed by stages and regular progression. The waterfalls do not tell upon sober parties—it is tedious in the extreme to be drenched to the skin along high-roads—the rattle of wheels blends meanly with thunder—and lightning is contemptible, seen from the window of a glass coach. To enjoy mist, you must be in the heart of it, as a solitary hunter, shooter or angler. Lightning is nothing unless a thousand feet below you,* and the live thunder must be heard leaping, as Byron says, from mountain to mountain, otherwise you might as well listen to a mock peal from the pit of a theatre.

NORTH. Pray, Tickler, have you read Milton's Treatise on Christianity?†

TICKLER. I have, and feel disposed to agree with him in his doctrine of polygamy. For many years I lived very comfortably without a wife; and since the year 1820 I have been a monogamist. But I confess that there is a sameness in that system. I should like much to try polygamy for a few years. I wish Milton had explained the duties of a polygamist; for it is possible that they may be of a very intricate, complicated and unbounded nature, and that such an accumulation of private business might be thrown on one's hands that it could not be in the power of an elderly gentleman to overtake it; occupied, too, as he might be, as in my own case, in contributing to the periodical literature of the age.

NORTH. Sir, the system would not be found to work well in this climate. Milton was a great poet, but a bad divine, and a miserable politician.

TICKLER. How can that be?—Wordsworth says that a great poet must be great in all things.

*In his "Address to a Wild Deer," Professor Wilson says of the hunter:

"'Tis his, by the mouth of some cavern his seat,
The lightning of heaven to hold at his feet,
While the thunder below him that growls from the cloud,

To him comes on echo more awfully loud."

† At that time recently discovered.

* Jawp—splash.

NORTH. Wordsworth often writes like an idiot; and never more so than when he said of Milton, "His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart!" For it dwelt in tumult, and mischief, and rebellion. Wordsworth is, in all things, the reverse of Milton—a good man and a bad poet.

TICKLER. What!—That Wordsworth whom Maga cries up as the Prince of Poets?

NORTH. Be it so; I must humor the fancies of some of my friends. But had that man been a great poet, he would have produced a deep and lasting impression on the mind of England; whereas his verses are becoming less and less known every day, and he is, in good truth, already one of the illustrious obscure.

TICKLER. I never thought him more than a very ordinary man—with some imagination, certainly, but with no grasp of understanding, and apparently little acquainted with the history of his kind. My God! to compare such a writer with Scott and Byron!

NORTH. And yet, with his creed, what might not a great poet have done? That the language of poetry is but the language of strong human passion! That in the great elementary principles of thought and feeling common to all the race, the subject-matter of poetry is to be sought and found! That enjoyment and suffering, as they wring and crush, or expand and elevate, men's hearts, are the sources of song! And what, pray, has he made out of this true and philosophical creed? A few ballads (pretty at the best), two or three moral fables, some natural description of scenery, and half-a-dozen narratives of common distress or happiness. Not one single character has he created—not one incident—not one tragical catastrophe. He has thrown no light on man's estate here below; and Crabbe, with all his defects, stands immeasurably above his Wordsworth as the Poet of the Poor.

TICKLER. Good. And yet the youngsters, in that absurd Magazine of yours, set him up to the stars as their idol, and kiss his very feet, as if the toes were of gold.

NORTH. Well, well; let them have their own way a while. I confess that the "Excursion" is the worst poem, of any character, in the English language. It contains about two hundred sonorous lines, some of which appear to be fine even in the sense as well as in the sound.

The remaining seven thousand three hundred are quite ineffectual. Then, what labor the builder of that lofty rhyme must have undergone! It is, in its own way, a small Tower of Babel, and all built by a single man!

TICKLER. Wipe your forehead, North; for it is indeed a most perspiring thought. I do not know whether my gallantry blinds me, but I prefer much of the female to the male poetry of the day.

NORTH. O thou Polygamist!

TICKLER. And what the devil would you be at with your great bawling He-Poets from the Lakes, who go round and round about, strutting upon nothing, like so many turkey cocks, gobbling with a long red pendant at their noses, and frightening away the fair and lovely swans as they glide down the waters of immortality?

NORTH. Scott's poetry puzzles me—it is often very bad.

TICKLER. Very.

NORTH. Except when his martial soul is up, he is but a tame and feeble writer. His versification in general flows on easily—smoothly—almost sonorously; but seldom or never with impetuosity or grandeur. There is no strength, no felicity in his diction—and the substance of his poetry is neither rich nor rare.

TICKLER. But then, when his martial soul is up—and up it is at sight of a spear-point or a pennon—then indeed you hear the true poet of chivalry. What care I, Kit, for all his previous drivelling—if drivelling it be—and God forbid I should deny drivelling to any poet, ancient or modern—for now he makes my very soul burn within me; and, coward and civilian though I be, yes, a most intense and insuperable coward, prizing life and limb beyond all other earthly possessions, and loath to shed one single drop of blood either for my king or country, yet such is the trumpet power of the song of that son of genius, that I start from my old elbow-chair, up with the poker, tongs, or shovel, no matter which, and flourishing it round my head, cry—

"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"

and then, dropping my voice, and returning to my padded bottom, whisper,

"Were the last words of Marmion!"

NORTH. Bravo—bravo—bravo!

TICKLER. I care not one single curse for all the criticism that ever was canted, or decanted, or recanted. Neither does the world. The world takes a poet as it finds him, and seats him above or below the salt. The world is as obstinate as a million mules, and will not turn its head on one side or another, for all the shouting of the critical population that ever was shouted. It is very possible that the world is a bad judge. Well, then, appeal to posterity, and be hanged to you, and posterity will affirm the judgment with costs.

NORTH. How you can jabber away in such a temperature as this confounds me. You are indeed a singular old man.

TICKLER. Therefore I say that Scott is a Homer of a poet, and so let him doze when he has a mind to it; for no man I know is better entitled to an occasional half canto of slumber.

NORTH. Did you ever meet any of the Lake poets in private society?

TICKLER. Five or six times. Wordsworth has a grave, solemn, pedantic, awkward, out-of-the-worldish look about him, that rather puzzles you as to his probable profession, till he begins to speak—and then, to be sure, you set him down at once for a Methodist preacher.

NORTH. I have seen Chantrey's bust.

TICKLER. The bust flatters his head, which is not intellectual. The forehead is narrow, and the skull altogether too scanty. Yet the baldness, the gravity, and the composure are impressive, and, on the whole, not unpoetical. The eyes are dim and thoughtful, and a certain sweetness of smile occasionally lightens up the strong lines of his countenance with an expression of courteousness and philanthropy.

NORTH. Is he not extremely eloquent?

TICKLER. Far from it. He labors like a whale spouting—his voice is wearisomely monotonous—he does not know when to have done with a subject—oracularly announces perpetual truisms—never hits the nail on the head—and leaves you amazed with all that needless pother, which the simple bard opines to be eloquence, and which passes for such with his Cockney idolaters, and his catechumens at Ambleside and Keswick.

NORTH. Not during dinner, surely?

TICKLER. Yes, during breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea and supper—every intermediate moment—nor have I any doubt that he prosed all night long in his sleep.

NORTH. Shocking indeed. In conversation, the exchange should be at par. That is the grand secret. Nor should any Christian exceed the maximum of three consecutive sentences—except in an anecdote.

TICKLER. O merciful heavens! my dear North. What eternal talkers most men are now-a-days—all at it in a party at once—each farthing candle anxious to shine forth with its own vile wavering wick—tremulously apprehensive of snufflers—and stinking away after expiration in the socket!*

NORTH. Bad enough in town, but worse, far worse, in country places.

TICKLER. The surgeon! The dominie! The old minister's assistant and successor! The president of the Speculative Society! Two landscape painters! The rejected contributor to *Blackwood*! The agricultural reporter of the county! The surveyor! Captain Campbell! The Laird, his son! The stranger gentleman on a tour! The lecturer on an orrery! The poet about to publish by subscription! The person from Pitkeathly! The man of the house himself—my God! his wife and daughters! and the widow, the widow! I can no more—the widow, the widow, the widow! (*Sinks back in his chair.*)

NORTH. I have heard Coleridge. That man is entitled to speak on till doomsday—or rather the genius within him—for he is inspired. Wind him up, and away he goes, discoursing most excellent music—without a discord—full, ample, inexhaustible, serious and divine!

TICKLER. Add him to my list, and the band of instrumental music is complete.

NORTH. It is pleasant to know how immediately everything said or done in this world is forgotten. Murder a novel,

* Scott's conversation is thus elsewhere described:

"SHEPHERD. I never in a' my born days, and I'm noo just the age o' Sir Walter, and, had he been leevin', o' Bonnypratt, met a perfectly pleasant—that is a'the-gither enchantin' man in a party—and I have lang thoct there's nae sic thing in existence as poors o' conversation. There's Sir Walter wi' his everlastin' anecdotes, nine out o' ten meanin' naethin', and the tenth itsel as auld as the Eildon Hills. Yet I love and venerate Sir Walter aboon a' ither leevin' men except yoursel, sir, and for that reason try to thold his discourse. As to his ever hearin' richt as single syllable o' what ye may be sayin' to him, wi' the maist freendly intent o' enlightenin' his weak mind, you maun never indulge any howp o' that kind—for o' a' the absent men when anither's speakin', that ever glowered in a body's face, without seemin' to ken even wha he's lookin' at, Sir Walter is the foremost; and gin he behaves in that gate to a man o' original genius like me, you may conceive his treatment o' the sumph and sumphesses that compose fashionable society."

or a man, or a poem, or a child—forge powers of attorney without cessation during the prime of life, till old maids beyond all computation have been sold unsuspectingly out of the stocks in every country village in England—for a lustre furnish Balaam to a London magazine at thirty shillings per bray, in short, let any man commit any enormity, and it is forgotten before the first of the month! Who remembers anything but the bare names—and these indistinctly—of Thurtell, and Hunt, and Fauntleroy, and Hazlitt, and Tims, and Soames, and Sotheran? Soap-bubbles all—blown, burst, vanished and forgotten.

TICKLER. Why, you almost venture to republish Maga herself in numbers, under the smirk of a New Series. I know a worthy and able minister of our church, who has been preaching (and long may he preach it) the self-same sermon for upwards of forty years. About the year 1802 I began to suspect him; but having then sat below him only for some dozen years or so, I could not, of course, in a matter of so much delicacy, dare trust to my very imperfect memory. During the Whig ministry of 1806, my attention was strongly riveted to the “practical illustrations,” and I could have sworn to the last twenty minutes of his discourse, as to the voice of a friend familiar in early youth. About the time your Magazine first dawned on the world, my belief of its identity extended to the whole discourse; and the good old man himself, in the delight of his heart, confessed to me the truth a few Sabbaths after the Chaldee.

NORTH. Come, now, tell me truth—have you ever palmed off any part of it upon me in the shape of an article?

TICKLER. Never, ’pon honor; but you shall get the whole of it some day, as a Number One; for, now that he has got an assistant and successor, the sermon is seldom employed, and he has bequeathed it to me in a codicil to his will.

NORTH. I cannot imagine, for the life of me, what Ambrose is about. Hush! there he comes. (*Enter AMBROSE.*) What is the meaning of this, sir?

AMBROSE. Unfold.

(*Folding-doors thrown open, and supper-table is shown.*)

TICKLER. What an épergne! Art—
art What would our friend Bowles say

to that, North? “Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose.”—(*Transeunt omnes.*)

SCENE II.—*The Pitt Saloon.*

NORTH. Hogg, with his hair powdered, as I endure!—God bless you, James—how are you all at Altrive?

SHEPHERD. All’s well—wool up—nowt* on the rise—harvest stacked without a shower—potatoes like stones in the Meggat—turnips like cabbages, and cabbages like balloons—bairns brawly, and mistress bonnier than ever.—It is quite an *annus mirabilis*.

TICKLER. James, my heart warms to hear your voice. That suit of black becomes you extremely—you would make an excellent Moderator of the General Assembly.†

SHEPHERD. You mistake the matter entirely, Tickler; your eyesight fails you;—my coat is a dark blue—waistcoat and breeches the same—but old people discern objects indistinctly by candle-light, or I shall rather say, by gas-light. The radiance is beautiful.

TICKLER. The radiance is beautiful.

SHEPHERD. Why, you are like old Polonius in the play! I hate an echo—be original or silent.

TICKLER. James!

SHEPHERD. Mr. Hogg, if you please, sir. Why, you think because I am good-natured, that you and North, and “the rest,” are to quiz the Shepherd? Be it so—no objections—but hearken to me, Mr. Tickler, my name will be remembered when the dust of oblivion is yard-deep on the gravestone of the whole generation of Ticklers. Who are you—what are you—whence are you—whither are you going, and what have you got to say for yourself? A tall fellow, undoubtedly—but *Measure for Measure* is the comedy in which I choose to act to-night—so, gentlemen, be civil—or I will join the party at Spinks’‡—and set up an opposition Magazine, that . . .

NORTH. This is most extraordinary behavior, Mr. Hogg; and any apology . . .

SHEPHERD. I forgive you, Mr. North—but . . .

* *Nowt*—cattle. A stream near Hogg’s farm.

† Of the Church of Scotland.

‡ Spinks’ Hotel—the resort (real or supposed) of opposition literary convivialists.

NORTH. Come—come, you see Tickler is much affected.

SHEPHERD. So am I, sir—but is it to be endured . . .

TICKLER. Pardon me, James; say that you pardon me—at my time of life a man cannot afford to lose a friend. No, he cannot indeed.

SHEPHERD. Your hand, Mr. Tickler. But I will not be the butt of any company.

NORTH. I fear some insidious enemy has been poisoning your ear, James. Never has any one of us ceased, for a moment, to respect you, or to hear you with respect, from the time that you wrote the Chaldee Manuscript . . .

SHEPHERD. Not another word—not another word—if you love me.

NORTH. Have the Cockneys been bribing you to desert us, James?

SHEPHERD. The Cockneys! Puir misbegotten deevils! (I maun to speak Scotch again now that I'm in good-humor.) I would rather crack nuts for a hail winter's nicht wi' a monkey, than drink the best peck o' mawt that ever was brewed wi' the King himsel' o' that kintra.

NORTH. I understood you were going to visit London this winter.

SHEPHERD. I am. But I shall choose my ain society there, as I do in Embro' and Yarrow. . . .

(Here follows the Supper.)

TICKLER. James, you are the worst smoker of a cigar in Christendom. No occasion to blow like a hippopotamus. Look at me or North—you would not know we breathed.

SHEPHERD. It's to keep mysel' frae fallin' asleep. Hear till that auld watchman, crawling the hour like a bit bantam. What's the cretur screeching? Twa o'clock!! Mercy me!—we maun be aff.
(Exeunt omnes.)

THANK HEAVEN FOR WINTER.

(In the Blue Parlor.)

NORTH.—SHEPHERD.—TICKLER.

NORTH. Thank heaven for winter! Would that it lasted all year long! Spring is pretty well in its way, with budding

branches and carolling birds, and wimpling burnies, and fleecy skies, and dew-like showers softening and brightening the bosom of old mother earth. Summer is not much amiss, with umbrageous woods, glittering atmosphere, and awakening thunderstorms. Nor let me libel Autumn, in her gorgeous bounty and her beautiful decays. But Winter, dear, cold-handed and warm-hearted Winter, welcome thou to my fur-clad bosom! Thine are the sharp, short, bracing, invigorating days, that screw up muscle, fibre and nerve, like the strings of an old Cremona discoursing excellent music—thine the long snow-silent or hail-rattling nights, with earthly fresides and heavenly luminaries, for home comforts, or travelling imaginations, for undisturbed imprisonment, or unbounded freedom, for the affections of the heart and the flights of the soul! Thine, too—

SHEPHERD. Thine, too, skatin', and curlin, and grewin,* and a' sorts o' deevilry amang lads and lasses at rockins and kirns. Beef and greens! Beef and greens! Oh, Mr. North, beef and greens!

NORTH. Yes, James, I sympathize with your enthusiasm. Now, and now only, do carrots and turnips deserve the name. The season this of rumps and rounds. Now the whole nation sets in for serious eating—serious and substantial eating, James, half leisure, half labor—the table loaded with a lease of life, and each dish a year. In the presence of that Haggis I feel myself immortal.

SHEPHERD. Butcher-meat, though, and coals are likely, let me tell you, to sell at a perfec' ransom frae Martinmas to Michaelmas.

NORTH. Paltry thought. Let beeves and muttons look up, even to the stars, and fuel be precious as at the Pole. Another slice of the stot, James, another slice of the stot—and, Mr. Ambrose, smash that half-ton lump of black diamond till the chimney roar and radiate like Mount Vesuvius.—Why so glum, Tickler? why so glum?

TICKLER. This outrageous merriment grates my spirits. I am not in the mood. 'Twill be a severe winter, and I think of the poor.

NORTH. Why the devil think of the poor at this time of day? Are not wages

* *Grewin*—coursing.

good, and work plenty, and is not charity a British virtue?

SHEPHERD. I never heard sic even-doun nonsense in a' my born days.

Mr. Tickler, there's nae occasion, man, to look sae doun-in-the-mouth—everybody kens ye're a man o' genius without your pretending to be melancholy.

TICKLER. I have no appetite, James.

SHEPHERD. Nae appeeteet! how suld ye hae an appeeteet? A bowl o' Mollygotawny soup, wi' bread in proportion—two codlins (wi' maist part o' a labster in that sass)—the first gash o' the jigget—stakes—then I'm maist sure, pallets, and finally guse—I'm to count jeelies and coosturd, and bluemange, and many million mites in that Campsie Stilton—better than ony English—a pot o' draught—two long shankers o' ale, noos and thans a sip o' the auld port, and just afore grace a caulker o' Glenlivet, that made your een glower and water in your head as if you had been looking at Mrs. Siddons in the sleep-walking scene in Shakespeare's tragedy of *Macbeth*—gin ye had an appeeteet after a' that destruction o' animal and vegetable matter, your maw would be like that o' Death himsel', and your stomach insatiable as the grave.

TICKLER. Mr. Ambrose, no laughter, if you please, sir.

NORTH. Come, come, Tickler—had Hogg and Heraclitus been contemporaries, it would have saved the shedding of a world of tears.

SHEPHERD. Just laugh your fill, Mr. Ambrose. A smile is aye becoming that honest face o' yours. But I'll no be sae wutty again, gin I can help it.

(*Exit MR. AMBROSE with the épergne.*)

TICKLER. Mr. Ambrose understands me. It does my heart good to know when his arm is carefully extended over my shoulder, to put down or to remove. None of that hurry-and-no-spreed waiter-like hastiness about our Ambrose! With an ever observant eye he watches the goings-on of the board, like an astronomer watching the planetary system. He knows when a plate is emptied to be filled no more, and lo! it is withdrawn as by an invisible hand. During some "syncope and solemn pause" you may lay down your knife and fork and wipe your brow, nor dread the evanishing of a half-devoured howtowdy; the moment your eye has decided on a dish, there he stands plate

in hand in a twinkling beside tongue or turkey! No playing at cross purposes—the sheep's head of Mullion usurping the place of the kidneys of O'Doherty. The most perfect confidence reigns round the board. The possibility of mistake is felt to be beyond the fear of the hungriest imagination; and sooner shall one of Jupiter's satellites forsake his orbit, jostling the stars, and wheeling away into some remoter system, than our Ambrose run against any of the subordinates, or leave the room while North is in his chair.

NORTH. Hear the Glenlivet!—Hear the Glenlivet!

SHEPHERD. No, Mr. North, nane o' your envious attributions o' ae spirit for anither. It's the soul within him that breaks out, like lightning in the collied* night, or in the dwawm-like † silence o' a glen the sudden soun' o' a trumpet.

TICKLER. Give me your hand, James.

SHEPHERD. There, noo—there noo! It's aye me that's said to be sae fond o' flattery; and yet only see how by a single word o' my mouth I can add sax inches to your stature, Mr. Tickler, and make ye girn like the spirit that saluted De Gama at the Cape o' Storms.

NORTH. Hear the Glenlivet!—Hear the Glenlivet!

SHEPHERD. Hush, ye haveril. ‡ Give us a speech yoursel', Mr. North, and then see who'll cry, "Hear the Glenlivet!—hear the Glenlivet!" then. But haud your tongues, baith o' you—dinna stir a fit. And as for you, Mr. Tickler, howk the tow out o' your lug, and hear till a sang.

(*The SHEPHERD sings "The brakens wi' me."*)

TICKLER (*passing his hand across his eyes*). "I'm never merry when I hear sweet music."

NORTH. Your voice, James, absolutely gets mellow through years. Next York Festival you must sing a solo—"Angels ever bright and fair," or "Farewell, ye limpid streams and floods."

SHEPHERD. I was at the last York Festival, and one day I was in the chorus, next to Grundy of Kirk-by-Lonsdale. I kent my mouth was wide open, but I

* "Like Lightning in the collied night."—*Midsummer Night's Dream*. Collied—blackened as with coal.

† Dwawm-like—swoon-like.

‡ Haveril—a chattering half-witted person.

never heard my ain voice in the magnificent roar.

NORTH. Describe—James—describe.

SHEPHERD. As weel describe a glorious dream of the seventh heaven. Thousands upon thousands o' the most beautiful angels sat mute and still in the Cathedral. Weel may I call them angels, although a' the time I knew them to be frail, evanescent creatures o' this ever-changing earth. A sort o' paleness was on their faces, ay, even on the faces where the blush-roses o' innocence were blooming like the flowers o' Paradise—for a shadow came ower them frae the awe o' their religious hearts that beat not, but were chained as in the presence of their Great Maker. All eyne were fixed in a solemn raised gaze, something mournful-like I thocht, but it was only in a happiness great and deep as the calm sea. I saw I did not see the old massy pillars—now I seem to behold the roof o' the Cathedral, and now the sky o' heaven, and a licht—I had maist said a murmuring licht, for there surely was a faint spirit-like soun' in the streams o' splendor that came through the high Gothic window, left shadows here and there throughout the temple, till a' at ance the organ sounded, and I could have fallen down on my knees.

NORTH. Thank you, kindly, James.

SHEPHERD. I understand the hint, sir. Catch me harpin ower lang on ae string. Yet music's a subject I could get geyan* tiresome upon.

NORTH. What think you, James, of the projected Fish Company?

SHEPHERD. Just everything that's gude. I never look at the sea without lamenting the backward state of its agriculture. Were every eatable land animal extinc', the human race could dine and soup out o' the ocean till a' eternity.

TICKLER. No fish-sauce equal to the following:—Ketchup—mustard—cayenne pepper—butter amalgamated on your plate *proprio manu*, each man according to his own proportions, Yetholm ketchup made by the gypsies. Mushroom forever—damn walnuts.

NORTH. I care little about what I eat or drink.

SHEPHERD. Lord have mercy on us—what a lee! There does not, at this blessed moment, breathe on the earth's

surface ae human being that dosna prefer eating and drinking to all ither pleasures o' body and sowl.* This is the rule: Never think about either the ane or the ither but when you are at the board. Then, eat and drink wi' a' your powers—moral, intellectual, and physical. Say little, but look freendly—tak care chiefly o' yoursel', but no, if you can help it, to the utter oblivion o' a' ither. This may soun' queer but it's gude manners, and worth a' Chesterfield. Them at the twa ends o' the table maun just reverse that rule—till ilka body has been twice served—and then aff at a haun gallop.

NORTH. What think ye of luncheons?

SHEPHERD. That they are the disturbers o' a' earthly happiness. I daurna trust mysel' wi' a luncheon. In my hauns it becomes an untimous denner—for after a hantle o' cauld meat, muirfowl pies, or even butter and bread, what reasonable cretur can be ready afore gloamin for a het denner? So when'er I'm betrayed into a luncheon, I mak it a luncheon wi' a vengeance; and then order in the kettle, and finish aff wi' a jug or twa, just the same as gin it had been a regular denner wi' a tablecloth. Bewaur the tray.

NORTH. A few anchovies, such as I used to enjoy with my dear Davy at the corner, act as a whet, I confess, and nothing more.

SHEPHERD. I never can eat a few o' anything, even ingans. Ance I begin, I maun proceed; and I devoor them—ilka ane being the last—till my een are sae watery that I think it is raining. Break not upon the integrity o' time atween breakfast and the blessed hour o' denner.

NORTH. The mid-day hour is always, to my imagination, the most delightful hour of the whole alphabet.

SHEPHERD. I understaun. During that hour—and there is nae occasion to allow difference for clocks, for in nature every object is a dial—how many thousand groups are collected a' ower Scotland, and a' ower the face o' the earth—for in every clime wondrously the same are the great leading laws o' man's necessities—under bits o' bonny buddin or leaffu' hedgeraws, some bit fragrant and fluttering birk-tree,

* "Some people," says Dr. Samuel Johnson, "have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously, and very carefully. For I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else."—*Boswell's Life*, chap. xvii.

* *Geyan*—rather.

aneath some owerhanging rock in the desert, or by some diamond well in its mossy cave—breakin their bread wi' thanksgiving, and eatin with the clear blood o' health meandering in the heaven-blue veins o' the sweet lassies, while the cool airs are playing amang their hafins-covered* bosoms wi' many a jeist and sang atween, and aiblins kisses too, at ance dew and sunshine to the peasant's or shepherd's soul—then up again wi' lauchter to their wark amang the tedded grass, or the corn-rigs sae bonny, scenes that Robbie Burns lo'ed sae weel and sang sae gloriously—and the whilk, need I fear to say't, your ain Ettrick Shepherd, my dear fellows, has sung on his auld border harp, a sang or twa that may be remembered when the bard that wauk'd them is i' the mools, and “at his feet the green-grass turf and at his head a stane.”

TICKLER. Come, come, James; none of your pathos—none of your pathos, my dear James. (*Looking red about the eyes.*)

NORTH. We were talking of codlins.†

SHEPHERD. True, Mr. North, but folk canna be aye talkin o' codlins, any mair than aye eatin them; and the great charm o' conversation is being aff on any wind that blows. Pleasant conversation between friends is just like walking through a mountainous kintra—at every glen-mouth the wun' blows frae a different airt‡—the bit bairnies come tripping along in opposite directions—noo a harebell scents the air—noo sweet briar—noo heather bank—here is a gruesome quagmire, there a plat o' sheep-nibbled grass, smooth as silk and green as emeralds—here a stony region of cinders and lava, there groves o' the lady-fern embowering the sleeping roe—here the hillside in its own various dyes resplendent as the rainbow, and there woods that the Druids would have worshipped—hark, sound sounding in the awfu' sweetness o' evening wi' the cushat's sang, and the deadened roar o' some great waterfa' far aff in the very centre o' the untrodden forest. A' the warks o' ootward natur are symbolical o' our ain immortal souls. Mr. Tickler, is't not just even sae?

TICKLER. Sheridan—Sheridan; what

was Sheridan's talk to our own Shepherd's, North?

NORTH. A few quirks and cranks studied at a looking-glass*—puns painfully elaborated with pen and ink for extemporaneous reply—bon-mots generated in *malice prepense*—witticisms jotted down in short-hand to be extended when he had put on the spur of the occasion—the drudgeries of memory to be palmed off for the ebullitions of imagination—the coinage of the counter passed for currency hot from the mint of fancy—squibs and crackers ignited and exploded by a Merry-Andrew, instead of the lightnings of the soul, darting out forked or sheeted from the electrical atmosphere of an inspired genius.

SHEPHERD. I wish that you but saw my monkey, Mr. North. He would make you hop the twig in a guffaw. I hae got a pole erected for him o' about some 150 feet high, on a knowe ahint Mount Benger; and the way the cretur rins up to the knob, lookin ower the shouter o' him, and twisting his tail roun' the pole for fear o' playin thud on the grun', is comical past a' endurance.

NORTH. Think you, James, that he is a link?

SHEPHERD. A link in creation? Not he, indeed. He is merely a monkey. Only to see him on his observatory, beholding the sunrise! or weeping, like a Laker, at the beauty o' the moon and stars!

NORTH. Is he a bit of a poet?

SHEPHERD. Gin he could but speak and write, there can be nae manner o' doubt that he would be a gran' poet. Safe us! what een in the head o' him! Wee, clear, red, fiery, watery, malignant-lookin een, fu' o' inspiration.

TICKLER. You should have him stuffed.

SHEPHERD. Stuffed, man? say, rather, embalmed. But he's no likely to dee for years to come—indeed, the cretur's engaged to be married, although he's no in the secret himsel', yet. The bawnst are published.

TICKLER. Why, really, James; marriage, I think, ought to be simply a civil contract.

SHEPHERD. A civil contract! I wuss

* *Hafins covered*—half-covered.

† *Codlins*—small cod; not *apples*, as the American editor supposes.

‡ *Airt*—point of the compass.

* How carefully Sheridan's impromptus were prepared beforehand may be learned from Moore's *Life* of that celebrated wit, just published at the date of this number of the *Noctes*.

† *Bawnst*—bauns.

it was. But oh! Mr. Tickler, to see the cretur sittin wi' a pen in's hand, and pipe in's mouth, jotting down a sonnet, or odd, or lyrical ballad! Sometimes I put that black velvet cap ye gied me on his head, and ane o' the bairn's auld big-coats on his back; and then sure enOUGH, when he takes his stroll in the avenue, he is a heathenish Christian.

NORTH. Why, James, by this time he must be quite like one of the family?

SHEPHERD. He's a capital flee fisher. I never saw a monkey throw alighter line in my life. But he's greedy o' the gude linns, and canna thole to see onybody else gruppin great anes but himsel'. He accompanied me for twa-three days in the season to the Trows, up aboon Kelso yonner; and Kersse* allowed that he worked a salmon to a miracle. Then, for rowing a boat!

TICKLER. Why don't you bring him to Ambrose's?

SHEPHERD. He's sae bashfu'. He never shines in company; and the least thing in the world will mak him blush.

TICKLER. Have you seen the *Sheffield Iris*, containing an account of the feast given to Montgomery† the poet, his long-winded speech, and his valedictory address to the world as abdicating editor of a provincial newspaper?

SHEPHERD. I have the *Iris*—that means Rainbow—in my pocket, and it made me proud to see sic honors conferred on genius. Lang-winded speech, Mr. Tickler! What! would you have had Montgomery mumble twa-three sentences, and sit down again, before an assemblage o' a hundred o' the most respectable o' his fellow-townsmen, with Lord Milton at their head, a' gathered thegither to honor with heart and hand One of the Sons of Song?

NORTH. Right, James, right. On such an occasion, Montgomery was not only entitled, but bound to speak of himself—and by so doing he "has graced his cause." Meanwhile let us drink his health in a bumper.

SHEPHERD. Stop, stop, my jug's done. But never mind, I'll drink't in pure spirit. (*Bibunt omnes.*)

TICKLER. Did we include his politics?

SHEPHERD. Faith, I believe no. Let's tak anither bumper to his politics.

NORTH. James, do you know what you're saying?—the man is a Whig. If we do drink his politics, let it be in empty glasses.

SHEPHERD. Na, na. I'll drink no man's health, nor yet ony ither thing, out o' an empty glass. My political principles are so well known, that my consistency would not suffer were I to drink the health o' the great Whig leader, Satan himself; besides, James Montgomery is, I very believe, a true patriot. Gin he thinks himsel' a Whig, he has nae understanding whatever o' his ain character. I'll undertak to bring out the Toryism that's in him in the course o' a single *Noctes*. Toryism is an innate principle o' human nature—Whiggism but an evil habit. O, sirs, this is a gran' jug!

TICKLER. I am beginning to feel rather hungry.

SHEPHERD. I hae been rather sharp-set even sin' Mr. Ambrose took awa the cheese.

NORTH. 'Tis the night of the 21st of October—the battle of Trafalgar—Nelson's death—the greatest of all England's heroes,

"His march was o'er the mountain wave,
His home was on the deep."

Nelson not only destroyed the naval power of all the enemies of England, but he made our naval power immortal. Thank God, he died at sea.

TICKLER. A noble creature; his very failings were ocean-born.

SHEPHERD. Yes—a cairn to his memory would not be out of place even at the head of the most inland glen. Not a sea-mew floats up into our green solitudes that tells not of Nelson.

NORTH. His name makes me proud that I am an islander. No continent has such a glory.

SHEPHERD. Look out o' the window—what a fleet o' stars in heaven! Yon is the Victory—a hundred-gun ship—I see the standard of England flying at the main. The brichtest luminary o' nicht says in that halo, "England expects every man to do his duty." . . . What think you of the *Iliad*, Mr. North?

NORTH. The great occupation of the power of man, James, in early society, is to make war. Of course, his great poetry will be that which celebrates war. The

* Kersse, a celebrated Kelso salmon-fisher.

† James Montgomery, author of *The World Before the Flood*, and other esteemed poems, was born in 1771, and died in 1854.

mighty races of men, and their mightiest deeds, are represented in such poetry. It contains "the glory of the world" in some of its noblest ages. Such is Homer. The whole poem of Homer (the *Iliad*) is war, yet not much of the whole *Iliad* is fighting, and that, with some exceptions, not the most interesting. If we consider war-like poetry purely as breathing the spirit of fighting, the fierce ardor of combat, we fall to a much lower measure of human conception. Homer's poem is intellectual, and full of affections; it would go as near to make a philosopher as a soldier. I should say that war appears as the business of Homer's heroes, not often a matter of pure enjoyment. One would conceive that if there could be found anywhere in language the real breathing spirit of lust for fight which is in some nations, there would be conceptions and passion of bloodthirst, which are not in Homer. There are flashes of it in Æschylus.

SHEPHERD. I wish to Heaven I could read Greek. I'll begin to-morrow.

TICKLER. The songs of Tyrtæus goad-
ing into battle are of that kind, and their class is evidently not a high one. Far above them must have been those poems of the ancient German nations, which were chanted in the front of battle, reciting the acts of old heroes to exalt their courage. These, being breathed out of the heart of passion of a people, must have been good. The spirit of fighting was there involved with all their most ennobling conceptions, and yet was merely pugnacious.

NORTH. The *Iliad* is remarkable among military poems in this, that, being all about war, it instils no passion for war. None of the high inspiring motives to war are made to kindle the heart. In fact, the cause of war is false on both sides. But there is a glory of war, like the splendor of sunshine, resting upon and enveloping all.

SHEPHERD. I'm beginning to get a little clearer in the upper story. That last jug was a poser. How feel you, gentlemen—do you think you're baith quite sober? Our conversation is rather beginning to get a little heavy. Tak' a mouthfu'. (NORTH *quaffs*.)

TICKLER. North, you look as if you were taking an observation. Have you discovered any new comet?

NORTH (*standing up*). Friends—countrymen—and Romans—lend me your ears. You say, James, that that's a gran' jug; well, then, out with the ladle and push about the jorum. No speech—no speech—for my heart is big. This may be our last meeting in the Blue Parlor. Our next meeting in

AMBROSE'S HOTEL, PICARDY PLACE!*

(NORTH *suddenly sits down*; TICKLER and the SHEPHERD in a moment are at his side.)

TICKLER. My beloved Christopher, here is my smelling-bottle. (*Puts the vinaigrette to his aquiline nose*.)

SHEPHERD. My beloved Christopher, here is my smelling-bottle. (*Puts the stately oblong Glenlivet crystal to his lips*.)

NORTH (*opening his eyes*). What flowers are those? Roses—mignonette, bathed in aromatic dew!

SHEPHERD. Yes; in romantic dew—mountain dew, my respected sir, that could give scent to a sybo.†

TICKLER. James, let us support him into the open air.

NORTH. Somewhat too much of this. It is beautiful moonlight. Let us take an arm-in-arm stroll round the ramparts of the Calton Hill.

(*Enter Mr. AMBROSE, much affected, with NORTH's dreadnought*; NORTH *whispers in his ear*, Subridens olli; Mr. AMBROSE looks cheerful, et exeunt omnes.)

PRESENTS.—If presents be not the soul of friendship, doubtless they are the most spiritual part of the body in that intercourse. There is too much narrowness of thinking on this point. The punctilio of acceptance, methinks, is too confined and straitened. I should be content to receive money, or clothes, or a joint of meat from a friend. Why should he not send me a dinner as well as a dessert? I would taste him in the beasts of the field, and through all creation.

CHARLES LAMB.

† At this time Ambrose was about to shift his sign from Gabriel's Road, at the back of Princes Street, to a large tenement in Picardy Place, facing the head of Leith Walk.

† Sybo—a leak.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse
 Strait confound my stammering verse,
 If I can a passage see
 In this word—perplexity,
 Or a fit expression find,
 Or a language to my mind,
 (Still the phrase is wide or scant)
 To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT!
 Or in any terms relate
 Half my love or half my hate;
 For I hate, yet love, thee so,
 That, whichever thing I show,
 The plain truth will seem to be
 A constrain'd hyperbole,
 And the passion to proceed
 More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
 Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
 Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
 Thy begrimed complexion:
 And, for thy pernicious sake,
 More and greater oaths to break,
 Than reclaimed lovers take
 'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
 Much, too, in the female way,
 While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
 Faster than hisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
 That our worst foes cannot find us,
 And ill-fortune, that would thwart us,
 Shoots at rovers shooting at us;
 While each man, through thy height'ning
 steam,
 Does like a smoking Etna seem,
 And all about us does express
 (Fancy and wit in richest dress)
 A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us,
 That our best friends do not know us,
 And for those allowed features,
 Due to reasonable creatures,
 Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
 Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
 Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
 Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
 His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
 That but by reflex canst show
 What his deity can do,
 As the false Egyptian spell
 Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
 Some few vapors thou may'st raise,
 The weak brain may serve to amaze,
 But to the veins and nobler heart
 Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
 The old world was sure forlorn,
 Wanting thee, that aidest more
 The god's victories than before
 All his panthers, and the brawls
 Of his piping Bacchanals.
 These, as stale, we disallow,
 Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou
 His true Indian conquest art;
 And, for ivy round his dart,
 The reformed god now weaves
 A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
 Chemic art did ne'er presume
 Through her quaint alembic strain,
 None so sov'reign to the brain.
 Nature, that did in thee excel,
 Framed again no second smell.
 Roses, violets, but toys
 For the smaller sort of boys,
 Or for greener damsels meant;
 Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinkingest of the stinking kind,
 Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
 Africa, that brags her foyson,
 Breeds no such prodigious poison,
 Henbane, nightshade, both together,
 Hemlock, aconite—

Nay, rather,
 Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
 Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
 'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;
 None e'er prosper'd who defamed thee;
 Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
 Such as perplex lovers use,
 At a need, when, in despair,
 To paint forth their fairest fair,
 Or in part but to express
 That exceeding comeliness
 Which their fancies doth so strike,
 They borrow language of dislike;
 And, instead of Dearest Miss,
 Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
 And those forms of old admiring,
 Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
 Basilisk and all that's evil,
 Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
 Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
 Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
 Friendly Trait'ess, loving Foe—
 Not that she is truly so,
 But no other way they know
 A contentment to express,
 Borders so upon excess,
 That they do not rightly wot
 Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part
 With what's nearest to their heart,

While their sorrow's at the height
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee;
For thy sake, TOBACCO, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But, as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will abate
Any title of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco boys;
Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarr'd the full fruition
Of thy favors, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odors, that give life
Like glances from a neighbor's wife;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquer'd Canaanite.

CHARLES LAMB.

WIT OF CHARLES LAMB.

THE PLEASURES OF LONDON.—Streets, streets, streets, markets, theatres, churches, Covent Gardens; shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat seamstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying, authors in the streets with spectacles (you may know them by their gait), lamps lighted at night, pastry-cook and silver-smiths' shops, beautiful Quakers of Pentonville, noise of coaches, dreary cry of mechanic watchmen by night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at midnight, cries of fire and stop thief; Inns of Court, with their learned air, and stalls and butteries just like Cambridge Colleges; old book stalls, "Jeremy Taylors," "Burtons on Melancholy," and "Religio Medici" on every stall. These are thy pleasures, O London!

NOTHING TO DO.—Positively the best thing a man can have to do is nothing, and, *next to that*, perhaps, good works.

MISERS.—The passion for wealth has worn out much of its grossness by track of time. Our ancestors certainly conceived of money as able to confer a distinct gratification in itself, not alone considered simply as a symbol of wealth. The oldest poets, when they introduce a miser, constantly make him address his gold as his mistress; as something to be seen, felt, and hugged; as capable of satisfying two of the senses at least. The substitution of a thin, unsatisfying medium for the good old tangible gold, has made avarice quite a Platonic affection in comparison with the seeing, touching and humbling pleasures of the old Chrysophilites. A bank-note can no more satisfy the touch of a true sensualist in this passion, than Creusa could return her husband's embrace in the shades. A miser is sometimes a grand personification of Fear. He has a fine horror of Poverty; and he is not content to keep Want from the door, or at arm's length—but he places it, by heaping wealth upon wealth, *at a sublime distance*.

CANNIBALS.—Lamb writes to his friend Manning to dissuade him from going to China, and endeavors to instil the fear of cannibals into his mind: "Some say the Tartars are cannibals, and then conceive a fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar."

THE BEST KIND OF ACID.—Martin Burney was one day explaining the three kinds of acid, very *lengthily*, to Charles Lamb, when the latter stopped him by saying: "The best of all kinds of acid, however, as you know, Martin, is *uity*—assiduity."

GOOD ACTIONS.—The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

PAYING FOR THINGS.—One cannot bear to pay for articles he used to get for nothing. When Adam laid out his first penny upon nonpareils at some stall in Mesopotamia, I think it went hard with him, reflecting upon his old goodly orchard, where he had so many for nothing.

THAT SAME OLD 'COON.

We were sitting on the store-porch of a small Virginia village. I was one of the party, and Martin Heiskill was the other one. Martin had been out fishing, which was an unusual thing for him.

"Yes, sir," said he, as he held up the small string of fish which he had laid carefully under his chair when he sat down to light his pipe; "that's all I've got to show for a day's work. But 'tain't often that I waste time that way. I don't b'lieve in huntin' fur a thing that ye can't see. If fishes sot on trees, now, and ye could shoot at 'em, I'd go out and hunt fishes with anybody. But it's mighty triflin' work to be goin' it blind in a mill-pond."

I ventured to state that there were fish that were occasionally found on trees. In India, for instance, a certain fish climbs trees.

"A which what's?" exclaimed Martin, with an arrangement of pronouns peculiar to himself.

"Oh, yes!" he said when I had told him all I knew about this bit of natural history. "That's very likely. I reckon they do that up North, where you come from, in some of them towns you was tellin' me about, where there's so many houses that they tech each other."

"That's all true about the fishes, Martin," said I, wisely making no reference to the houses, for I did not want to push his belief too hard; "but we'll drop them now."

"Yes," said he, "I think we'd better."

Martin was a good fellow and no fool; but he had not travelled much, and had no correct ideas of cities, nor, indeed, of much of anything outside of his native backwoods. But of those backwoods he knew more than any other man I ever met. He liked to talk, but he resented tall stories.

"Martin," said I, glad to change the subject, "do you think there'll be many 'coons about, this fall?"

"About as many as common, I reckon," he answered. "What do you want to know fur?"

"I'd like to go out 'coon-hunting," I said; "that's something I have never tried."

"Well," said he, "I don't s'pose your goin' will make much difference in the

number of 'em, but what's the good uv it? You'd better go 'possum-huntin'. You kin eat a 'possum."

"Don't you ever eat 'coons?" I asked.

"Eat 'coons?" he exclaimed, with contempt. "Why, there isn't a nigger in this county'd eat a coon. They ain't fit to eat."

"I should think they'd be as good as 'possums," said I. "They feed on pretty much the same things, don't they?"

"Well, there ain't much difference, that way; but a 'possum's a mighty different thing from a 'coon, when ye come to eat him. A 'possum's more like a kind o' tree-pig. An' when he's cooked, he's sweeter than any suckin'-pig you ever see. But a 'coon's more like a cat. Who'd eat cats?"

I was about to relate some city sausage stories, but I refrained.

"To be sure," continued Martin, "there's Col. Tibbs, who says he's eat 'coon-meat, and liked it fust-rate; but then ag'in, he says frogs is good to eat, so ye see there's no dependin' on what people say. Now, I know what I'm a talkin' about; 'coons ain't fit fur human bein's to eat."

"What makes you hunt 'em, then?" I asked.

"Hunt 'em fur fun," said the old fellow, striking a lucifer match under his chair, to re-light his pipe. "Ef ye talk about vittles, that's one thing; an' ef ye talk about fun, that's another thing. An' I don't know now whether you'd think it was fun. I kinder think you wouldn't. I reckon it'd seem like pretty hard work to you."

"I suppose it would," I said; "there are many things that would be hard work to me, that would be nothing but sport to an old hunter like you."

"You're right, there, sir. You never spoke truer than that in your life. There is no man inside o' six counties that's hunted more'n I have. I've been at it ever sence I was a youngster; an' I've got a lot o' fun out uv it—more fun than anything else, fur that matter. You see, afore the war, people used to go huntin' more for real sport than they do now. An' 'twa'n't because there was more game in this country then than there is now, fur there wa'n't—not half as much. There's more game in Virginy now than there's been any time this fifty years."

I expressed my surprise at this statement, and he continued :

"It all stands to reason, plain enough. Ef you don't kill them wild critters off, they'll jist breed and breed, till the whole country gits full uv 'em. An' nobody had no time to hunt 'em durin' the war—we was busy huntin' different game then, and sometimes we was hunted ourselves; an' since then the most uv us has had to knuckle down to work—no time for huntin' when you've got to do your own hoein' and ploughin'—or, at least, a big part uv it. An' I tell ye that back there in the mountains there's lots o' deer where nobody livin' about here ever saw 'em before, and as fur turkeys, and 'coons, and 'possums, there's more an' more uv 'em ev'ry year, but as fur beavers—they confounded chills-and-fever rep-tyles—there's jist millions uv 'em, more or less."

"Do beavers have chills and fever?" I asked wonderingly.

"No," said he; "I wish they did. But they give it to folks. There ain't nothin' on earth that's raised the price o' quinine in this country like them beavers. Ye see, they've jist had the'r own way now, pretty much ever sence the war broke out, and they've gone to work and built dams across pretty nigh all the cricks we got, and that floods the bottom-lands, uv course, and makes ma'shes and swamps, where they used to be fust-rate corn-land. Why, I tell ye, sir, down here on Colt's Creek there's a beaver-dam a quarter uv a mile long, an' the water's backed up all over everything. Ain't that enough to give a whole county the chills? An' it does it too. Ef the people'd all go and sit on that there dam, they'd shake it down. I tell ye, sir, the war give us, in this country, a good many things we didn't want, and among 'em's chills. Before the war, nobody never heard of sich things as chills round about hyar. 'Tain't on'y the beavers, nuther. When ye can't afford to hire more'n three or four niggers to work a big farm, 'tain't likely ye kin do no ditchin', and all the branches and the ditches in the bottom-lands fills up, an' a feller's best corn-fields is pretty much all swamp, and his family has to live on quinine."

"I should think it would pay well to hunt and trap these beavers," I remarked.

"Well, so it does, sometimes," said Martin; "but half the people ain't got no time. Now it's different with me, because I'm not a-farmin'. An' then it ain't everybody that kin git 'em. It takes a kind o' eddication to hunt beaver. But you was a-askin' about 'coons."

"Yes," I said. "I'd like to go 'coon-hunting."

"There's lots o' fun in it," said he, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and putting up his cowhide boots on the top of the porch-railing in front of him.

"About two or three years afore the war, I went out on a 'coon-hunt, which was the liveliest hunt I ever see in all my life. I never had sich a good hunt afore, nur never sence. I was a-livin' over in Powhattan, and the 'coon was Haskinses 'coon. They called him Haskinses 'coon, because he was 'most allus seen somewhere on ole Tom Haskinses farm. Tom's dead now, an' so is the coon; but the farm's thar, an' I'm here, so ye kin b'lieve this story, jist as ef it was printed on paper. It was the most confoundedest queer 'coon anybody ever see in all this whole world. An' the queerness was this: it hadn't no stripes to its tail. Now ye needn't say to me that no 'coon was ever that way, fur this 'coon was, an' that settles it. All 'coons has four or five brown stripes a-runnin' roun' their tails—all 'cept this one 'coon uv Haskinses. An' what's more, this was the savagest 'coon anybody ever did see in this whole world. That's what sot everybody huntin' him; fur the savager a 'coon is, an' the more grit ther' is in him, the more's the fun when he comes to fight the dogs—fur that's whar the fun comes in. An' ther' is 'coons as kin lick a whole pack o' dogs, an' git off; and this is jist what Haskinses 'coon did, lots o' times. I b'lieve every nigger in the county, an' pretty much half the white men, had been out huntin' that 'coon, and they'd never got him yit. Ye see he was so derved cunning an' gritty, that when ye cut his tree down, he'd jist go through the dogs like a wasp in a Sunday-school, an' git away, as I tell ye. He must a' had teeth more'n an inch long, and he had a mighty tough bite to him. Quick, too, as a black-snake. Well, they never got him, no how; but he was often seed, fur he'd even let a feller as hadn't a gun with him git a look at him in the day-time.

which is contrary to the natur' of a 'coon, which keeps dark all day an' on'y comes out arter dark. But this here 'coon o' Haskinses was different from any 'coon anybody ever see in all this world. Sometimes ye'd see him a-settin' down by a branch, a-dippin' his fœd inter the water every time he took a bite, which is the natur' of a coon; but if ye put yer hand inter yer pocket fur so much as a pocket-pistol, he'd skoot afore ye could wink.

"Well, I made up my mind I'd go out after Haskinses 'coon, and I got up a huntin' party. 'Twa'n't no trouble to do that. In them days ye could git up a huntin' party easier than anything else in this whole world. All ye had to do was to let the people know, an' they'd be thar, black an' white. Why, I tell ye, sir, they used to go fox-huntin' a lot in them days, an' there wasn't half as many foxes as ther' is now, nuther. If a feller woke up bright an' early, an' felt like fox-huntin', all he had to do was to git on his horse, and take his dogs and his horn, and ride off to his nex' neighbor's, an' holler. An' up'd jump the nex' feller, and git on his horse, and take his dogs, and them tw'd ride off to the nex' farm an' holler, an' keep that up till ther' was a lot uv 'em, with the'r hounds, and away they'd go, tip-it-ty-crack, after the fox an' the hounds—fur it didn't take long fur them dogs to scar' up a fox. An' they'd keep it up, too, like good fellers. Ther' was a party uv 'em, once, started out of a Friday mornin', and the'r fox, which was a red fox (fur a gray fox ain't no good fur a long run) took 'em clean over into Albemarle, and none uv 'em didn't get back home till arter dark, Saturday. That was the way we used to hunt.

"Well, I got up my party, and we went out arter Haskinses 'coon. We started out pretty soon arter supper. Ole Tom Haskins himself was along, because, uv course, he wanted to see his 'coon killed; an' ther' was a lot of other fellers that you wouldn't know ef I was to tell ye the'r names. Ye see, it was 'way down at the lower end of the county that I was a-livin' then. An' ther' was about a dozen niggers with axes, an' five or six little black boys to carry light-wood. There was no less than thirteen dogs, all 'coon-hunters.

"Ye see, the 'coon-dog is sometimes a fœund, an' sometimes he isn't. It takes

a right smart dog to hunt a 'coon; and sometimes ye kin train a dog, thet ain't a reg'lar huntin'-dog, to be a fust-rate 'coon-dog, pertickerlerly when the fightin' comes in. To be sure, ye want a dog with a good nose to him to foller up a 'coon; but ye want fellers with good jaws and teeth, and plenty of grit, too. We had thirteen of the best 'coon-dogs in the whole world, an' that was enough fur any one 'coon, I say; though Haskinses 'coon was a pertickerler kind of a 'coon, as I tell ye.

"Pretty soon arter we got inter Haskinses oak woods, jist back o' the house, the dogs got on the track uv a 'coon, an' after 'em we all went, as hard as we could skoot. Uv course we didn't know that it was Haskinses 'coon we was arter; but we made up our minds, afore we started, thet when we killed a 'coon and found it wasn't Haskinses 'coon, we'd jist keep on till we did find him. We didn't 'spect to have much trouble a-findin' him, fur we know'd pretty much whar he lived, and we went right thar. 'Tain't often anybody hunts fur one pertickerler 'coon; but that was the matter this time, as I tell ye."

It was evident, from the business-like way in which Martin Heiskill started into this story, that he wouldn't get home in time to have his fish cooked for supper, but that was not my affair. It was not every day that the old fellow chose to talk, and I was glad enough to have him go on as long as he would.

"As I tell ye," continued Martin, looking steadily over the toe of one of his boots, as if taking a long aim at some distant turkey, "we put off, hot and heavy, arter that ar 'coon, and hard work it was too. The dogs took us down through the very stickeryest part of the woods, and then down the holler by the edge of Lumley's mill-pond—whar no human bein' in this world ever walked or run afore, I truly b'lieve, fur it was the meanest travellin' ground I ever see—and then back inter the woods ag'in. But 'twa'n't long afore we came up to the dogs a-barkin' and howlin' around a big chestnut-oak about three foot through, an' we knew we had him. That is, ef it wa'n't Haskinses 'coon. Ef it was his 'coon, may be we had him, and may be we hadn't. The boys lighted up their light-wood torches, and two niggers with axes bent to work at the tree. And them &

wasn't choppin' had as much as they could do to keep the dogs back out o' the way o' the axes.

"The dogs they was jist goin' on as ef they was mad, and ole Uncle Pete Williams—he was the one thet was a-holdin' on to Chink, the big dog—that dog's name was Chinkerpun, an' he was the best 'coon-dog in the whole world, I reckon. He was a big hound, brown an' black, an' he was the on'y dog in thet pack thet had never had a fight with Haskinses 'coon. They fetched him over from Cumberland, a-purpose for this hunt. Well, as I tell ye, ole Pete, says he, 'Thar ain't no mistook dis time, Mahsr Tom, now I tell you. Dese yar dogs knows well 'nuf dat dat 'coon's Mahsr Tom's 'coon, an' dey tell Chink too, fur he's a-doin' de debbil's own pullin' dis time.' An' I reckon Uncle Pete was 'bout right, fur I thought the dog ud pull him off his legs afore he got through.

"Pretty soon the niggers hollered fur to stan' from under, an' down came the chestnut-oak with a big smash, an' then ev'ry dog an' man an' nigger made one skoot fur that tree. But they couldn't see no 'coon, fur he was in a hole 'bout half way up the trunk; and then there was another high ole time keepin' back the dogs till the fellers with axes cut him out. It didn't take long to do that. The tree was a kind o' rotten up thar, and afore I know'd it, out hopped the 'coon; and then in less than half a shake there was sich a fight as you never see in all this world.

"At first, it 'peared like it was a blamed mean thing to let thirteen dogs fight one 'coon; but pretty soon I thought it was a little too bad to have on'y thirteen dogs fur sich a fiery savage beast as that ther' 'coon was. He jist laid down on his back an' buzzed around like a coffee-mill, an' whenever a dog got a snap at him, he got the 'coon's teeth inter him quick as lightnin'. Ther' was too many dogs in that fight, an' 'twa'n't long before some uv 'em found that out, and got out o' the muss. An' it was some o' the dogs thet had the best chance at the 'coon thet left fust.

"Afore long, though, old Chink, who'd a been a-watchin' his chance, he got a good grip on that 'coon, an' that was the end of him. He jist threw'd up his hand.

"The minute I seed the fight was over,

I rushed in an' grabbed that 'coon, an' like to got grabbed myself, too, in doin' it, 'specially by Chink, who didn't know me. One of the boys brought a light-wood torch so's we could see the little beast.

"Well, 'twa'n't Haskinses 'coon. He had rings 'ound his tail, jist as reg'lar as ef he was the feller that set the fashion. So ther' was more 'coon-huntin' to be done that night. But ther' wa'n't nobody that objected to that, fur we were jist gittin' inter the fun o' the thing. An' I made up my mind I wasn't a-goin' home without the tail off er Haskinses 'coon.

"I disremember now whether the nex' thing we killed was a 'coon or a 'possum. It's a long time ago, and I've been on lots o' hunts since thet; but the main p'int o' this hunt I ain't likely to furgit, fur, as I tell ye, this was the liveliest 'coon-hunt I ever went out on.

"Ef it was a 'possum we got next, ther' wasn't much fun about it, fur a 'possum's not a game beast. Ther's no fight in him, though his meat's better. When ye tree a 'possum an' cut down the tree, an' cut him out uv his hole, ef he's in one, he jist keels over an' makes b'lieve he's dead, though that's jinerally no use at all, fur he's real dead in a minute, and it's hardly wuth while fur him to take the trouble uv puttin' on the sham. Sometimes a 'possum'll hang by his tail to the limb of a tree, an' ye kin knock him down without cuttin' the tree down. He's not a game beast, as I tell ye. But they ain't allus killed on the spot. I've seed niggers take a long saplin' an' make a little split in it about the middle of the pole, an' stick the end of a 'possum's long rat-tail through the split an' carry him home. I've seed two niggers carryin' a pole that a-way, one at each end, with two or three 'possums a-hangin' frum it. They take 'em home and fatten 'em. I hate a 'possum, principally fur his tail. Ef it was curled up short an' had a knot in it, it would be more like a pig's tail, an' then it would seem as ef the thing was meant to eat. But the way they have it, it's like nothing in the whole world but a rat's tail.

"So, as I tell ye, ef that was a 'possum thet we treed nex' ther' wasn't no fight, an' some of the niggers got some meat. But after that—I remember it was about the middle o' the night—we got off

again, this time really arter Haskinses 'coon. I was dead sure of it. The dogs went diff'rent, too. They was jist full o' fire an' blood, an' run ahead like as ef they was mad. They know'd they wasn't on the track of no common 'coon, this time. As fur all of us men, black an' white, we jist got up and got arter them dogs, an' some o' the little fellers got stuck in a swamp, down by a branch that runs out o' Haskinses woods into Widder Thorp's corn-field; but we didn't stop fur nuthin', an' they never ketched up. We kep' on down that branch an' through the whole corn-field, an' then the dogs they took us crossways up a hill, whar we had to cross two or three gullies, an' I like to broke my neck down one uv 'em, fur I was in sich a blamed hurry that I tried to jump across, an' the bank giv' way on the other side, as I might 'a' know'd it would, an' down I came, backward. But I landed on two niggers at the bottom of the gully, an' that kinder broke my fall, an' I was up an' a-going ag'in afore you'd 'a' know'd it.

"Well, as I tell ye, we jist b'iled up that hill, an' then we struck inter the widder's woods, which is the wust woods in the whole world, I reckon, fur runnin' through arter a pack o' dogs. The whole place was so growed up with chinkerpin-bushes and dog-wood, an' every other kind o' underbrush that a hog would 'a' sp'iled his temper goin' through thar in the daytime; but we jist r'ared an' plunged through them bushes right on to the tails o' the dogs; an' ef any uv us had had good clothes on, they'd 'a' been tore off our backs. But ole clothes won't tear, an' we didn't care ef they did. The dogs had a hot scent, an' I tell ye, we was close on to 'em when they got to the critter. An' what d'ye s'pose the critter was? It was a dog-arned 'possum in a trap!

"It was a trap sot by ole Uncle Enoch Peters, that lived on Widder Thorp's farm. He's dead now, but I remember him fust-rate. He had an' ole mother over in Cumberland, an' he was the very oldest man in this country, an' I reckon in the whole world, that had a livin' mother. Well, that ther' sneakin' 'possum had gone sniffin' along through the corn-field, an' up that hill, an' along the gullies, and through that onearthly woods to Uncle Enoch's trap, an' we follered

him as ef he'd had a store order fur a bar'l o' flour tied to his tail.

"Well, he didn't last long, for the dogs and the niggers, between 'em, tore that trap all to bits; and what become o' the 'possum I don't b'lieve anybody knowed, 'cept it was ole Chink and two or three uv the biggest dogs."

I here asked if 'coons were ever caught in traps.

"Certainly they is," said Martin. "I remember the time that ther' was a good many 'coons caught in traps. That was in the ole Henry Clay 'lection times. The 'coon, he was the Whig beast. He stood for Harry Clay and the hull Whig party. Ther' never was a pole-raisin', or a barbecue, or a speech meetin', or a torch-light percession, in the whole country, that they didn't want a live 'coon to be sot on a pole or somewhar whar the people could look at him an' be encouraged. But it didn't do 'em no good. Ole Harry Clay he went under, an' ye couldn't sell a 'coon for a dime.

"Well, as I tell ye, this was a 'possum in a trap, and we was all pretty mad and pretty tired. We got out on the edge o' the woods as soon as we could, an' thar was a field o' corn. The corn had been planted late and the boys found a lot o' roastin' ears, though they was purty old, but we didn't care for that. We made a fire, an' roasted the corn, an' some o' the men had their 'ticklers' along—enough to give us each a taste—an' we lighted our pipes and sat down to take a rest afore startin' off ag'in arter Haskinses 'coon."

"But I thought you said," I remarked, "that you knew you were after Haskins' 'coon the last time."

"Well, so we did know we was. But sometimes you know things as isn't so. Didn't ye ever find that out? It's so, anyway, jist as I tell ye," and then he continued his story:

"As we was a-settin' aroun' the fire, a-smokin' away, Uncle Pete Williams—he was the feller that had to hang on to the big dog, Chink, as I tell ye—he come an' he says, 'Now, look-a-here, Mahrs Tom, an' de rest ob you all, don't ye bleab we'd better gib up dis yere thing an' go home?' Well, none uv us thought that, an' we told him so; but he kep' on, an' begun to tell us we'd find ourselves in a heap o' misery, ef we didn't look out, pretty soon. Says he:

'Now look-a-here, Mahs Tom, and you all, you all wouldn't a-ketched me out on this yere hunt ef I 'a' knowed ye was a-gwine to hunt 'possums. 'Tain't no luck to hunt 'possums: everybody knows dat. De debbil gits after a man as will go a-chasin' 'possums wid dogs when he kin cotch 'em a heap mau comfortabler in a trap. 'Tain't so much diff'rence 'bout 'coons, but the debbil he takes care o' 'possums. An' I spects de debbil know'd 'bout dis yere hunt, fur de oder ebenin' I was a-goin' down to de rock-spring, wid a gourd to git a drink, and dar on de rock, wid his legs a-danglin' down to de water, eat de debbil hisself a-chawin' green ter-backer!—'Green ter-backer?' says I. 'Why, Uncle Pete, aint de debbil got no better sense than that?'—'Now, look-a-here, Mahs Martin,' says he, 'de debbil knows what he's about, an' ef green ter-backer was good fur anybody to chaw he wouldn't chaw it, an' he says to me, "Uncle Pete, been a-huntin' any 'possums?" An' says I, "No, Mahs, I nebber do dat." An' den he look at me awful, fur I seed he didn't furgit nothin', an' he was a-sottin' dar, a-shinin' as ef he was polished all over wid shoe-blackin', an' he says, "Now, look-a-here, Uncle Pete, don't you eber do it; an' w'at's dat about dis yere Baptis' church at de Cross-roads, dat was sot afire?" An' I tole him dat I didn't know nuffin 'bout dat—not one single word in dis whole world. Den he wink, an' he says, "Dem bruders in dat church hunt too many 'possums. Dey is allus a-huntin' 'possums, an' dat's de way dey lose der church. I sot dat church afire meself. D'y' hear dat, Uncle Pete?" An' I was glad enough to hear it, too; fur der was bruders in dat church dat said Yeller Joe an' me sot it afire, cos we wasn' 'lected trustees, but dey can't say dat now, fur it's all plain as daylight, an' ef dey don't bleab it, I kin show 'em de berry gourd I tuk down to de rock-spring when I seed de debbil. An' it don't do to hunt no more 'possums, fur de debbil'd jist as leab scratch de end ob his tail ag'in a white man's church as ag'in a black man's church.'

"By this time we was all ready to start ag'in: an' we know'd that all Uncle Pete wanted was to git home ag'in, fur he was lazy, and was sich an ole rascal that he was afraid to go back by himself in the dark fur fear the real debbil'd gobble him

up, an' so we didn't pay no 'tention to him, but jist started off ag'in. Ther' is niggers as b'lieve the debbil gits after people that hunt 'possums, but Uncle Pete never b'lieved that when he was a-goin' to git the 'possum. Ther' wasn't no chance fur him this night, but he had to come along all the same, as I tell ye.

"'Twa'n't half an hour arter we started ag'in afore we found a 'coon, but 'twa'n't Haskinses 'coon. We was near the crick, when the dogs got arter him, an' inste'd o' gittin' up a tree, he run up inter the roots uv a big pine thet had been blown down, and was a-layin' half in the water. The brush was mighty thick jist here; an' some uv us thought it was another 'possum, an' we kep' back most uv the dogs, fur we didn't want 'em to carry us along that crick-bank arter no 'possum. But some o' the niggers, with two or three dogs, pushed through the bushes, and one feller clum up inter the roots uv the tree, an' out jumped Mr. 'Coon. He hadn't no chance to git off any other way than to clim' down some grape-vines that was a-hangin' from the tree inter the water. So he slips down one o' them, an' as he was a-nangin' on like a sailor a-goin' down a rope, I got a look at him through the bushes, an' I see plain enough by the light-wood torch thet he wa'n't Haskinses 'coon. He had the commonest kind o' bands on his tail.

"Well, that thar 'coon he looked like he was about the biggest fool uv a 'coon in this whole world. He come down to the water, as ef he thought a dog couldn't swim, an' ef that's what he did think he foun' out his mistake as soon as he teched the water, fur thar was a dog ready fur him. An' then they had it lively, an' the other dogs they jumped in, an' thar was a purty big splashin' an' plugin' an' bitin' in that thar creek; an' I was jist a-goin to push through an' holler fur the other fellers to come an' see the fun, when that thar 'coon he got off! He jist licked them dogs—the meanest dogs we had along—an' put fur the other bank, an' that was the end o' him. 'Coons is a good deal like folks—it don't pay to call none uv 'em fools till ye're done seein' what they're up to.

"Well, as I tell ye, we was then nigh the crick; but soon as we lef' the widders woods we struck off from it, fur none uv us, 'specially the niggers, wanted to go

nigh Lijah Parker's. Reckon ye don't know 'Lijah Parker. Well, he lives 'bout three mile from here on the crick; an' he was then, an' is now, jist the laziest man in the whole world. He had two or three big red oaks on his place thet he wanted cut down, but was too durned lazy to do it; an' he hadn't no money to hire anybody to do it, nuther, an' he was too stingy to spend it ef he'd had it. So he know'd ther' was a-goin to be a 'coon-hunt one night; an' the evenin' before he tuk a 'coon his boy'd caught in a 'possum-trap, an' he put a chain aroun' its body, and pulled it through his woods to one of his red oak trees. Then he let the 'coon climb up a little ways, an' then he jerked him down ag'in, and pulled him over to another tree, and so on, till he'd let him run up three big trees. Then his boy got a box, an' they put the 'coon in an' carried him home. Uv course, when the dogs come inter his woods—an' he know'd they was a-goin' to do that—they got on the scent o' this 'coon; an' when they got to the fust tree, they thought they'd treed him, an' the niggers cut down that red oak in no time. An' then when ther' wa'n't no 'coon thar, they tracked him to the nex' tree, an' so on till the whole three trees was cut down. We wouldn't 'a' found out nuthin' about this ef 'Lijah's boy hadn't told on the ole man, an' ye kin jist bet all ye're wuth that ther' aint a man in this county that 'u'd cut one o' his trees down ag'in.

"Well, as I tell ye, we kep' clear o' Parker's place, an' we walked about two mile, an' then we found we'd gone clean around till we'd got inter Haskinses woods ag'in. We hadn't gone further inter the woods than ye could pitch a rock afore the dogs got on the track uv a 'coon, an' away we all went arter 'em. Even the little fellers that was stuck in the swamp away back was with us now, fur they got out an' was a-pokin' home through the woods. 'Twa'n't long afore that 'coon was treed; an' when we got up an' looked at the tree, we all felt dead sure it was Haskinses 'coon this time an' no mistake. Fur it was jist the kind o' tree that no 'coon but that 'coon would ever 'a' thought o' climbin'. Mos' 'coons an' 'possums shin it up a pretty tall tree, to git as fur away from the dogs as they kin, an' the tall trees is often purty slim trees an' easy cut down. But this here 'coon o' Haskinses

he had more sense than that. He jist skooted up the thickest tree he could find. He didn't care about gittin' up high. He know'd the dogs couldn't climb no tree at all, an' that no man or boy was a-comin' up after him. So he wanted to give 'em the best job o' choppin' he know'd how. Ther' aint no smarter critter than 'coons in this whole world. Dogs ain't no circumstance to 'em. About four or five year ago I was a-livin' with Riley Marsh, over by the court-house; an' his wife she had a tame 'coon, an' this little beast was a mighty lot smarter than any human bein' in the house. Sometimes, when he'd come it a little too heavy with his tricks, they used to chain him up, but he always got loose and come a humpin' inter the house with a bit o' the chain to his collar. D'ye know how a 'coon walks? He never comes straight ahead like a Christian, but he humps up his back, an' he twists roun' his tail, an' he sticks out his head, crooked like, from under his ha'r, an' he comes inter a room sideways an' a kind o' cross, as ef he'd a-wanted ter stay out an' play an' ye'd made him come in the house ter learn his lessons.

"Well, as I tell ye, this 'coon broke his chain ev'ry time, and it was a good thick dog-chain, an' that puzzled Riley; but one day he saw the little runt goin' aroun' an' aroun' hoppin' over his chain ev'ry time, till he got an awful big twist on his chain, an' then it was easy enough to strain on it till a link opened. But Riley put a swivel on his chain, an' stopped that fun. But they'd let him out purty often; an' one day he squirmed himself inter the kitchen, an' thar he see the tea-kittle a-settin' by the fire-place. The lid was off, and the ole 'cooney thought that was jist the kind uv a black hole he'd been used to crawlin' inter afore he got tame. So he crawled in an' curled himself up an' went to sleep. Arter a while, in comes Aunt Hannah to git supper; an' she picks up the kittle, an' findin' it heavy, thinks it was full o' water, an' puts on the lid an' hung it over the fire. Then she clapped on some light-wood to hurry up things. Purty soon that kittle begun to warm; an' then, all uv a sudden, off pops the lid, and out shoots Mister 'Coon like a rocket. An' ther' never was, in all this whole world, sich a frightened ole nigger as Aunt Hannah. She thought it was the debbil, sure, an' she giv' a yell that fetched every man on

the place. That en 'coon had more mischief in him than any live thing ye ever see. He'd pick pockets, hide ev'rything he could find, an' steal eggs. He'd find an egg of the hen 'u'd sneak off an' lay it at the bottom uv the crick. One Sunday, Riley's wife went to all-day preachin' at Hornersville, an' she put six mockin'-birds she was a-raisin' in one cage; an', fur fear the coon 'u'd git 'em, she hung the cage from a hook in the middle uv the ceilin' in the chamber. She had to get up a chair to do it. Well, she went to preachin', an' that coon he got inter the house an' sat up ev'ry one o' them mockin' birds. Ther wasn't no tellin' exactly how he done it; but we reckoned he got up on the high mantel-piece an' made one big jump from that to the cage, an' hung on till he put his paw through an' hauled out one bird. Then he dropped an' eat that, an' made another jump, till they was all gone. Anyway, he got all the birds an' that was the last meal he ever eat.

"Well, as I tell ye, that 'coon he got inter the thickest tree in the whole woods; an' thar he sat a-peepin' at us from a crotch that wasn't twenty feet from the ground. Young Charley Ferris he took a 'gamin' chunk that one o' the boys had fetched along from the fire, an' throw'd it up at him, 'at we could all see him plain. He was Haskinses 'coon, sure. Ther wasn't a stripe on his tail. Arter that, the niggers jist made them axes swing, I tell ye. They had a big job afore 'em, but they took care at it, an' didn't waste no time. An' the rest uv us we got the dogs ready. We wasn't a-goin' to let this 'coon off this here time. No, sir! Ther was too many dogs, as I tell ye an' we had four or five on the dumbest uv 'em took a little way off, with boys to hold 'em; an' the other dogs an' the hounds, especially old Chink, was held ready to tackle the 'coon when the time come. An' we had to be mighty sharp about this, too, fur we all saw that that thar 'coon was a-goin' to put the minute the tree came down. He wasn't goin' to get in a hole an' be cut out. Ther didn't 'pear to be any hole, an' he didn't want none. All he wanted was a good thick tree an' a crotch to set in an' think. That was what he was a-doin'. He was expectin' up some trick or other. We all know'd that, but we jist made up our

mind to be ready fur him; an' though, as he was Haskinses 'coon, the odds was ag'in us, we was dead sure we'd git him this time.

"I thought that thar tree never was a-comin' down; but purty soon it began to crack and lean, and then down she come. Ev'ry dog, man, an' boy, made a rush fur that crotch, but ther' was no 'coon thar. As the tree come down he seed how the land lay; and quicker'n any light'in' in this whole world he jist streaked the other way to the roots o' the tree, giv' one hop over the stump, an' was off. I seed him do it, an' the dogs see him, but they wan't quick enough, and couldn't stop 'emselves—they was goin' so hard fur the crotch.

"Ye never did see in all yer days seeh a mad crowd as that thar crowd around that tree, but they didn't stop none to sw'ar. The dogs was arter the 'coon, an' arter him we went too. He put fur the edge of the woods, which looked queer, fur a 'coon never will go out into the open if he kin help it; but the dogs was so hot arter him that he couldn't run fur, and he was tread ag'in in less than five minutes. This time he was in a tall hick'ry-tree, right on the edge o' the woods; and it wa'n't a very thick tree, nuther, so the niggers they jist tuk ther' axes, but afore they could make a single crack, ole Haskins he runs at 'em an' pushes 'em away.

"Don't ye touch that thar tree!" he hollers. "That hick'ry marks my line!" An' sure enough, that was the tree with the surveyors' cuts on it, that marked the place where the line took a corner that run between Haskinses farm and Widder Thorp's. He know'd the tree the minute he seed it, an' so did I, fur I carried the chain fur the surveyors when they laid off the line; an' we could all see the cut they'd blazed on it, fur it was fresh yit, an' it was gittin' to be daylight now, an' we could see things plain.

"Well, as I tell ye, ev'ry man uv us jist rared and snored, an' the dogs an' boys was madder'n the rest uv us, but ole Haskins he didn't give in. He jist walked aroun' that tree an' wouldn't let a nigger touch it. He said he wanted to kill the 'coon jist as much as anybody, but he wasn't a-goin to have his line sp'iled, arter the money he'd spent, fur all the 'coons in this whole world.

"Now did ye ever hear of sich a cute trick as that? That thar 'coon he must

'a' knowed that was Haskinses line-tree, an' I 'spect he'd 'a' made fur it fust, ef he'd 'a' knowed ole Haskins was along. But he didn't know it, till he was a-settin' in the crotch uv the big tree and could look aroun' an' see who was 'thar. It wouldn't 'a' been no use fur him to go fur that hick'ry if Haskins hadn't 'a' bin 'thar, fur he know'd well enough it 'u'd 'a' come down sure."

I smiled at this statement, but Martin shook his head.

"'Twon't do," he said, "to undervally the sense of no 'coon. How're ye goin' to tell what he knows? Well, as I tell ye, we was jist gittin' madder an' madder when a nigger named Wash Webster, he run out in the field—it was purty light now, as I tell ye—an' he hollers, 'O, Mahsr Tom! Mahsr Tom! Dat ar 'coon he ain't you 'coon! He got stripes to he tail!'"

"We all made a rush out inter the field, to try to git a look; an' sure enough we could see the little beast a-settin' up in a crotch over on that side, an' I do b'lieve he knowed what we was all a-lookin' up fur, fur he jist kind a-lowered his tail out o' the crotch so's we could see it, an' 'thar it was striped, jist like any other 'coon's tail."

"And you were so positively sure this time that it was Haskins' 'coon," I said. "Why, you saw, when the man threw the blazing chunk into the big tree, that it had no bands on its tail."

"That's so," said Martin; "but ther' aint no man that kin see 'xactly straight uv a dark mornin', with no light but a flyin' chunk, and 'specially when he wants to see somethin' that isn't 'thar. An' as to bein' certain about that 'coon, I jist tell ye that ther's nothin' a man's more like to be mistook about, than a thing he knows fur dead sure."

"Well, as I tell ye, when we seed that that 'thar 'coon wa'n't Haskinses 'coon, arter all, an' that we couldn't git him out er that tree as long as the old man was 'thar, we jist give up and put across the field for Haskinses house, whar we was a-goin' to git breakfus'. Some of the boys and the dogs staid aroun' the tree, but ole Haskins he ordered 'em off an' wouldn't let nobody stay 'thar, though they had a mighty stretchin' time gittin' the dogs away."

"It seems to me," said I, "that there wasn't much profit in that hunt."

"Well," said Martin, putting his pipe in his pocket, and feeling under his chair for his string of fish, which must have been pretty dry and stiff by this time, "the fun in a 'coon-hunt aint so much in gittin' the 'coon, as goin' arter him—which is purty much the same in a good many other things, as I tell ye."

And he took up his fish and departed.

F. R. STOCKTON.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF JACOB.—Some time since a party of ladies and gentlemen went on a tour of inspection through Durham Castle. The "lions" were shown to them by an elderly female of a sour, solemn and dignified aspect. In the course of their peregrination they came to the celebrated tapestry for which the castle is famed.

"These," said the guide, in true showman style, flavored with a dash of piety to suit the subject, and pointing to several groups of figures upon the tapestry—"these represent scenes in the life of Jacob."

"Oh yes—how pretty!" said a young lady; and, with a laugh, pointing to two figures in somewhat close proximity, she continued, "I suppose that is Jacob kissing Rachel?"

"No, madame," responded the indignant guide, with crushing dignity, "that is *Jacob wrestling with the angel*."

The men haw-hawed, the young lady subsided, and offered no further expository remarks, but groaned under a sense of unworthiness during the rest of the visit.

BITTER IRONY.—A maiden lady, who had once been jilted, wrote her own epitaph, as follows:

Here lies the body of one
Who died of constancy alone.
Stranger! advance with steps courageous,
For this disease is not contagious.

A father, in consoling his daughter, who had lost her husband, said: "I don't wonder you grieve for him, my child. You will never find his equal." "I don't know as I can," replied the sobbing widow; "but I'll do my best!" The father went home comforted.

TOODLES.

THE QUARREL SCENE ABOUT THE AUCTION BUSINESS.

SCENE II.—LANDSCAPE—VILLAGE IN THE DISTANCE.

MRS. TOODLES (*speaks outside*). But, my dear Toodles.

Enter MR. TOODLES, MRS. TOODLES following him.

TOODLES. Oh, don't dear Toodles me—you'll drive me mad—your conduct is scandalous in the extreme.

MRS. T. My dear Toodles, don't say so.

TOODLES. But I will say so, Mrs. Toodles. What will become of us, with your passion of going to auctions, and buying everything you see, because it's cheap? I say, Mrs. Toodles, where's the money? and echo answers, where.

MRS. T. I'm sure, my dear Toodles, I lay it out to the best advantage.

TOODLES. You shall not squander and waste my means.

MRS. T. My dear, I buy nothing but what is useful.

TOODLES. Useful—useless you mean. I won't have my house turned into a hospital for invalid furniture. At the end of the week I ask where's the money?—all gone too—spent in damned nonsense.

MRS. T. My love, although they are of no use to you at present, we may want them, and how useful it will be to have them in the house.

TOODLES. Why, Mrs. T., the house is full already of damaged chairs, and dilapidated tables, sofas with one leg, wash-stands with two legs, chairs with three legs, and some without a leg to stand upon.

MRS. T. I'm sure you can't find fault with the last bargain I bought.

TOODLES. What is it?

MRS. T. A pair of crutches.

TOODLES. A pair of crutches! What use are they to me, Mrs. T.?

MRS. T. No, not at present; but you might meet with an accident, and then how handy it will be to have them in the house.

TOODLES. Oh, here's a woman goes to an auction and buys a pair of crutches in anticipation that her husband will break his legs. But look what you did the

other day, when this railroad was finished out here, why curse me, if you did not buy forty-three wheelbarrows—some with wheels, and some without wheels; and then again, before this new system of police was introduced, we had watchmen, and watch-boxes—now our police have stars on their breasts, and the corporation abolished watch-boxes. They were all put up at auction, and I'll be hanged if you didn't buy ninety-three watch-boxes.

MRS. T. Now, my dear Toodles, how unreasonable you are; you don't know but they will be wanted, and then how handy it will be to have them in the house.

TOODLES. That's your old excuse. We have wheelbarrows in the yard, watch-boxes in the cellar, wheelbarrows and watch-boxes all over the house. The pigs eat out of the wheelbarrows, and the cows sleep in the watch-boxes.

MRS. T. Now, my dear Toodles, don't that prove their utility?

TOODLES. When I came home the other night, I tumbled into something and broke my shins. I called Jane to bring a light. I found myself in a watch-box. What was your last purchase? The other day I saw a cart before the door, and two men carrying into the house—a door-plate.

MRS. T. My dear Toodles—

TOODLES. And the name of Thompson upon it. Thompson with a P. Mrs. Toodles, if I were not innately a sober man, you would drive me to an extreme case of drinking. Well, what was your reason for buying the door-plate? "Toodles, my dear," says you, "we may have a daughter, and that daughter may be a female—and live to the age of maturity—and she *may* marry a man of the name of Thompson with a P—then, how handy it will be to have it in the house!

MRS. T. And won't it, dear?

TOODLES. You had it stuck over the mantel-piece, and when I come down to breakfast or home to dinner, there's that odious name of Thompson looking me in the face.—If I had a daughter, and caught a man of the name of Thompson making love to her, I'd break his head with that door-plate.

MRS. T. But, my dear Toodles—

TOODLES. Yes, Mrs. T., I say religiously, morally, sincerely and emphatically—damn Thompson!

THE BIG LIE.

A HUNTER'S STORY.

[WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, LL.D., born in Charleston, South Carolina, April 17, 1806; died there June 11, 1870. He was one of the most prolific writers of America. A mere catalogue of his works in poetry, fiction, drama, history, biography, criticism and miscellaneous literature would fill a page. It will be sufficient to state that his best-known works are a series of revolutionary and border romances, published in eighteen volumes, the most notable of which are *The Forayers*, *Mellichampe*, *Border Beagles*, *Woodcraft*, and *Beauchamp*. Griswold, in the *Prose Writers of America*, says: "His (Mr. Simms') descriptions are bold and graphic, and his characters have considerable individuality. He is most successful in sketches of rude border life, in bustling, tumultuous action. . . . The shorter stories of Mr. Simms are his best works. They have unity, completeness and strength." Notwithstanding his vast literary labors, Mr. Simms took an active part in politics, and in 1846 missed, only by one vote, being elected lieutenant-governor of his native State.]

The day's work was done, and a good day's work it was. We had bagged a couple of fine bucks and a fat doe; and now we lay camped at the foot of the "Balsam Range," of mountains in North Carolina, preparing for our supper. We were a right merry group of seven—four professional hunters, and three amateurs, myself among the latter. There was Jim Fisher, Aleck Wood, Sam or Sharp Snaffles, *alias* "Yaou," and Nathan Langford, *alias* the "Pious."

These were our *professional* hunters. Our *amateurs* may well continue nameless, as their achievements do not call for any present record.

There stood our tent pitched at the foot of the mountains, with a beautiful cascade leaping headlong toward us, and subsiding into a mountain runnel, and finally into a little lakelet, the waters of which, edged with perpetual foam, were as clear as crystal.

Our baggage-wagon, which had been sent round to meet us by trail routes through the gorges, stood near the tent, which was of stout army canvas.

That baggage-wagon held a variety of luxuries: there was a barrel of the best bolted wheat flour; there were a dozen choice hams, a sack of coffee, a keg of sugar, a few thousand of cigars, and last, not least, a corpulent barrel of Western usquebaugh, vulgarly, "whiskey," to say nothing of a pair of demijohns of equal

dimensions, one containing peach brandy of mountain manufacture, the other the luscious honey from the mountain hives.

Supper over, and it is Saturday night. It is the night dedicated among the professional hunters to what is called "The Lying Camp."

"The Lying Camp!" I exclaimed to Columbus Mills, one of our party, a wealthy mountaineer of large estates, whose guest I have been for some time. "What do you mean by the 'Lying Camp,' Columbus?"

The explanation soon followed.

Saturday night is devoted by the mountaineers engaged in a camp-hunt, which sometimes contemplates a course of several weeks, to stories of their adventures—"long yarns"—chiefly relating to the objects of their chase, and the wild experiences of their professional life. The hunter who naturally inclines to exaggeration is, at such a period, privileged to deal in all the extravagances of invention—nay—he is *required* to do so! To beliteral, or confine himself to the bald and naked truth, is not only discreditable, but a *finable* offence! He is, in such a case, made to swallow a long, strong, and difficult potation! He cannot be too extravagant in his incident; but he is also required to exhibit a certain degree of *art* in their use; and he thus frequently rises into a certain realm of fiction, the ingenuities of which are made to compensate for the exaggerations, as they do in the *Arabian Nights* and other Oriental romances.

This will suffice for explanation.

Nearly all our professional hunters assembled on the present occasion were tolerable *raconteurs*. They complimented Jim Fisher by throwing the raw deer-skin over his shoulders; tying the antlers of the buck with a red handkerchief over his forehead; seating him on the biggest boulder which lay at hand, and, sprinkling him with a stoup of whiskey, they christened him "The Big Lie" for the occasion. And in this character he complacently presided during the rest of the evening; till the company prepared for sleep, which was not till midnight, he was king of the feast.

It was the duty of the "Big Lie" to regulate proceedings, keep order, appoint the *raconteurs* severally, and admonish them when he found them foregoing their privileges, and narrating bald, naked and

uninteresting truth. They must deal in fiction.

Jim Fisher was seventy years old, and a veteran hunter—the most famous in all the country. He *looked* authority, and promptly began to assert it, which he did in a single word:—

“Yaou!”

“Yaou” was the *nom de nique* of one of the hunters, whose proper name was Sam Snaffles, but who, from his special smartness, had obtained the farther sobriquet of “*Sharp Snaffles*.”

Columbus Mills whispered me that he was called “Yaou” from his frequent use of that word, which, in the Choctaw dialect, simply means “Yes.” Snaffles had rambled considerably among the Choctaws, and picked up a variety of their words, which he was fond of using in preference to the vulgar English; and his common use of “Yaou” for the affirmative had prompted the substitution of it for his own name. He answered to the name.

“Ay—yee, Yaou,” was the response of Sam. “I was *afeard*, ‘Big Lie,’ that you’d be hitching me up the very first in your team.”

Sam Snaffles swallowed his peach and honey at a gulp, hemmed thrice lustily, put himself into an attitude, and began as follows.

I shall adopt his language as closely as possible; but it is not possible, in any degree, to convey any adequate idea of his *manner*, which was admirably appropriate to the subject-matter. Indeed, the fellow was a born actor.

The “Jedge” was the *nom de guerre* which the hunters had conferred upon me, looking, no doubt, to my venerable aspect—for I had travelled considerably beyond my teens—and the general dignity of my bearing.

“You see, Jedge,” addressing me especially as the distinguished stranger, “I’m a telling this hyar history of mine jest to please *you*, and I’ll try to please you ef I kin. These fellows hyar have hearn it so often that they knows all about it jest as well as I do my own self, and they knows the truth of it all, and would swear to it afore any hunter’s court in all the county, ef so be the affidavit was to be taken in camp and on a Saturday night.

“You see, then, Jedge, it’s about a

dozen or fourteen years ago, when I was a young fellow without much beard on my chin, though I was full grown as I am now—strong as a horse, ef not quite so big as a buffalo. I was then jest a-beginning my ‘prenticeship to the hunting business, and looking to sich persons as the ‘Big Lie’ thar to show me how to take the track of b’ar, buck and painther.

“But I confess I weren’t a-doing much. I hed a great deal to l’arn, and I reckon I miss’d many more bucks than I ever hit—that is, jest up to that time—”

“Look you, Yaou,” said “Big Lie,” interrupting him; “you’re gitting too close upon the eternal stupid truth! All you’ve been a-saying is jest nothing but the naked truth, as I knows it. Jest crook your trail!”

“And how’s a man to lie decently onless you lets him hev a bit of truth to go upon? The truth’s nothing but a peg in the wall that I hangs the lie upon. A’ter a while I promise that you sha’n’t see the peg.”

“Worm along, Yaou!”

“Well, Jedge, I warn’t a-doing much among the *bucks* yet—jest for the reason that I was quite too eager in the scent a’ter a sartin *doe*! Now, Jedge, you never seed my wife—my Merry Ann, as I calls her; and ef you was to see her *now*—though she’s prime grit yit—you would never believe that, of all the womankind in all these mountains, she was the very yaller flower of the forest, with the reddest rose cheeks you ever did see, and sich a mouth, and sich bright curly hair, and so tall, and so slender, and so all over beautiful. O Lawd! when I thinks of it and them times, I don’t see how ’twas possible to think of buck-hunting when thar was sich a doe, with sich eyes shining on me.

“Well, Jedge, Merry Ann was the only da’ter of Jeff Hopson and Keziah Hopson, his wife, who was the da’ter of Squire Claypole, whose wife was Margery Clough, that lived down upon Pacolet river—”

“Look you, Yaou, ain’t you getting into them derved facts agin, eh?”

“I reckon I em, ‘Big Lie,’ ’Scuse me; I’ll kiver the pegs *direct-lie*, one a’ter t’other. Whar was I? Ah! Oh! Well, Jedge, poor hunter and poor man—jest, you see, a squatter on the side of a leetle bit of a mountain close on to Columbus

Mills, at Mount Tryon, I was all the time on a hot trail a'ter Merry Ann Hopson. I went thar to see her a'most every night, and sometimes I carried a buck for the old people, and sometimes a doeskin for the gal; and I do think, bad hunter as I then was, I pretty much kept the fam'ly in deer meat through the whole winter.

"Well, Jedge, though Jeff Hopson was glad enough to git my meat always, he didn't affection me as I did his da'ter. He was a sharp, close, money-loving old fellow, who was always considerate of the main chaine; and the old lady, his wife, who hairdly dare say her soul was her own, she jest looked both ways, as I may say, for Sunday, never giving a fair look to me or my chaine, when his eyes were sot on *her*. But 'twan't so with my Merry Ann. She hed the eyes for me from the beginning, and soon she hed the feelings; and, you see, Jedge, we sometimes did git a chaine, when old Jeff was gone from home, to come to a sort of understanding about our feelings; and the long and the short of it was that Merry Ann confessed to me that she'd like nothing better than to be my wife. She liked no other man but me.

"Now, Jedge, a'ter that, what was a young fellow to do? That, I say, was the proper kind of encouragement. So I said, 'I'll ax your daddy.' Then she got scary, and said, 'Oh, don't, for somehow, Sam, I'm a-thinking daddy don't like you enough *yet*. Jest hold on a bit, and come often, and bring him venison, and try to make him laugh, which you kin do, you know, and a'ter a time you kin try him.' And so I did—or rether I didn't. I put off the axing. I come constant. I brought venison all the time, and b'ar meat a plenty, a'most three days in every week.

"Well, Jedge, this went on for a long time, a'most the whole winter, and spring, and summer, till the winter begun to come in agin. I carried 'em the venison, and Merry Ann meets me in the woods, and we hes sich a pleasant time when we meets on them little odd chaine that I gits hot as thunder to bring the business to a sweet honey finish.

"But Merry Ann keeps on scary, and she puts me off, untill, one day, one a'ternoon, about sundown, she meets me in the woods, and she's all in a flusteration. And she ups and tells me how old John Grimstead, the old bachelor (a fellow

about forty years old, and the dear gal not yet twenty), how he's a'ter her, and bekaise he's got a good fairm, and mules and horses, how her daddy's giving him the open mouth encouragement.

"Then I says to Merry Ann:

"You sees, I kain't put off no longer. I must out with it, and ax your daddy at onst." And then her scary fit come on again, and she begs me not to—not *jist yet*. But I swears by all the Hokies that I won't put off another day, and so, as I haired the old man was in the house that very hour, I left Merry Ann in the woods, all in a trimpling, and I jist went ahead, detarmined to have the figure straight, whether odd or even.

"I was jubious; but I jist bolted into the house, as free and easy and bold as ef I was the very best customer that the old man wanted to see."

Here Yaou paused to renew his draught of peach and honey.

"Well, Jedge, I put a bold face on the business, though my hairt was gitting up into my throat, and I was almost a-gasping for my breath, when I was fairly in the big room, and standing up before the old squire. He was a-setting in his big squar hide-bottom'd arm-chair, looking like a jedge upon the bench jist about to send a poor fellow to the gallows. As he seed me come in, looking queer enough, I reckon, his mouth put on a sort of grin, which showed all his grinders, and he looked for all the world as ef he guessed the business I come about. But he said, good-natured enough,

"Well, Sam Snaffles, how goes it?"

"I said to myself,

"It's jist as well to git the worst at onst, and then thar'll be an eend of the oneasiness.' So I up and told him, in pretty soft, smooth sort of speechifying, as how I was mighty foud of Merry Ann, and she, I was a-thinking, of me, and that I jest come to ax ef I might hev Merry Ann for my wife.

"Then he opened his eyes wide, as ef he never igned to hear sich a proposal from me.

"What!' says he. 'You?'

"Jest so, squire," says I. 'Ef it pleases you to believe me, and to consider it reasonable, the axing.'

"He sot quiet for a minit or more; then he gits up, knocks all the fire out of his pipe on the chimney, fills it, and lights it

agin, and then comes straight up to me, whar I was a-setting on the chair in front of him, and without a word he takes the collar of my coat betwixt the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, and he says :

“Git up, Sam Snaffles. Git up, ef you please.

“Well, I gits up, and he says :

“Hyar. Come. Hyar.”

“And with that he leads me right across the room to a big looking-glass that hung agin the partition wall, and thar he stops before the glass, facing it and holding me by the collar all the time.

“Now that looking-glass, Jedge, was about the biggest I ever did see. It was a most three feet high, and a most two feet wide, and it had a bright, broad frame, shiny like gold, with a heap of leetle figgers worked all round it. I reckon thar’s no sich glass now in all the mountain country.

“Well, thar he hed me up, both on us standing in front of this glass, whar we could a-most see the whole of our full figgers from head to foot.

“And when we hed stood thar for a minit or so, he says, quite solemn like :

“‘Look in the glass, Sam Snaffles.’

“So I looked.

“‘Well,’ says I, ‘I sees you, Squire Hopson, and myself, Sam Snaffles.’

“‘Look good,’ says he; ‘*obzarve* well.’

“‘Well,’ says I, ‘I’m a-looking with all my eyes. I only sees what I tells you.’

“‘But you don’t *obzarve*,’ says he. ‘Looking and seeing’s one thing,’ says he, ‘but *obzarving*’s another. Now *obzarve*.’

“By this time, Jedge, I was getting sort o’ riled, for I could see that somehow he was jest a-trying to make me feel redickilous. So I says :

“‘Look you, Squire Hopson, ef you thinks I never seed myself in a glass afore this, you’re mighty mistaken.’

“‘Very well,’ says he. ‘Now *obzarve*. You sees your own figger, and your face, and you air *obzarving* as well as you know how. Now, Mr. Sam Snaffles—now that you’ve hed a fair look at yourself—jest now answer me, from your honest conscience, a’ter all you’ve seen, ef you honestly thinks you’re the sort of pusson to hev *my* da’ter.’

“And with that he gin me a twist, and when I wheeled round he hed wheeled

round, too, and thar we stood full facing one another.

“Lawd ! how I was riled ! But I answered, quick :

“‘And why not, I’d like to know, Squire Hopson ? I ain’t the handsomest man in the world, but I’m not the ugliest ; and folks don’t generally consider me at all among the uglies. I’m as tall a man as you, and as stout and strong, and as good a man o’ my inches as ever stepped in shoe-leather. And it’s enough to tell you, squire, whatever *you* may think, that Merry Ann believes in me, and she’s a way of thinking that I’m jest about the very pusson that ought to hev her.’

“‘Merry Ann’s thinking,’ says he, ‘don’t run all fours with her fayther’s thinking. I axed you, Sam Snaffles, to *obzarve* yourself in the glass. I telled you that seeing warn’t edactly *obzarving*. You seed only the inches ; you seed that you hed eyes, and mouth, and nose, and the airms and legs of a man. But eyes and mouth, and legs and airms, don’t make a man.’

“‘Oh, they don’t,’ says I.

“‘No, indeed,’ says he. ‘I seed that you hed all them ; but then I seed thar was one thing that you hedn’t got.’

“‘Jimini !’ says I, mighty confused. ‘What thing’s a-wanting to me to make me a man ?’

“‘*Capital*,’ says he, and he lifted himself up and looked mighty grand.

“‘*Capital*,’ says I ; ‘and what’s that ?’

“‘Thar air many kinds of *capital*,’ says he. ‘Money’s *capital*, for it kin buy everything ; house and lands is *capital* ; cattle and horses and sheep, when thar’s enough on ’em, is *capital*. And as I *obzarved* you in the glass, Sam Snaffles, I seed that *capital* was the very thing that you wanted to make a man of you. Now, I don’t mean that any da’ter of mine shall marry a pusson that’s not a *perfect* man. I *obzarved* you long ago, and seed whar you was wanting. I axed about you. I axed your horse.’

“‘Axed my horse !’ says I, pretty nigh dumfounded.

“‘Yes ; I axed your horse, and he said to me, ‘Look at me. I hain’t got an ounce of spar’ flesh on my bones. You kin count all my ribs. You kin lay the whole length of your airm betwixt any two on ’em, and it’ll lie thar as snug as a black snake betwixt two poles of a log-

house." Says he, "Sam's got *no capital*. He ain't got any time five bushels of corn in his crib, and he's such a monstrous feeder himself that he'll eat out four bushels, and think it mighty hard upon him to give *me* the other one." Thar, now, was your horse's testimony, Sam, agin you. Then I axed about your cabin, and your way of living. I was curious, and went to see you one day when I knowed you waur at home. You hed but one chair, which you gin me to sit on, and you sot on the eend of a barrel for yourself. You gin me a rasher of bacon what hedn't a streak of fat in it. You hed a poor quarter of a poor doe hanging from the rafters, a poor beast that somebody hed disabled—

"I shot it myself," says I.

"Well, it was a-dying when you shot it, and all the hunters say you was a poor shooter at anything. Your cabin had but one room, and that you slept in and ate in, and the floor was six inches deep in dirt. Says I to myself, says I, "This poor fellow's got *no capital*; and he hasn't the head to git *capital*," and from that moment, Sam Snaffles, the more I obzarved you the more sartin 'twas that you never could be a man ef you waur to live a thousand years."

"A'ter that long speechifying, Jedge, you might ha' ground me up in a mill, biled me down in a pot, and scattered me over a manure heap, and I wouldn't ha' been able to say a word.

"I cotched up my hat, and was a-gwine, when he said to me, with his derved infernal big grin :

"Take another look in the glass, Sam Snaffles, and obzarve well, and you'll see jest whar it is, I thinks, that you're wanting."

"I didn't stop for any more. I jest bolted, like a hot shot out of a shovel, and didn't know my own self, or whatever steps I tuk, tell I got into the thicket and met Merry Ann coming towards me.

"I must liquor now.

"Well, Jedge, it was a hard meeting betwixt me and Merry Ann. The poor gal come to me in a sort of run, and, hairdly drawing her breath, she cried out :

"Oh, Sam! What does he say?"

"What could I say? How tell her? I jest wrapped her up in my arms, and I eries out, making some violent remarks about the old squire.

"Then she screamed, and I hed to squeeze her up, more close than ever, and kiss her, I reckon, more than a dozen times, jest to keep her from gwine into historical fits. I telled her all, from beginning to eend.

"I telled her that thar waur some truth in what the old man said; that I hedn't been keerful to do the thing as I ought; that the house *was* mean and dirty; that the horse was mean and poor; that I hed been thinking too much about her own self to think about other things; but that I would do better, would see to things, put things right, git corn in the crib, git 'capital' ef I could, and make a good, comfortable home for *her*.

"Look at me," says I, 'Merry Ann. Does I look like a man?'

"You're all the man I wants," says she.

"That's enough," says I. 'You shall see what I kin do, and what I *will* do. That's ef you air true to me.'

"And she throwed herself upon my buzzom, and cried out :

"I'll be true to you, Sam. I loves nobody in all the world so much as I loves you."

"And you won't marry any other man, Merry Ann, no matter what your daddy says?"

"Never," she says.

"And you won't listen to this old bachelor fellow, Grimstead, that's got the 'capital' already, no matter how they spurs you?"

"Never," she says.

"Sw'ar it," says I, 'sw'ar it, Merry Ann, that you will be my wife, and never marry Grimstead.'

"I sw'ars it," she says, kissing *me*, be-kaize we had no book.

"Now," says I, 'Merry Ann, that's not enough. Cuss him for my sake, and to make it sartin. Cuss that fellow Grimstead.'

"Oh, Sam, I kain't cuss," says she; 'that's wicked.'

"Cuss him on my account," says I—'to my credit.'

"Oh," says she, 'don't ax me. I kain't do that.'

"Says I, 'Merry Ann, if you don't cuss that fellow some way, I do believe you'll go over to him a'ter all. Jest you cuss him, now. Any small cuss will do, ef you're in airnest.'

"Well," says she, 'ef that's your idee,

then I says, '*Drot his skin*,'* and drot my skin, too, ef ever I marries anybody but Sam Snaffles.'

"That'll do, Merry Ann," says I. 'And now I'm easy in my soul and conscience. And now, Merry Ann, I'm gwine off to try my best and git the 'capital.' Ef it's the 'capital' that's needful to make a man of me, I'll git it, by all the Holy-Hokies, if I kin.'

"And so, after a million of squeezes and kisses, we parted; and she slipt along through the woods, the back way to the house, and I mounted my horse to go to my cabin. But, afore I mounted the beast, I gin him a dozen kicks in his ribs, jest for bearing his testimony agin me, and telling the old squire that I hedn't 'capital' enough for a corn crib.

"I was mightily let down, as you may think, by old Squire Hopson; but I was mightily lifted up by Merry Ann.

"But when I got to my cabin, and seed how mean everything was there, and thought how true it was that old Squire Hopson had said, I felt overkim, and I said to myself, 'It's all true. How kin I bring that beautiful yaller flower of the forest to live in sich a mean cabin, and with sich poor accommydations? She that had everything comforting and nice about her.'

"Then I considered all about 'capital'; and it growed on me, until I begin to see that a man might hev good legs and arms and thighs, and a good face of his own, and yit not be a parfect and proper man a'ter all. I hed lived, you see, Jedge, to be twenty-three years of age, and was living no better than a three-year-old b'ar, in a sort of cave, sleeping on shuck and straw, and never looking after to-morrow.

"I couldn't sleep all that night for the thinking and obzarvations. That impudent talking of old Hopson put me on a new track. I couldn't give up hunting. I knowed no other business, and I didn't hafe know that.

* "Drot," or "Drat," has been called an American vulgarity, but it is genuine old English, as ancient as the days of Ben Jonson. Originally the oath was, "God rot it," but Puritanism, which was unwilling to take the name of God in vain, was yet not prepared to abandon the oath, so the pious preserved it in an abridged form, omitting the G from God, and using "Od rot it." It reached its final contraction, "Drot," before it came to America. "Drot it," "Drat it," "Drot your eyes," or "Drot his skin," are so many modes of using it among the uneducated classes.—W. G. S.

"Well, Jedge, as I said, I had a most miserable night of consideration and obzarvation and concatenation accordingly. I felt all over mean, 'cept now and then, when I thought of dear Merry Ann, and her felicities and cordialities and fidelities; and then, the cuss which she gin onder the kiver of 'Drot,' to that dried-up old bachelor Grimstead. But I got to sleep at last. And I had a dream. And I thought I seed the prettiest woman critter in the world, next to Merry Ann, standing close by my bedside; and, at first, I thought 'twas Merry Ann, and I was gwine to kiss her agin; but she drawed back and said:

"'Seuse me. I'm not Merry Ann, but I'm her friend and your friend; so don't you be down in the mouth, but keep a good hairt, and you'll hev help, and git the 'capital' whar you don't look for it now. It's only needful that you be determined on good works and making a man of yourself.'

"A'ter that dream I slept like a top, woke at day-peep, took my rifle, called up my dog, mounted my horse, and put out for the laurel hollows.

"Well, I hunted all day, made several starts, but got nothing; my dog ran off, the rascally pup, and, I reckon, ef Squire Hopson had met him he'd ha' said 'twas bekaise I starved him. Fact is, we hedn't any on us much to eat that day, and the old mar's ribs stood out bigger than ever.

"All day I rode and followed the track, and got nothing.

"Well, jest about sunset I come to a hollow of the hills that I hed never seed before; and in the middle of it was a great pond of water, what you call a lake; and it showed like so much purple glass in the sunset, and 'twas jest as smooth as the big looking-glass of Squire Hopson's. Thar wa'n't a breath of wind stirring.

"I was mighty tired, so I eased down from the mar, tied up the bridle and check, and let her pick about, and laid myself down onder a tree, jest about twenty yards from the lake, and thought to rest myself until the moon riz, which I knowed would be about seven o'clock.

"I didn't mean to fall asleep, but I did it; and I reckon I must ha' slept a good hour, for when I woke the dark had set in, and I could only see one or two bright stars hyar and thar, shooting out from the

dark of the heavens. But ef I seed nothing, I haired; and jest sich a sound and noise as I hed never haired before.

"Thar was a rushing and a roaring and a screaming and a splashing in the air and in the water as made you think the universal world was coming to an eend.

"All that set me up. I was waked up out of sleep and dream, and my eyes opened to everything that eye could see; and sich another sight I never seed before. I tell you, Jedge, ef there was one wild-goose settling down in that lake thar was one hundred thousand of 'em. I couldn't see the eend of 'em. They come every minit, swarm a'ter swarm, in tens and twenties and fifties and hundreds; and sich a fuss as they did make; sich a gabbling, sich a splashing, sich a confusion, that I was fairly confusterated; and I jest lay whar I was, a-watching 'em.

"You never seed beasts so happy. How they flapped their wings; how they gabbled to one another; how they swam hyar and thar, to the very middle of the lake and to the very edge of it, jest a fifty yards from whar I lay squat, never moving leg or arm. It was wonderful to see. I wondered how they could find room, for I reckon thar waur forty thousand on 'em, all scuffling in that leetle lake together.

"Well, as I watched them, I said to myself:

"Now, if a fellow could only captivate all them wild geese—fresh from Canniday, I reckon—what would they bring in the market at Spartanburg and Greenville?' Walker, I knowed, would buy 'em up quick at fifty cents a head. Forty thousand geese at fifty cents a head. Thar was 'capital.'

"I could ha' fired in among 'em with my rifle, never taking aim, and killed a dozen or more at a single shot; but what was a poor dozen geese when thar waur forty thousand to captivate?

"What a haul 'twould be ef a man could only get 'em all in one net! Kiver them all at a fling!

"The idee worked like so much fire in my brain.

"How can it be done?

"That was the question.

"Kin it be done?" I axed myself.

"It kin, I said to myself; 'and I'm the very man to do it.'

"Then I got up and tuk to my horse and rode home.

"And thar, when I had swallowed my bit of hoe-cake and bacon and a good strong cup of coffee, and got into bed, I couldn't sleep for a long time, thinking how I was to git them geese.

"But I kept nearing the right idee every minit, and when I was fast asleep it came to me in my dream.

"I seed the same beautifulest young woman agin that hed given me the encouragement before to go ahead, and she helped me out with the idee.

"So in the morning I went to work. I rode off to Spartanburg, and bought all the twine and cord and hafe the plough-lines in town; and I got a lot of great fish-hooks, all to help make the tanglement perfect; and I got lead for sinkers, and I got cork-word for floaters; and I pushed for home jist as fast as my poor mar' could streak it.

"I was at work day and night for nigh on to a week making my net; and when 'twas done I borrowed a mule and cart from Columbus Mills thar—he'll tell you all about it, he kin make his affidavy to the truth of it.

"Well, off I driv with my great net, and got to the lake about noonday. I knowed 'twould take me some hours to make my fixings perfect, and get the net fairly stretched across the lake, and jest deep enough to do the tangling of every leg of the birds in the very midst of their swimming, and snorting, and splashing, and cavorting. When I hed fixed it all fine, and jest as I wanted it, I brought the eends of my plough-lines up to where I was gwine to hide myself. This was onder a strong sapling; and my kalkilation was, when I hed got the beasts all hooked, forty thousand, more or less—and I could tell how that was from feeling on the line—why, then, I'd whip the line round the sapling, hitch it fast, and draw in my birds at my own ease, without axing much about their comfort.

"'Twas a most beautiful and parfect plan, and all would ha' worked beautiful well but for one leetle oversight of mine. But I won't tell you about that part of the business yit, the more pretickilarly as it turned out for the very best, as you'll see in the eend.

"I hedn't long finished my fixing when the sun suddently tumbled down the heights, and the dark begun to creep in upon me, and a pretty cold dark it waur.

I remember it well. My teeth begun to chatter in my head, though I was boiling over with inward heat, all jest coming out of my hot eagerness to be captivating the birds.

"Well, Jedge, I hedn't to wait overlong. Soon I haired them coming, screaming fur away, and then I seed them pouring, jest like so many white clouds, straight down, I reckon, from the snow mountains off in Canniday.

"Down they come, millions upon millions, till I was sartin thar waur already pretty nigh on to forty thousand in the lake.

"Well, thar they waur, forty thousand, we'll say, with, it mout be, a few millions and hundreds over. And Lawd! how they played, and splashed, and screamed, and dived! I calkilated on hooken a good many of them divers, in pertikilar, and so I watched and waited, until I thought I'd feel of my lines; and I begun leetle by leetle, to haul in, when, Lawd love you, Jedge! sich a ripping and raging, and bouncing and flouncing, and flopping and splashing, and kicking and screaming, you never did hear in all your born days!

"By this I knowed that I had captivated the captains of the host, and a pretty smart chaince, I reckoned, of the rigilar army, ef 'twa n't edzactly forty thousand; for I calkilated that some few would get away—run off—jest as the cowards always does in the army jest when the shooting and confusion begins; still I reasonably calkilated on the main body of the rigiments; and so, gitting more and more hot and eager, and pulling and hauling, I made one big mistake, and, instid of wrapping the eends of my lines around the sapling that was standing jest behind me, what does I do but wraps 'em round my own thigh—the right thigh, you see—and some of the loops waur hitched round my left arm at the same time.

"All this come of my hurry and excitement, for it was burning like a hot fever in my brain, and I didn't know when or how I hed tied myself up, until suddenly, with an all-fired scream, all together, them forty thousand geese rose like a great white cloud in the air, all tied up, tangled up—hooked about the legs, hooked about the gills, hooked and fast in some way in the beautiful leetle twistings of my net.

"Yes, Jedge, as I'm a living hunter to-

night, hyar a-talking to you, they riz up all together, as ef they had consulted upon it, like a mighty thunder-cloud, and off they went, screaming and flouncing, meaning, I reckon, to take the back track to Canniday, in spite of the freezing weather.

"Before I knowed whar I was, Jedge, I was twenty feet in the air, my right thigh up and my left arm, and the other thigh and arm a-dangling useless, and feeling every minit as ef they was gwine to drop off.

"You may be sure I pulled with all my might, but that waur mighty leetle in the fix I was in, and I jest had to hold on, and see whar the infernal beasts would carry me. I couldn't loose myself, and ef I could I was by this time quite too fur up in the air, and darsn't do so, onless I was willing to hev my brains dashed out, and my whole body mashed to a mam-mock.

"Thar I was dangling, like a dead weight, at the tail of that all-fired cloud of wild geese, head downward, and gwine, the Lawd knows whar!—to Canniday, or Jericho, or some other heathen territory beyond the Massissipp, and it mout be, over the great eternal ocean.

"When I thought of *that*, and thought of the lines giving way, and that on a sudden I should come down plump into the big sea, jest in the middle of a great gathering of shirks and whales, to be dewoured and tore to bits by their bloody grinders, I was ready to die of skeer outright. I thought over all my poor sinnings in a moment, and I thought of my poor dear Merry Ann, and I called out her name, loud as I could, jest as ef the poor gal could hyar me or help me.

"And jest then I could see we waur a drawing nigh a great thunder-cloud. I could see the red tongues running out of its black jaws; and 'Lawd!' says I, 'ef these all-fired infarnal wild beasts of birds should carry me into that cloud to be burned to a coal, fried, and roasted, and biled alive by them tongues of red fire.'

"But the geese fought shy of the cloud, though we passed mighty nigh on to it, and I could see one red streak of lightning run out of the cloud, and give us chase for a full hafe a mile; but we waur too fast for it, and in a tearing passion, be-kaise it couldn't ketch us, the red streak struck its horns into a great tree jest behind us that we had passed over, and

tore it into flinders in the twink of a mosquito.

"But by this time I was beginning to feel quite stupid. I knowed that I waur fast gitting onsensible, and it did seem to me as ef my hour waur come, and I was gwine to die—and die by rope, and dangling in the air, a thousand miles from the airth!

"But jest then I was roused up. I felt something brush agin me; then my face was scratched; and, on a sudden, thar was a stop put to my travels by that conveyance. The geese had stopped flying, and waur in a mighty great confluxation, flopping their wings as well as they could, and screaming with all the tongues in their jaws. It was clar to me now that we had run agin something that brought us all up with a short hitch.

"I was shook roughly agin the obstruction, and I put out my right arm and cotched a hold of a long arm of an almighty big tree; then my legs waur cotched betwixt two other branches, and I rekiwered myself, so as to set up a leetle and rest. The geese was a tumbling and flopping among the branches. The net was hooked hyar and thar; and the birds waur all about me, swinging and splurging, but unable to break loose and git away.

"By leetle and leetle I come to my clarsenses, and begun to feel my sitivation. The stiffness was passing out of my limbs. I could draw up my legs, and after some hard work, I managed to onwrap the plough-lines from my right thigh and my left arm, and I hed the sense this time to tie the eends pretty tight to a great branch of the tree which stretched clar across and about a foot over my head.

"Then I begun to consider my sitivation. I hed hed a hard riding, that was sartin; and I felt sore enough. And I hed hed a horrid bad skeer, enough to make a man's wool turn white afore the night was over. But now I felt easy, bekaise I considered myself safe. With day-peep I kalkilated to let myself down from the tree by my plough-lines, and thar below, tied fast, warn't thar my forty thousand captivated geese?

"'Hurrrah!' I sings out. 'Hurrah! Merry Ann; we'll hev the "capital" now, I reckon.'

"And, singing out, I drew up my legs and shifted my body so as to find an easier

seat in the crutch of the tree, which was an almighty big chestnut oak, when, oh Lawd! on a sudden the stump I hed been a-setting on give way onder me. 'Twas a rotten jint of the tree. It gave way, Jedge, as I tell you, and down I went, my legs first, and then my whole body—slipping down, not on the outside, but into a great hollow of the tree, all the hairt of it being eat out by the rot; and afore I knowed whar I waur, I waur some twenty foot down, I reckon, and, by the time I touched bottom, I was up to my neck in honey.

"It was an almighty big honey-tree, full of the sweet treacle, and the bees all gone and left it, I reckon, for a hundred years. And I in it up to my neck.

"I could smell it strong. I could taste it sweet. But I could see nothing.

"Lawd! Lawd! From bad to worse; buried alive in a hollow tree, with never a chance to git out! I would then ha' given all the world ef I was only sailing away with them bloody wild geese to Caniday and Jericho, even across the sea, with all its shirks and whales dewouring me.

"Buried alive! Oh Lawd! Oh Lawd! 'Lawd, save me and help me!' I cried out from the depths. And, 'Oh, my Merry Ann!' I cried. 'shill we never meet agin no more?' 'Scuse my weeping, Jedge, but I feels all over the sinsation, fresh as ever, of being buried alive in a bee-hive tree and presarved in honey. I must liquor, Jedge."

After refreshing himself with another draught, Sam proceeded with the story of his strange adventure:—

"Only think of me, Jedge, in my sitivation! Buried alive in the hollow of a mountain chestnut oak! Up to my neck in honey, with never no more an appetite to eat than ef it waur the very gall of bitterness than we reads of in the Holy Scriptures!

"All dark, all silent as the grave, 'cept for the gabbling and the cackling of the wild geese outside that every now and then would make a great splurging and cavorting, trying to break away from their hitch, which was jist as fast fixed as my own.

"Who would git them geese that hed cost me so much to captivate? Who would inherit my 'capital?' and who would hev Merry Ann? and what will become of the mule and cart of Mills, fastened in the woods by the leetle lake?

"I cussed the leetle lake, and the geese, and all the 'capital.'

"I cussed. I couldn't help it. I cussed from the bottom of my hairt when I ought to ha' bin saying my prayers. And thar was my poor mar' in the stable with never a morsel of feed. She had told tales upon me to Squaire Hopson, it's true, but I forgin her, and thought of her feed, and nobody to give her none. Thar waur corn in the crib and fodder, but it warn't in the stable; and onless Columbus Mills should come looking a'ter me at the cabin, thar waur no hope for me or the mar'.

"Oh, Jedge, you couldn't jedge of my sitivation in that deep hollow, and cave, I may say, of mountain oak. My head waur jest above the honey, and ef I backed it to look up, my long ha'r at the back of my neck a'most stuck fast, so thick was the honey.

"But I couldn't help looking up. The hollow was a wide one at the top, and I could see when a star was passing over. Thar they shined, bright and beautiful, as if they waur the very eyes of the angels; and as I seed them come and go, looking smiling in upon me as they come, I cried out to 'em, one by one:

"Oh, sweet sperrits, blessed angels! ef so be thar's an angel sperrit, as they say, living in all them stars, come down and extricate me from this fix, for, so fur as I kin see, I've got no chainece of help from mortal man or woman. Hairdly onst a year does a human come this way, and ef they did come how would they know I'm hyar? How could I make them hyar me?" I knowed I prayed like a heathen sinner, but I prayed as well as I knowed how; and thar warn't a star passing over me that I didn't pray to soon as I seed them shining over the opening of the hollow; and I prayed fast and faster as I seed them passing away and gitting out of sight.

"Well, Jedge, suddently in the midst of my praying, and jest after one bright, big star hed gone over me without seeing my sitivation, I hed a fresh skeer.

"Suddent I haird a monstrous fluttering among my geese—my 'capital.' Then I haird a great scraping and scratching on the outside of the tree, and suddent, as I looked up, the mouth of the hollow was shet up.

"All was dark. The stars and sky

waur all gone. Something black kivered the hollow, and in a minit a'ter, I haird something slipping into the hollow right upon me.

"I could hairdly draw my breath. I begun to fear that I was to be suffocated alive; and as I haird the strange critter slipping down I shoved out my hands and felt ha'r—coarse wool—and with one hand I cotched hold of the ha'ry leg of a beast, and with t'other hand I cotched hold of his tail.

"'Twas a great b'ar, one of the biggest, come to git his honey. He knowed the tree, Jedge, you see, and ef any beast in the world loves honey, 'tis a b'ar beast. He'll go to his death on honey, though the hounds are tearing at his very haunches.

"You may be sure, when I onst knowed what he was, and onst got a good grip on his hind-quarters, I wan't gwine to let go in a hurry. I knowed that was my only chance for gitting out of the hollow, and I do believe them blessed angels in the stars sent the beast, jest at the right time, to give me human help and assistance.

"Now, yer see, Jedge, thar was no chance for him turning round upon me. He pretty much filled up the hollow. He knowed his way and slipped down eend foremost—the latter eend, you know. He could stand up on his hind legs and eat all he wanted. Then with his great sharp claws and his mighty muscle, he could work up, holding on to the sides of the tree, and git out a'most as easy as when he come down.

"Now, you see, ef he weighed five hundred pounds, and could climb like a cat, he could easy carry up a young fellow that hed no flesh to spar, and only weighed a hundred and twenty-five. So I laid my weight on him, eased him off as well as I could, but held on to tail and leg as ef all life and etarnity depended upon it.

"Now I reckon, Jedge, that b'ar was pretty much more skeered than I was. He couldn't turn in his shoes, and with something fastened to his ankles, and as he thought, I reckon, some strange beast fastened to his tail, you never seed beast more eager to git away, and git upwards. He knowed the way, and stuck his claws in the rough sides of the hollow, hand over hand, jest as a sailor pulls a rope, and up we went. We hed, howsomdever, more than one slip back, but, Lawd bless

you! I never let go. Up we went, I say, at last, and I stuck jest as close to his haunches as death sticks to a dead nigger. Up we went. I felt myself moving. My neck was out of the honey. My arms were free. I could feel the sticky thing slipping off from me, and a'ter a good quarter of an hour the b'ar was on the great mouth of the hollow; and as I felt that I let go his tail, still keeping fast hold of his leg, and with one hand I cotched hold of the outside rim of the hollow; I found it fast, held on to it; and jest then the b'ar sat squat on the very edge of the hollow, taking a sort of rest a'ter his labor.

"I don't know what 'twas, Jedge, that made me do it. I warn't a thinking at all. I was only feeling and drawing a long breath. Jest then the b'ar sort o' looked round as ef to see what varmint it was a troubling him, when I gin him a mighty push, strong as I could, and he lost his balance and went over outside down cl'ar to the airth, and I could hyar his neck crack, almost as loud as a pistol.

"I drewed a long breath a'ter that, and prayed a short prayer; and, feeling my way all the time, so as to be sure agin rotten branches, I got a safe seat among the limbs of the tree, and sot myself down, determined to wait tell broad daylight before I tuk another step in the business.

"And thar I sot. So fur as I could see, Jedge, I was safe. I hed got out of the tie of the flying geese, and thar they all waur, spread before me, flopping now and then, and trying to ixtricate themselves; but they couldn't come it. Thar they waur, captivated, and so much 'capital' for Sam Snaffles.

"And I hed got out of the lion's den—that is, I hed got out of the honey-tree, and warn't in no present danger of being buried alive agin. Thanks to the b'ar, and to the blessed, beautiful angel sperrits in the stars that hed sent him thar seeking honey to be my deliverance from my captivation.

"And thar he lay, jest as quiet as ef he waur a sleeping, though I knowed his neck was broke. And that ba'r, too, was so much 'capital.'

"And I sot in the tree making my kalkilations. I could see now the meaning of that beautiful young critter that come to me in my dreams. I was to hev the

'capital,' but I was to git it through troubles and tribulations, and a mighty bad skeer for life. I never knowed the valley of 'capital' till now, and I seed the sense in all that Squaire Hopson told me, though he did tell it in a mighty spiteful sperrit.

"Well, I kalkilated.

"It was cold weather, freezing, and though I had good warm clothes on, I felt monstrous like sleeping, from the cold only, though perhaps the tire and the skeer together hed something to do with it. But I was afeared to sleep. I didn't know what would happen, and a man has never his right courage ontill daylight. I fou't agin sleep by keeping on my kalkilation.

"Forty thousand wild geese!

"Thar wa'n't forty thousand edzactly—very far from it—but thar they waur, pretty thick; and for every goose I could git from forty to sixty cents in all the villages in South Carolina.

"Thar was 'capital!'

"Then thar waur the b'ar.

"Jedging from his strength in pulling me up, and from his size and fat in filling up that great hollow in the tree, I kalkilated that he couldn't weigh less than five hundred pounds. His hide, I knowed, was worth twenty dollars. Then thar was the fat and tallow, and the biled marrow out of his bones, what they makes b'ar's grease out of, to make chicken whiskers grow big enough for game-cocks. Then thar waur the meat, skinned, cleaned, and all; thar couldn't be much onder four hundred and fifty pounds, and whether I sold him as fresh meat or cured he'd bring me ten cents a pound at the least.

"Says I, 'Thar's capital!'

"Then, says I, 'thar's my honey-tree. I reckon thar's a matter of ten thousand gallons in this hyar same honey-tree; and if I kint git fifty to seventy cents a gallon for it thar's no alligators in Flurriday.'

"And so I kalkilated through the night, fighting agin sleep, and thinking of my 'capital' and Merry Ann together.

"By morning I had kalkilated all I hed to do and all I hed to make.

"Soon as I got a peep of day I was up and on the look-out.

"Thar all around me were the captivated geese critters. The b'ar laid down perfectly easy and waiting for the knife;

and the geese, I reckon they were much more tired than me, for they didn't seem to hev the hairt for a single flutter, even when they seed me swing down from the tree among 'em holding on to my plough-lines and letting myself down easy.

"But first I must tell you, Jedge, when I seed the first signs of daylight and looked around me, Lawd bless me! what should I see but old Tryon Mountain with his great head lifting itself up in the east! And beyant I could see the house and farm of Columbus Mills; and as I turned to look a leetle south of that thar was my own poor leetle log-cabin standing quiet, but with never a smoke streaming out from the chimbley.

"God bless them good angel sperrits," I said, "I ain't two miles from home!" Before I come down from the tree I knowed edactly whar I waur. 'Twas only four miles off from the lake and whar I hitched the mule of Columbus Mills close by the cart. Thar, too, I had left my rifle. Yet in my miserable fix, carried through the air by them wild geese, I did think I hed gone a'most a thousand miles towards Canniday.

"Soon as I got down from the tree I pushed off at a trot to git the mule and cart. I was pretty sure of my b'ar and geese when I come back. The cart stood quiet enough. But the mule, having nothing to eat, was sharpening her teeth upon a boulder, thinking she'd hev a bite or so before long.

"I hitched her up, brought her to my bee-tree, tumbled the b'ar into the cart, wrung the necks of all the geese that waur thar—many hed got away—and counted some twenty-seven hundred that I piled away atop of the b'ar."

"Twenty-seven hundred!" cried the "Big Lie," and all the hunters at a breath. "Twenty-seven hundred! Why, Yaou, whenever you telled of this thing before you always counted them at three thousand one hundred and fifty!"

"Well, ef I did, I reckon I was right. I was sartinly right then, it being all fresh in my membrance; and I'm not the man to go back agin his own words.

"Well, Jedge, next about the b'ar. Sold the hide and tallow for a fine market-price; sold the meat, got ten cents a pound for it fresh—'twas most beautiful meat; biled down the bones for the marrow; melted down the grease; sold four-

teen pounds of it to the barbers and apothecaries; got a dollar a pound for that; sold that hide for twenty dollars; and got the cash for everything.

"Well, I kin only say, that a ter all the selling—and I driv at it day and night, with Columbus Mills' mule and cart, and went to every house in every street in all them villages—I hed a'most fifteen hundred dollars, safe stowed away onder the pillows of my bed, all in solid gould and silver.

"But I warn't done. Thar was my bee-tree. Don't you think I waur gwine to lose that honey; no, my darlint. I didn't beat the drum about nothing. I didn't let on to a soul what I was a-doing. They axed me about the wild geese, but I sent 'em on a wild-geese chase; and 'twan't till I hed sold off all the b'ar meat and all the geese that I made ready to git at that honey. I reckon them bees must ha' been making that honey for a hundred years, and was then driv out by the b'ars.

"Columbus Mills will tell you; he axed me all about it; but though he was always my good friend, I never even telled it to him. But he lent me his mule and cart, good fellow as he is, and never said nothing more; and, quiet enough, without beat of drum, I bought up all the tight-bound barrels that ever brought whiskey to Spartanburg and Greenville, whar they hes the taste for that article strong; and day by day I went off carrying as many barrels as the cart could hold and the mule could draw. I tapped the old tree—which was one of the oldest and biggest chestnut oaks I ever did see—close to the bottom, and drewed off the beautiful treacle. I was more than sixteen days about it, and got something over two thousand gallons of the purest, sweetest, yellowist honey you ever did see. I could hardly git barrels and jimmyjohns enough to hold it; and I sold it out at seventy cents a gallon, which was mighty cheap. So I got from the honey a matter of fourteen hundred dollars.

"Now, Jedge, all this time, though it went very much agin the grain, I kept away from Merry Ann and the old squire, her daddy. I sent him two hundred head of geese—some fresh, say one hundred, and another hundred that I hed cleaned and put in salt—and I sent him three jimmyjohns of honey, five gallons each.

But I kept away and said nothing, beat no drum, and hed never a thinking but how to git in the 'capital.' And I did git it in.

"When I carried the mule and cart home to Columbus Mills I axed him about a sartin farm of one hundred and sixty acres that he hed to sell. It hed a good house on it. He selled it to me cheap. I paid him down, and put the titles in my pocket. 'Thar's capital,' says I.

"*That waur a fixed thing for ever and ever.* And when I hed moved everything from the old cabin to the new farm, Columbus let me hev a fine milch cow that gin eleven quarts a day, with a beautiful young caif. Jest about that time thar was a great sale of the furniter of the Ashmore family down at Spartanburg, and I remembered I hed no decent bedstead, or anything rightly sarving for a young woman's chamber; so I went to the sale, and bought a fine strong mahogany bedstead, a dozen chairs, a chist of drawers, and some other things that ain't quite mentionable, Jedge, but all proper for a lady's chamber; and I soon hed the house fixed up ready for anything. And up to this time I never let on to anybody what I was a-thinking about or what I was a-doing until I could stand up in my own doorway and look about me, and say to myself, 'This is my "capital," I reckon; and when I hed got all that I thought a needcessity to git I took 'count of everything.

"I spread the title-deeds of my fairm out on the table. I read 'em over three times to see ef 't waur all right. Thar was my name several times in big letters, 'to hev and to hold.'

"Then I fixed the furniter. Then I brought out into the stable-yard the old mar—you couldn't count her ribs *now*, and she was spry as ef she hed got a new conceit of herself.

"Then thar was my beautiful cow and caif, sealing fat, both on 'em, and sleek as a doe in autumn.

"Then thar waur a fine young mule that I bought in Spartanburg; my cart, and a strong second-hand buggy, that could carry two pussons convenient of two different sexes. And I felt big, like a man of consekence and capital.

"That warn't all.

"I had the shiners, Jedge, besides—all in gould and silver—none of your dirty rags and blotty spotty paper.

"I hed a grand count of my money, Jedge. I hed it in a dozen or twenty little bags of leather—the gould—and the silver I hed in shot-bags. It took me a whole morning to count it up and git the figgers right. Then I stuffed it in my pockets, hyar and thar, everywhar wherever I could stow a bag; and the silver I stuffed away in my saddle-bags, and clapped it on the mar'.

"Then I mounted myself, and sot the mar's nose straight in a bee-line for the fairm of Squire Hopson.

"I was a-gwine, you see, to surprise him with my 'capital;' but, fust, I meant to give him a mighty grand skeer.

"You see, when I was a-trading with Columbus Mills about the fairm and cattle and other things, I ups and tells him about my courting of Merry Ann; and when I telled him about Squire Hopson's talk about 'capital,' he says:

"'The old skunk! What right hes he to be talking big so when he kain't pay his own debts. He's been owing me three hundred and fifty dollars now gwine on three years, and I kain't git oven the *intrust* out of him. I've got a mortgage on his fairm for the whole, and ef he won't let you hev his da'ter, jest you come to me, and I'll clap the screws to him in short order.'

"Says I, 'Columbus, won't you sell me that mortgage?'

"'You shall hev it for the face of the debt,' says he, 'not considerin' the *intrust*.'

"'It's a bargain,' says I; and I paid him down the money, and he signed the mortgage over to me for a vallyable consideration.

"I hed that beautiful paper in my breast pocket, and felt strong to face the squire in his own house, knowing how I could turn him out of it. And I mustn't forget to tell you how I got myself a new rig of clothing, with a mighty fine overcoat and a new fur cap; and as I looked in the glass I felt my consekence all over at every for'a'd step I tuk; and I felt my inches growing with every pace of the mar' on the high-road to Merry Ann and her beautiful daddy.

"Well, Jedge, before I quite got to the squire's farm, who should come out to

meet me in the road but Merry Ann, her own self. She hed spied me, I reckon, as I crossed the bald ridge a quarter of a mile away. I do reckon the dear gal hed been looking out for me every day the whole eleven days in the week, counting in all the Sundays. In the mountains, you know, Jedge, that the weeks sometimes run to twelve, and even fourteen days, 'specially when we're on a long camp-hunt.

"Well, Merry Ann cried and laughed together, she was so tarnation glad to see me agin. Says she :

"Oh, Sam ! I'm so glad to see you ! I was afeard you had clean gin me up. And thar's that fusty old bachelor Grimstead, he's a-coming here a'most every day ; and daddy, he sw'ars that I shill marry, and nobody else ; and mammy, she's at me too, all the time, telling how fine a fairm he's got, and what a nice carriage, and all that ; and mammy says as how daddy'll be sure to beat me ef I don't hev him. But I kain't bear to look at him, the old grisly."

"Cuss him," says I. "Cuss him, Merry Ann."

"And she did, but onder her breath—the old cuss.

"Drot him !" says she ; and she said louder, 'and drot me too, Sam, ef I ever marries anybody but you.'

"By this time I hed got down and gin her a long, strong hug, and a'most twenty or a dozen kisses, and I says :

"You shan't marry nobody but me, Merry Ann ; and we'll hev the marriage this very night, ef you says so."

"Oh ! psho, Sam ! How you does talk !"

"Ef I don't marry you to-night, Merry Ann, I'm a holy mortar, and a sinner not to be saved by any salting, though you puts the petre with the salt. I'm come for that very thing. Don't you see my new clothes ?"

"Well, you hev got a beautiful coat, Sam ; all so blue, and with sich shiny buttons."

"Look at my waistcoat, Merry Ann. What do you think of that ?"

"Why, it's a most beautiful blue velvet."

"That's the very article," says I. "And see the breeches, Merry Ann ; and the boots."

"Well," says she, 'I'm fair astonished,

Sam. Why, whar, Sam, did you find all the money for these fine things ?'

"A beautiful young woman, a'most as beautiful as you, Merry Ann, come to me the very night of that day when your daddy driv me off with a flea in my ear. She come to me to my bed at mid-night —"

"Oh, Sam ! *ain't* you ashamed !"

"'Twas in a dream, Merry Ann ; and she tells me something to incourage me to go for a'd, and I went for a'd, bright and airy next morning, and I picked up three sarvants that hev been working for me ever sence."

"What sarvants ?" says she.

"One was a goose, one was a b'ar, and t'other was a bee !"

"Now, you're a-fooling me, Sam."

"You'll see. Only you git yourself ready, for by the eternal Hokies, I marries you this very night, and takes you home to my fairm bright and early to-morrow morning."

"I do think, Sam, you must be down-right crazy."

"You'll see and believe. Do you go home and get yourself fixed up for the wedding. Old Parson Stovall lives only two miles from your daddy, and I'll hev him hyar by sundown. You'll see."

"But ef I waur to b'lieve you, Sam—"

"I've got on my wedding clothes o' purpose, Merry Ann."

"But I hain't got no clothes fit for a gal to be married in," says she.

"I'll marry you this very night, Merry Ann," says I, 'though you hedn't a stitch of clothing at all !'

"Git out, you sassy Sam," says she, slapping my face. Then I kissed her in her very mouth, and a'ter that we walked on together, I leading the mar'.

"Says she, as we neared the house, 'Sam, let me go before, or stay hyar in the thick, and you go in by yourself. Daddy's in the hall smoking his pipe and reading the newspapers.'

"We'll walk in together," says I, quite consensual.

"Says she, 'I'm so afeard.'

"Don't you be afeard, Merry Ann," says I ; 'you'll see that all will come out jest as I tells you. We'll be hitched to-night ef Parson Stovall, or any other parson, kin be got to tie us up.'

"Says she, suddenly, 'Sam, you're a-walking lame, I'm a-thinking. What's

the matter? Hev you hurt yourself any way?

"Says I, 'It's only owing to my not balancing my accounts even in my pockets. You see I feel so much like flying in the air with the idee of marrying you to-night that I filled my pockets with rocks, jest to keep me down.'

"I do think, Sam, you're a leetle cracked in the upper story.'

"Well,' says I, 'ef so, the crack has let in a blessed chaine of the beautifullest sunlight! You'll see! Cracked, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! Wait till I've done with your daddy! I'm gwine to square accounts with *him*, and I reckon, when I'm done with him, you'll guess that the crack's in *his* skull, and not in mine.'

"What! you wouldn't knock my father, Sam!' says she, drawing off from me and looking skeary.

"Don't you be afeard; but it's very sartin, ef our heads don't come together, Merry Ann, you won't hev me for your husband to-night. And that's what I've swore upon. Hyar we air!'

"When we got to the yard I led in the mar', and Merry Ann she ran away from me and dodged around the house. I hitched the mar' to the post, took off the saddle-bags, which was mighty heavy, and walked into the house stiff enough I tell you, though the gould in my pockets pretty much weighed me down as I walked.

"Well, in I walked, and thar sat the old squire smoking his pipe and reading the newspaper. He looked at me through his specs over the newspaper, and when he seed who 'twas his mouth put on that same conceited sort of grin and smile that he generlly hed when he spoke to me.

"Well,' says he, gruffly enough, 'it's you, Sam Snaffles, is it?' Then he seems to diskiver my new clothes and boots, and he sings out, 'Heigh! you're tip-toe fine to-day! What fool of a shopkeeper in Spartanburg have you tuk in this time, Sam?'

"Says I, cool enough, 'I'll answer all them iligant questions a'ter a while, squire; but would prefar to see to business fast.'

"Business!' says he; 'and what business kin you hev with me, I wants to know?'

"You shall know, squire, soon enough! and I only hopes it will be to your liking a'ter you l'arn it.'

"So I laid my saddle-bags down at my feet and tuk a chair quite at my ease; and I could see that he was all astare in wonderment at what he thought my sassiness. As I felt I had my hook in his gills, though he didn't know it yit, I felt in the humor to tickle him and play him as we does a trout.

"Says I, 'Squire Hopson, you owes a sartin amount of money, say three hundred and fifty dollars, with intrust on it fornore three years, to Dr. Columbus Mills.'

"At this he squares round, looks me full in the face, and says:

"What the Old Harry's that to you?'

"Says I, gwine on cool and straight, 'You gin him a mortgage on this farm for security.'

"What's that to you?' says he.

"The mortgage is overdue by two years, squire,' says I.

"What the Old Harry's all that to you, I say?' he fairly roared out.

"Well, nothing much, I reckon. The three hundred and fifty dollars, with three years' intrust, at seven per cent., making it now—I've calkelated it all without compounding—something over four hundred and twenty-five dollars—well, squire, that's not much to *you*, I reckon, with your large capital. But it's something to me.'

"But I ask you again, sir,' he says, 'what is all this to you?'

"Jist about what I tells you—say four hundred and twenty-five dollars; and I've come hyar this morning, bright and airly, in hope you'll be able to square up and satisfy the mortgage. Hyar's the docky-ment.'

"And I drew the paper from my breast-pocket.

"And you tell me that Dr. Mills sent you hyar,' says he, 'to collect this money?'

"No; I come myself on my own hook.'

"Well,' says he, 'you shill hev your answer at onst. Take that paper back to Dr. Mills, and tell him that I'll take an airly opportunity to call and arrange the business with him. You hev your answer, sir,' he says, quite grand, 'and the sooner you makes yourself scarce the better.'

"Much obleeged to you, squire, for your ceveelity,' says I; 'but I ain't quite satisfied with that answer. I've come for the money due on this paper, and must hev it, squire, or thar will be what the lawyers call *four closures* upon it!'

"'Enough! tell Dr. Mills I will answer his demand in person.'

"'You needn't trouble yourself, squire, for ef you'll jest look at the back of that paper and read the 'signmeant, you'll see that you've got to settle with Sam Snaffles, and not with Columbus Mills.'

"Then he snatches up the dockyment, turns it over, and reads the rigilar 'signmeant, writ in Columbus Mills' own hand-write.

"Then the squire looks at me with a great stare, and he says, to himself like :

"'It's a *bonny fodder* 'signmeant.'

"'Yes,' says I, 'it's *bonny fodder*—rigilar in law—and the title's all made out complete to me, Sam Snaffles; signed, sealed and delivered, as the lawyers says it.'

"'And how the Old Harry come you by this paper?' says he.

"I was gitting riled, and I was detarmined, this time, to gin my hook a pretty sharp jerk in his gills; so I says :

"See, I've got my wedding-breeches on. I'm to be married to-night, and I wants to take my wife to her own fairm as soon as I kin. Now, you see, squire, I all along set my hairt on this fairm of yourn, and I detarmined ef ever I could git the capital, to get hold of it; and that was the idee I hed when I bought the 'signmeant of the mortgage from Columbus Mills. So, you see, ef you kain't pay a'ter three years, you never kin pay, I reckon; and ef I don't git my money this day, why—I kain't help it—the lawyers will hev to see to the *four closures* to-morrow !'

"'Great God, sir !' says he, rising out of his chair, and crossing the room up and down ; 'do you coolly propose to turn me and my family headlong out of my house?'

"'Well, now,' says I, 'squire, that's not edzactly the way to put it. As I reads this dockyment'—and I tuk up and put the mortgage in my pocket—'the house and fairm are *mine* by law. They onst was yourn; but it wants nothing now but the *four closures* to make 'em mine.'

"'And would you force the sale of property worth two thousand dollars and more for a miserable four hundred dollars?'

"'It must sell for what it'll bring, squire; and I stands ready to buy it for my wife, you see, ef it costs me twice as much as the mortgage.'

"'Your wife !' says he; 'who the Old

Harry is she? You once pertended to have an affection for my da'ter.'

"'So I hed; but you hedn't the proper affection for your da'ter that I hed. You prefar'd money to her affections, and you drive me off to git "capital!" Well, I tuk your advice, and I've got the capital.'

"'And whar the Old Harry,' said he, 'did you get it?'

"'Well, I made good tairms with the old devil for a hundred years, and he found me in the money.'

"'It must hev been so,' said he. 'You waur not the man to git capital in any other way.'

"Then he goes on : 'But what becomes of your pertended affection for my da'ter?'

"'Twan't pertended; but you throwed yourself betwixt us with all your force, and broke the gal's hairt, and broke mine, so far as you could; and as I couldn't live without company, I hed to look for myself and find a wife as I could. I tell you, as I'm to be married to-night, and as I've sworn a most eternal oath to hev this fairm, you'll hev to raise the wind to-day, and square off with me, or the lawyers will be at you with the *four closures* to-morrow, bright and airly.'

"'Dod dern you !' he cries out. 'Does you want to drive me mad?'

"'By no manner of means,' says I, jest about as cool and quiet as a cowcumber.

"The poor old squire fairly sweated, but he couldn't say much. He'd come up to me and say :

"'Ef you only did love Merry Ann !'

"'Oh,' says I, 'what's the use of your talking that? Ef you only hed ha' loved your own da'ter !'

"Then the old chap begun to cry, and as I seed that I jest kicked over my saddlebags lying at my feet, and the silver Mexicans rolled out—a bushel on 'em, I reckon—and, oh, Lawd ! how the old fellow jumped, staring with all his eyes at me and the dollars.

"'It's money,' says he.

"'Yes,' says I, 'jest a few hundreds of thousands of my "capital." I didn't stop at the figgers, you see.

"Then he turns to me, and says, 'Sam Snaffles, you're a most wonderful man. You're a mystery to me. Whar, in the name of heaven, hev you been? and what hev you been doing? and whar did you git all this power of capital?'

"I jest laughed, and went to the door

and called Merry Ann. She come mighty quick. I reckon she was watching and waiting.

"Says I, 'Merry Ann, that's money. Pick it up and put it back in the saddle-bags, ef you please.'

"Then says I, turning to the old man, 'Thar's that whole bushel of Mexicans, I reckon. Thar monstrous heavy. My old mar'—ax her about her ribs now!—she fairly squeelched onder the weight of me and that money. And I'm pretty heavy loaded myself. I must lighten, with your leave, squire.'

"And I pulled out a leetle doeskin bag of gould half-eagles from my right-hand pocket and poured them out upon the table; then I emptied my left-hand pocket, then the side pockets of the coat, then the skairt pockets, and jist spread the shiners out upon the table.

"Merry Ann was fairly frightened, and run out of the room; then the old woman she come in, and as the old squire seed her, he tuk her by the shoulder and said:

"Jest you look at that thar."

"And when she looked and seed, the poor old hypercritical scamp sinner turned round to me and flung her airms round my neck, and said:

"I always said you waur the only right man for Merry Ann."

"The old spooney!"

"Well, we were married that night, and hev been comfortable ever since."

That was the end of Yaou's story.

A COLD.—"Do you know what it is," asked Lamb of Bernard Barton, describing his own state, "to succumb under an insurmountable *daymare*—a whoreson lethargy, Falstaff calls it—an indisposition to do anything, or to be anything—a total deadness and distate—a suspension of vitality—an indifference to locality—a numb soporifical good-for-nothingness—an ossification all over—an oyster-like indifference to passing events—a mind-stupor—a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting-in conscience—with a total irresolution to submit to water-gruel processes?"

PUNNING TRANSLATION.—Coleridge's motto, "*sermoni propria*," was translated by Lamb as "properer for a sermon."

MASTER AND MAN.

[THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, born at Cork, January 15, 1798; died at Brompton, London, August 8, 1854. His *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*, the first edition of which appeared in 1825, remains the standard work on the fairy lore of the author's country. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Demonology* and in a note to *Rob Roy*, speaks of it in terms of the highest admiration. Mr. Croker's fame was established and maintained by this book, although he wrote and edited several other works, and was a frequent contributor to the *Gentleman's* and *Fraser's Magazines*. He was the author of the popular story of *Daniel O'Rourke*. In an interesting memoir written by his son, Mr. T. F. Dillon Croker, and prefaced to his gossiping *Walk from London to Fulham*, it is mentioned that the tales of *Barney Mahoney* and *My Village versus Our Village*, which are usually attributed to Mr. Croker, were in reality written by his wife. His writings are full of humor and imagery.]

Billy Mac Daniel was once as likely a young man as ever shook his brogue at a pattern, emptied a quart, or handled a shillelagh; fearing for nothing but the want of drink, caring for nothing but who should pay for it, and thinking of nothing but how to make fun over it. Drunk or sober, a word and a blow was ever the way with Billy Mac Daniel; and a mighty easy way it is of either getting into or ending a dispute. More is the pity that through the means of his thinking, and fearing, and caring for nothing, this same Billy Mac Daniel fell into bad company; for surely the *good people* (the fairies) are the worst of all company any one could come across.

It so happened that Billy was going home one very clear frosty night, not long after Christmas. The moon was round and bright; but although it was as fine a night as heart could wish for, he felt pinched with the cold. "By my word," chattered Billy, "a drop of good liquor would be no bad thing to keep a man's soul from freezing in him; and I wish I had a full measure of the best."

"Never wish it twice, Billy," said a little man in a three-cornered hat, bound all about with gold lace, and with great silver buckles in his shoes, so big that it was a wonder how he could carry them; and he held out a glass as big as himself, filled with as good liquor as ever eye looked on or lip tasted.

"Success, my little fellow," said Billy Mac Daniel, nothing daunted, though well he knew the little man to belong to the

good people; "here's your health, any way, and thank you kindly, no matter who pays for the drink;" and he took the glass and drained it to the very bottom without ever taking a second to it.

"Success," said the little man; "and you're heartily welcome, Billy; but don't think to cheat me as you have done others; out with your purse and pay me like a gentleman."

"Is it I pay you?" said Billy; "could I not just take you up and put you in my pocket as easily as a blackberry?"

"Billy Mac Daniel," said the little man, getting very angry, "you shall be my servant for seven years and a day, and that is the way I will be paid: so make ready to follow me."

When Billy heard this he began to be very sorry for having used such bold words towards the little man; and he felt himself, yet could not tell how, obliged to follow the little man the livelong night about the country, up and down, and over hedge and ditch, and through bog and brake, without any rest.

When morning began to dawn the little man turned round to him and said, "You may now go home, Billy, but on your peril don't fail to meet me in the Fort-field to-night; or if you do, it may be the worse for you in the long-run. If I find you a good servant, you will find me an indulgent master."

Home went Billy Mac Daniel; and though he was tired and wearied enough, never a wink of sleep could he get for thinking of the little man: and he was afraid not to do his bidding, so up he got in the evening, and away he went to the Fort-field. He was not long there before the little man came towards him and said, "Billy, I want to go a long journey to-night; so saddle one of my horses, and you may saddle another for yourself, as you are to go along with me, and may be tired after your walk last night."

Billy thought this very considerate of his master, and thanked him accordingly. "But," said he, "if I may be so bold, sir, I would ask which is the way to your stable, for never a thing do I see but the Fort here, and the old tree in the corner of the field, and the stream running at the bottom of the hill, with the bit of bog over against us."

"Ask no questions, Billy," said the little man, "but go over to that bit of bog and

bring me two of the strongest rushes you can find."

Billy did accordingly, wondering what the little man would be at; and he picked out two of the stoutest rushes he could find, with a little bunch of brown blossom stuck at the side of each, and brought them back to his master.

"Get up, Billy," said the little man, taking one of the rushes from him, and striding across it.

"Where shall I get up, please your honor?" said Billy.

"Why, upon horseback, like me, to be sure," said the little man.

"Is it after making a fool of me you'd be," said Billy, "bidding me get a horseback upon that bit of a rush? Maybe you want to persuade me that the rush I pulled but a while ago out of the bog there is a horse."

"Up! up! and no words," said the little man, looking very angry, "the best horse you ever rode was but a fool to it." So Billy, thinking all this was in joke, and fearing to vex his master, straddled across the rush: "Borram! Borram! Borram!" cried the little man three times (which in English means to become great), and Billy did the same after him: presently the rushes swelled up into fine horses, and away they went full speed; but Billy, who had put the rush between his legs without much minding how he did it, found himself sitting on horseback the wrong way, which was rather awkward, with his face to the horse's tail; and so quickly had his steed started off with him, that he had no power to turn round, and there was therefore nothing for it but to hold on by the tail.

At last they came to their journey's end, and stopped at the gate of a fine house: "Now, Billy," said the little man, "do as you see me do, and follow me close; but as you did not know your horse's head from his tail, mind that your own head does not spin round until you can't tell whether you are standing on it or on your heels."

The little man then said some queer kind of words, out of which Billy could make no meaning; but he contrived to say them after him for all that; and in they both went through the keyhole of the door, and through one keyhole after another, until they got into the wine-cellar, which was well stored with all kinds of wine.

The little man fell to drinking as hard as he could, and Billy, nowise disliking the example, did the same. "The best of masters are you, surely," said Billy to him, "no matter who is the next; and well pleased will I be with your service if you continue to give me plenty to drink."

"I have made no bargain with you," said the little man, "and will make none; but up and follow me." Away they went, through keyhole after keyhole; and each mounting upon the rush which he left at the hall door, scampered off, kicking the clouds before them like snowballs, as soon as the words, "Borram! Borram! Borram!" had passed their lips.

When they came back to the Fort-field, the little man dismissed Billy, bidding him to be there the next night at the same hour. Thus did they go on, night after night, shaping their course one night here, and another night there; sometimes north, and sometimes east, and sometimes south, until there was not a gentleman's wine-cellar in all Ireland they had not visited, and could tell the flavor of every wine in it as well—ay, better—than the butler himself.

One night when Billy Mac Daniel met the little man as usual in the Fort-field, and was going to the bog to fetch the horses for their journey, his master said to him, "Billy, I shall want another horse to-night, for maybe we may bring back more company with us than we take." So Billy, who now knew better than to question any order given to him by his master, brought a third rush, much wondering who it might be that would travel back in their company, and whether he was about to have a fellow-servant. "If I have," thought Billy, "he shall go and fetch the horses from the bog every night; for I don't see why I am not every inch of me, as good a gentleman as my master."

Well, away they went, Billy leading the third horse, and never stopped until they came to a snug farmer's house in the county of Limerick, close under the old castle of Carrigogunnell, that was built, they say, by the great Brian Boru. Within the house there was great carousing going forward, and the little man stopped outside for some time to listen; then turning round all of a sudden, said, "Billy, I will be a thousand years old to-morrow."

"God bless us! sir," said Billy, "will you?"

"Don't say those words again," said the little man, "or you will be my ruin forever. Now, Billy, as I will be a thousand years in the world to-morrow, I think it is full time for me to get married."

"I think so, too, without any kind of doubt at all," said Billy, "if ever you mean to marry."

"And to that purpose," said the little man, "have I come all the way to Carrigogunnell; for in this house, this very night, is young Darby Riley going to be married to Bridget Rooney; and as she is a tall and comely girl, and has come of decent people, I think of marrying her myself, and taking her off with me."

"And what will Darby Riley say to that?" said Billy.

"Silence!" said the little man, putting on a mighty severe look, "I did not bring you here with me to ask questions;" and without holding further argument, he began saying the queer words which had the power of passing him through the keyhole as free as air, and which Billy thought himself mighty clever to be able to say after him.

In they both went; and for the better viewing the company, the little man perched himself up as nimbly as a cock-sparrow upon one of the big beams which went across the house over all their heads, and Billy did the same upon another facing him; but not being much accustomed to roosting in such a place, his legs hung down as untidy as may be, and it was quite clear he had not taken pattern after the way in which the little man had bundled himself up together. If the little man had been a tailor all his life, he could not have sat more contentedly upon his haunches.

There they were, both master and man, looking down upon the fun that was going forward; and under them were the priest and piper—and the father of Darby Riley, with Darby's two brothers and his uncle's son—and they were both the father and mother of Bridget Rooney, and proud enough the old couple were that night of their daughter, as good right they had—and her four sisters, with brand new ribbons in their caps, and her three brothers, all looking as clean and as clever as any three boys in Munster—and there were uncles and aunts, and gossips and

cousins enough besides to make a full house of it—and plenty was there to eat and drink on the table for every one of them if they had been double the number.

Now it happened, just as Mrs. Rooney had helped his reverence to the first cut of the pig's head which was placed before her, beautifully bolstered up with white savoy, that the bride gave a sneeze which made every one at the table start, but not a soul said, "God bless us!" All thinking that the priest would have done so, as he ought, if he had done his duty, no one wished to take the word out of his mouth, which, unfortunately, was preoccupied with pig's head and greens. And after a moment's pause the fun and merriment of the bridal feast went on without the pious benediction.

Of this circumstance both Billy and his master were no inattentive spectators from their exalted stations. "Ha!" exclaimed the little man, throwing one leg from under him with a joyous flourish, and his eye twinkled with a strange light, whilst his eyebrows became elevated into the curvature of Gothic arches—"Ha!" said he, leering down at the bride, and then up at Billy, "I have half of her now, surely. Let her sneeze but twice more, and she is mine, in spite of priest, mass-book, and Darby Riley."

Again the fair Bridget sneezed; but it was so gently, and she blushed so much, that few except the little man took, or seemed to take, any notice; and no one thought of saying, "God bless us!"

Billy all this time regarded the poor girl with a most rueful expression of countenance; for he could not help thinking what a terrible thing it was for a nice young girl of nineteen, with large blue eyes, transparent skin, dimpled cheeks, suffused with health and joy, to be obliged to marry an ugly little bit of a man, who was a thousand years old, barring a day.

At this critical moment the bride gave a third sneeze, and Billy roared out with all his might, "God bless us!" Whether this exclamation resulted from his soliloquy, or from the mere force of habit, he never could tell exactly himself; but no sooner was it uttered than the little man, his face glowing with rage and disappointment, sprang from the beam on which he perched himself, and shrieking out in the shrill voice of a cracked bag-pipe, "I discharge you my service, Billy MacDaniel—

take that for your wages," gave poor Billy a most furious kick in the back, which sent his unfortunate servant sprawling upon his face and hands right in the middle of the supper table.

If Billy was astonished, how much more so was every one of the company into which he was thrown with so little ceremony; but when they heard his story, Father Cooney laid down his knife and fork, and married the young couple out of hand with all speed; and Billy MacDaniel danced the Rinka at their wedding, and plenty did he drink at it too, which was what he thought more of than dancing.

SONG.

In Mrs. Behn's *Abdelazer*, or the *Moor's Revenge*.

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he shew'd.
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took desires
Enough to undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishment and fears,
And every killing dart from thee:
Thus thou and I the god have armed,
And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
While thine the victor is, and free.

APHRA BEHN, 1640-1689.

Hood says that Lamb never affected any spurious gravity. Neither did he ever act the *Grand Senior*. He did not exact that common copy-book respect which some asinine persons would fain command on account of the mere length of their years: as if, forsooth, what is bad in itself could be the better for keeping; as if intellects already *mothery* got anything but *grand-mothery* by lapse of time!

A SHARP SET.—The sexton of Salisbury Cathedral was telling Lamb that eight persons had dined together upon the top of the spire; upon which he remarked that "They must have been sharp set."

PRENTICEANA.

[George D. Prentice, born at Preston, Conn., Dec. 18, 1802; graduated at Brown University in 1823; was admitted to the bar in 1829; edited the *Weekly Review*, Hartford, Conn., 1828-1830, and from 1830 to his death was the editor of the *Louisville Journal*, which he made one of the leading Whig newspapers of the country. He was the author of many fugitive poems, some of which were of marked excellence and showed the true poetic fire. In 1831 he published a *Life of Henry Clay*, and, in 1859, *Prenticeana*, a collection of witticisms which had appeared mainly in the *Louisville Journal*. He was regarded as the brightest American wit of his day, and may be said to have originated the "paragraph" style which now occupies so prominent a place on the editorial page of every American newspaper. He died at Louisville, Ky., Jan. 22, 1870. His *Life* has been written by G. W. Griffin.]

Probably no American editorial writer ever indulged so largely in bitter personalities, and many of his personal "paragraphs," which formed the largest part of *Prenticeana*, are interesting now only as illustrations of his caustic style.

We present here a selection which shows the character of his wit in its least offensive form.]

A handsome young fellow in New York, in great distress for want of money, married last week a rich old woman of seventy. He was no doubt miserable for the want of money, and she for the want of a husband; and "misery makes strange bed-fellows."

"Can't we make your lover jealous, miss?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I think we can, if we put our heads together."

The *Vermont Statesman* asks why we do not tickle the Democratic editors, occasionally, with the feather-end of our quill, instead of running them through and through with the point of it.

We can give as good a reason as the sailor gave for stabbing with his sword a cross mastiff that had tried to bite him. "Why did you not strike him with the hilt of your sword?" inquired the owner of the mastiff. "So I would, if the beast had run at me with his tail."

"And so you have married a Mr. Penny," said a gentleman to a lady of his acquaintance.

"No, Mr. Pence."

"Ah, you have done better than I thought."

Mr. Bean was robbed on the highway. A footpad met him and said, "Your money, or your life."
Bean *shelled out*.

A man in our State, who attempted to hug a beautiful young woman, a Miss Lemon, has sued her for striking him in the eye.

Why should a fellow squeeze a Lemon unless he wants a punch?

The President proffered an office to a Democrat out in Illinois, and the Democrat, in his letter of acceptance, enumerated to the President the perquisites he should expect with the office.

This fellow is like an Irishman, who was about to marry a Southern girl. "Will you take this woman as your wedded wife?" "Yis, your riv'rance, and the nagurs too!"

Mr. J. Smart, of St. Paul, was prosecuted by a young widow for breach of promise. He settled the difficulty by marrying her. He made *her* Smart, lest she should *him*.

A Knoxville paper says that a wife in that neighborhood has had three children at a birth. Her husband is entitled to a divorce. She is a very *over-bearing* woman.

Mr. Brown, editor of the *St. Louis Democrat*, was married a few days ago to a very beautiful and accomplished young lady, Miss Mary Gunn.

May their wedded life be happy and many a little "son of a Gunn" rise up and bless them!

The announcement of the marriage, at Auburn, of Mr. Edward Straw to Miss Eva Smiley, suggests the probability that he tickled her with a proposal and she laughed a consent.

Brigham Young says, in one of his late manifestoes, that "the great resources of Utah are her women."

It is very evident that the prophet is disposed to *husband his resources*.

"You are an old sheep," said a promising specimen of young America to his mother.

"Well, you little rascal," exclaimed she, seizing the broomstick, "if I am an old sheep, I *lam'd* you, and I'll *lam* you again."

Stealing money from a man's pocket to settle a debt due to him is to pay him in his own coin.

The dress of a frivolous coquette, however abundant, is *next to nothing*.

No doubt the most immoral of musicians is a fiddler; he is engaged in more *scrapes* than all the rest put together.

Mrs. A. Pratt, of Philadelphia, aged seventy-five, has married a young man named Lamb. One would think she is old enough to desire peace and quiet instead of having a bed-Lamb always about her.

We don't know of an emptier sound than the rumbling of a hungry stomach.

A poor lawyer hung himself in Milwaukee. Having had no *causes* he left no *effects*.

"You'll have to bear the responsibility," said a mother to a bright-eyed daughter, who thought of marrying without the maternal approbation.

"I expect to bear several, ma!"

A New Orleans paper eulogizes the marble statue of a beautiful female as "neat, chaste, and classical."

We suppose that all marble women are chaste.

A Minnesota paper speaks of a lady in that State who has had twenty-one children. This augurs well for the population of the new State. But we think that, however good the health of the lady in question may be, her physician ought to advise a *cessation of labor*.

Lucy Stone recently made a speech insisting that the election of women, as well as men, to Congress would improve the character of that body.

We suspect that the habit of "pairing off" would be even more common than it is.

An impudent fellow accosted a young

lady rudely, and she set a dog on him. She was *chaste* and he was *chased*.

A lady correspondent, who professes to be horrified at the indelicacy of our paper, threatens for the future to set her foot on every copy she sees.

She had better not. Our paper has *i's* in it.

Men who boast loudly that they show no quarters are nearly certain, in times of danger, to show none but their hind ones.

A contemporary exclaims in an exceedingly eloquent piece of writing, "If the dead could speak to us from their graves, what would they say?"

We guess they would say, "*Let us out.*"

The *Pittsburgh Constellation* says, in an obituary notice of an old lady, that "she bore her husband twenty children and never gave him a cross word."

She must have obeyed the good old precept—*bear and forbear*.

Yesterday we heard an old fisherman upon the banks of the river complain that the boys had stolen his minnows.

We suppose the little rascals hooked the bait, to bait their hooks.

An author ridiculing the idea of ghosts, asks how a dead man can get into a locked room.

Probably with a *skeleton-key*.

A Southern lady has abandoned the Shaker establishment near Hopkinsville, to marry Mr. James Bean, aged seventy-five.

She must be fond of *dried beans*.

A man recently got married in Kentucky one day and hung himself the next.

No doubt he wanted to try all varieties of nooses to see which he liked best.

It is stated that the members of a late court-martial run up a bill of four hundred and fifty dollars against the government for port wine.

We suppose those *men-of-war* thought they ought to make *port holes* of their mouths.

A letter from China says that the Chi-

nese have succeeded, by the skill of their cultivators, in producing a new and delicious variety of tea.

We suppose they have accomplished this by *crossing their teas*.

Our Southern friends are under the impression that, if a genuine Yankee were to meet Death on the pale horse, he would banter him to swap horses.

Place confers no dignity upon such a man as the new Missouri senator. Like a balloon, the higher he rises the smaller he looks.

"Doctor, what do you think is the cause of this frequent rush of blood to my head?"

"Oh, it is nothing but an effort of nature. Nature, you know, *abhors a vacuum*."

He who reels and staggers most in the journey of life takes the straightest cut to the devil.

When we hear men boast of their own talents we incline to think that their talents should be reckoned as the East Indians reckon rupees—by the *lack*.

"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer, "how do you like your profession?"

"Alas, sir, my profession is much better than my practice."

Mr. and Mrs. Brewer, of Wayne county, have twenty-two children.

Theirs is, perhaps, the most extensive brewery in the West.

"I mean to abandon my habits of life," said a dissipated gentleman.

"Are you sure, sir, that they are not abandoned enough already?"

The *Boston Transcript* says that a young lady, after reading attentively the title of a novel called "The Last Man," exclaimed, "Bless me, if such a thing were ever to happen, what would become of the women?"

We think a more pertinent inquiry is, what would become of the poor *man*?

An exchange says that we have the

right to take an umbrella or a kiss without permission whenever we can.

Well, but if the umbrella isn't returned, the fault is ours; if the kiss isn't, it is the lady's.

A man went out into the fields to procure slippery-elm bark. After freely chewing what he supposed to be the genuine article, he became wretchedly sick.

No doubt he "barked up the wrong tree."

Two cousins, named Crickett, were married last week in Jefferson county.

We are opposed to such *cricket matches*.

A writer, who has just returned from China, says that the most useful crop raised by the Chinese is peas.

The Chinese are prudent people—they *mind their peas and cucs*.

To keep your friends, treat them kindly; to kill them, treat them often.

"I am very much troubled, madam, with cold feet and hands."

"I should suppose, sir, that a young gentleman who has had so many *mittens* given him by the ladies, might, at least, keep his *hands* warm."

A writer on domestic economy, in giving instructions for keeping eggs fresh, says, "Lay with the small end down."

He does not specify whether this direction is for the hen or for the housewife.

A Mr. Hall has been indicted for biting off the nose and part of the ear of Samuel Cherry.

He was wrong to make "two bites of a cherry."

A man in Iowa had his nose bitten off the other day in an affray begun by himself. Of course he is in no danger of being indicted for getting up the quarrel. Any grand-jury that may have to examine his case and face will have to report, "*No bill found*."

If a lady chooses to be ill-natured to us, we are disposed to say to her in bold defiance of consequences, "Madam, you are 'no gentleman.'"

"I do wish, madam, you would pay a little attention to me for a few minutes."
 "Most gladly, sir, if you will only promise to stop paying attention to me."

Mr. Day, of Colchester, has brought an action against his neighbor for stealing his dog.

No doubt he thinks that every dog should have his day, and every Day his dog.

"Will you have the kindness to hand me the butter before you?" said a gentleman politely at table to an ancient maiden.

"I am no waiter, sir."

"Well, I think you have been waiting for a long time."

An impudent anonymous correspondent, signing himself "Ned Bucket," expresses the wish that we were dead.

Very well, let him show himself in person, and we pledge ourselves to "*kick the bucket*."

The persons who are supposed to have taken the most *interest* in the late financial pressure were the money-lenders.

The aggregate weight of a late jury of twelve men in Indiana was stated to be 2,832 pounds. Just think of a poor fellow's being tried by 2,832 pounds avoirdupois of jury.

It would seem fitter that the jury itself should be tried—by the tallow-chandler.

A lady who could not conceal even from herself the plainness of her face, boasted that her back was perfect.

"That is the reason, I suppose, that your friends are always glad to see it," said one of her listeners.

A young man in Alabama undertook for a wager to leap down a bank fifteen feet high, and killed himself.

This was one way of "*jumping to a conclusion*."

A friend of ours says that it is his will to speak the plain truth, and nothing else, about men and things.

It is our will too, and, what is better, our *wont*.

It is rather a sad fact that the ancestors

of a great many men, who boast of their coats-of-arms, had no coats to either their arms or their backs.

A gentleman, finding his whiskey punch a little too hot, blew it with his breath to cool it.

"Blowing your own *horn*, I see," said his comrade.

"I have a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance.

"Why do you have a fresh one? why don't you have it *cured*?"

"What has been your business?" said a judge to a prisoner at the bar.

"Why, your honor, I used to be a dentist—now I am a pugilist; then I put teeth in—now I knock 'em out."

"The fact is, John, since you have taken to drinking you are only half a man."

"Oh, I suppose you mean I'm a demi-John."

The editor of the ——— *Statesman* says "*more villainy is on foot*."

We suppose the editor has lost his horse.

About the only person that we ever heard of who wasn't spoiled by being lionized was a Jew named Daniel.

A lady in Montreal recovered \$2,000 of a Major Brecford for hugging and kissing her rather roughly.

She ought to set a high value on the money—she got it *by a tight squeeze*.

A Whig editor in Indiana thinks that our neighbor has not improved much under our tuition. It may be so, but we are not yet discouraged; we trust to be able to make something of him yet. We say to him as the Frenchman said to his pet pig, "Ah! mine little piggy, I vill make a man of you if you don't make a — hog of yourself!"

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend."

"Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

An old lover is ridiculous; you had

better give up all thoughts of love-letters when you can no longer read them without spectacles.

A friend has sent us a fine engraving, representing an eminent poet borne upward into the air by an eagle. We never before saw a poet upon the back of an eagle, though we are grieved to confess that we have seen many a one "*upon a lark.*"

Some of the leading locofocos intimate that they are in possession of Mr. Tyler's secrets, and hint, that unless he adheres to his opposition to a bank, they will expose him. His Accidency, we fear, is in a bad fix.

"Sir," said an old woman to a loafing neighbor, "if you don't send home my husband's breeches, I'll expose you."

"Madam," replied the loafer, "if I do I shall *expose myself.*"

General H., finding himself unable to pay his debts, has taken to drink.

We suppose he calls that going into *liquidation.*

"Would you not love to gaze on Niagara forever," said a romantic girl to her less romantic companion.

"Oh, no, I shouldn't like to have a cataract always in my eye."

A duel was fought in Mississippi last week by Mr. I. Knott and Mr. A. W. Shott.

The result was that Knott was shot and Shott was not.

A British paper says that the American government is devouring our people's substance piece-meal. The British government will never devour the substance of its subjects that way. "Won't that bo-constrictor bite me?" said a small boy to a showman. "Oh, no, boy, he never bites—he swallows his wittles whole."

A New Orleans poet calls the Mississippi the most eloquent of rivers.

It ought to be eloquent; it has a dozen mouths.

An editor of a small paper in New York, in computing the strength of his

party, appears to include in it the whole Whig party. It is as great a mistake as was made by the clerk of an old Scotch merchant in computing the profits of the house during the preceding year. The old Scotchman, not a little surprised at the amount, cast his eye over the figures and exclaimed, "*Why, ye dom scoundrel, ye've added up the year of our Lord among the poots.*"

A lady who writes in the *Winchester Virginian* under the signature of "An Old Maid," says that she "cannot bear the men."

We wonder if she can bear children.

"I don't think, husband, that you are very smart."

"No, indeed, wife: but everybody knows that I am awfully *shrewed.*"

A fellow in Tennessee, arrested for stealing a bank-bill, was searched, and the bill was not found. A person who had observed him closely insisted that an emetic should be given him. The thief was convicted *out of his own mouth.*

"Boy, how did you manage to get such a big string of fish?"

"I *hooked* them, sir."

There are a hundred political questions which, we presume, will be settled just about as soon as the long-standing dispute between the katy-dids and the katy-didn'ts.

A. K. says that he expects to be able in a short time to pay everything that he owes in the world. Ah, but there's a heavy debt that he has got to settle in the other world. *There'll be the devil to pay.*

The greatest thoughts seem degraded in their passage through little minds. Even the winds of heaven make but mean music when whistling through a keyhole.

A chap who tells falsehoods so habitually as never to be able to deceive anybody may think he has some excuse for the habit. "My boy," exclaimed a deacon, "you do very wrong to fish on Sunday." "It can't be no harm, deacon. I ain't catching nothing."

We saw two men quarrelling lately. One of them was excessively violent at first, but became perfectly calm the moment the other got violent. He was cured as doctors sometimes cure maladies—by *counter-irritation*.

"Please take this medicine, wife, and I'll be hanged if it doesn't cure you."
"Oh, I will take it, then, by all means, for it is sure to do good one way or the other."

Martin Luther says that "the birds of the air preach faith to us."

We suppose that only the male birds are preachers. The females belong to the *lay* class.

One swallow, to be sure, doesn't make a summer; but too many swallows make a *fall*.

"So I see, Will, that you have got a moustache."

"Oh, yes, Jack; I have got to be a Will-o'-the-wisp."

"Please turn your head a little," said a beautiful nurse to her male patient.

"You have turned it already, dear madam."

We see that a couple of fools in Virginia are talking about a duel on horse-back.

If they must fight, they should be compelled to fight on foot. They have no right to endanger the lives of their betters.

"Haven't you finished scaling that fish yet, Sam?"

"No, master, 'tis a very large one."

"Oh, well, you have had time to scale a mountain."

"That's very singular, sir," said a young lady, when he kissed her.

"Ah, well, we'll soon make it plural."

"I look down upon you, sir." "Yes, you seem in a condition to look down for the sky, and feel upwards for the ground."

The pen is a formidable weapon, but a man can kill himself with it a great deal more easily than he can other people.

Dull writers should be careful not to steal brilliant passages, lest the brilliancy betray them by contrast. A fellow stole a fish in the market-place and slipped it under his vest. A gentleman, meeting him, as he passed out, and seeing several inches of the tail below his vest, advised him either to wear a longer jacket or to steal a shorter fish.

ODE TO THE SKUNK.

Oh, ho! old scent-bag! there you are again!
Your *avant-courier* makes it mighty plain,
That you are on your nightly promenade,
Nosing around upon a poultry raid.
But hold! perhaps an unmeant wrong I'm doing;
This is the way Mephitis goes a wooing;
This is the way his vows of love are made,
By treating to a nasal serenade.
Stealing upon his charmer's soft repose,
And pouring all his soul into her nose,
(Showing therein a judgment most profound,
Relying on strong scents, instead of sound.)

Dost fear she'll think thee but a lukewarm trifier,
Unless thy offering comes quite nigh to stifle her?
Phew! "Shade of Lubin," the sweet scent-distiller,
Methinks its awful pungency would kill her.

But does she never show the least alarm,
Nor try to squelch it with a counter-charm?
For "like cures like," as Hahnemann would say;

Dost thou discover that it works that way?
Perhaps she counteracts by fumigation
The effects of thy peculiar libation.
Hast thou a mission to go everywhere
And "waste thy sweetness on the desert air?"

And dost thou entertain the fond delusion
That there's a blessing in its wide diffusion?
Thou wilt not hide thy light beneath a measure;

The world around must share with thee the treasure.
Art thou a quadrupedal saint? Oh, say,
Explain thy unapproachable bouquet!

Perhaps, among the family of skunks,
There is an order of ascetic monks,
Who, 'stead of scourgings, horse-hair shirts
and pinches,
Torture themselves with these terrific stench.

And thou art one of these, and hope to die
 In what they call the "odor of sanctity?"
 If that is what you're at, you villain you!
 Don't, don't subject us to the torture too:
 Go somewhere else and practise! pray be
 civil;
 Go to Cologne, Spice Islands, or the devil!

Thou marchest like the monarch of the air,
 Claiming not part, but all the atmosphere,
 Spreading thy charter over all the wind,
 And leaving a strong rear-guard far behind.
 Sweet buds and blossoms, vainly struggling
 to blench,

Wilt up and die beneath thy boundless
 stench.

Hast thou no olfactory of thine own? pray
 tell—

No function, knowledge, consciousness of
 smell?

Then, if thou hast, thou odoriferous elf,
 Canst thou endure the presence of thyself?
 And wife and skunklings, do they seem
 content

To struggle on with the paternal scent?
 Is it a happy family of thine own, old boy—
 An "atmosphere of love" which all enjoy?

Sure Denmark had thee in his eye (or
 nose)

When his own infamy before him rose.
 These are his words—could stronger proof
 be given?

"Oh! my offence is rank; it smells to
 heaven!"

Of course it was; 'twas why the villain
 shrunk,

But didn't begin to rank thee, thou darned
 old skunk!

What of thy first progenitor in the ark?
 Did Noah treat him as a beast of mark,
 And furnish outside ventilated quarters,
 Suspended from the deck above the waters?
 While marching thitherward, with all the
 rest,

Did he his own peculiar functions test?
 If so, pray tell me, did they make him
 wait

To sweeten off a bit outside the gate?
 Did they not put him to a quarantine
 Before they let the fragrant rascal in?

Oh, what a blessing to the world at large
 If they had kept him out of Noah's barge,
 And let him swim around till he had sunk,
 The rank, pestiferous, odoriferous skunk!
 'Twere far, far better that the wretch should
 sink

Than stife mankind with his smell, I think.

ANON.

LESSING'S FABLES.

[GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING, the illustrious German author and literary reformer, was born January 22, 1729, at Kammenz, in Saxon Upper Lusatia, where his father was a clergyman of the highest orthodox Lutheran school. After spending five years at a school in Meissen, he proceeded to the University of Leipsic, in 1746, to study theology; but making the acquaintance of actors, he contracted a fondness for dramatic entertainments, and set about the composition of dramatic pieces and Anacreontic poems. It was his destiny to revive the national character of German literature, and after one or two literary ventures at Leipsic of a trifling character he proceeded in 1750 to Berlin, where, in conjunction with his friend Mylius, he commenced to publish a quarterly, entitled *Beiträge zur Historie und Aufnahme des Theaters*. About this time also appeared his collection of little poems, entitled *Kleinigkeiten*. In 1755 he produced his *Miss Sara Sampson*, the first specimen of bourgeois tragedy in Germany, which became very popular. In company with Nicolai and Mendelssohn, he started in 1757 the *Bibliothek der Schönen Wissenschaften*, still valuable for its clear natural criticism; he also wrote his *Fabeln*, his *Literaturbriefe*, and a variety of miscellaneous articles on literature and æsthetics. In 1766 he published his masterpiece, the *Laocoon*, perhaps the finest and most classical treatise on æsthetic criticism in the German or any other language. In 1767 appeared *Mimna von Barnhelm*, a national drama, hardly less celebrated than the *Laocoon*; and in 1768 his *Dramaturgie*, a work which exercised a powerful influence on the controversy between the French and English styles of dramatic art. In 1770 Lessing was appointed keeper of the Wolfenbüttel Library. Two years later appeared his *Emilia Galotti*; and between 1774 and 1778 the famed *Wolfenbüttelsche Fragmente eines Ungenannten*. These Wolfenbüttel fragments are now known to have been the composition of Reimarus, but the odium of their authorship fell at the time on Lessing. As an illustration of his lighter humor, we make extracts from his *fables* and *epigrams*, which are the only part of his works which enables us to give Lessing a place in the Library of Wit and Humor. Lessing is one of the greatest names in German literature. He died February 15, 1781.]

THE BLIND HEN.

A hen which had become blind continued to scratch for food as she had been used. What availed it the industrious fool? Another hen, that could see, but wished to spare her tender feet, never forsook the side of the former, and without scratching enjoyed the fruit of scratching. For as often as the blind hen turned up a corn, the seeing one devoured it.

The laborious German compiles the *collectanea* which the witty Frenchman uses.

THE WOLF ON HIS DEATH-BED.

A wolf lay at the last gasp, and was reviewing his past life. It is true, said he, I am a sinner, but yet, I hope, not one of the greatest. I have done evil, but I have also done much good. Once, I remember, a bleating lamb that had strayed from the flock, came so near to me, that I might easily have throttled it; but I did it no harm. At the same time I listened with the most astonishing indifference to the gibes and scoffs of a sheep, although I had nothing to fear from protecting dogs.

I can testify to all that, said his friend, the fox, who was helping him to prepare for death. I remember perfectly all the circumstances. It was just at the time you were so dreadfully choked with that bone, which the good-natured crane afterwards drew out of your throat.

ÆSOP AND THE ASS.

Said the ass to Æsop: The next time you tell a story about me, let me say something that is right rational and ingenious.

You something ingenious! said Æsop; what propriety would there be in that? Would not the people say you were the moralist and I the ass?

HERCULES.

When Hercules was received into heaven he paid his respects to Juno before all the other divinities. The whole heaven and Juno were astonished. Dost thou show such preference to thine enemy? Yes, replied Hercules, even to her. It was her persecution alone that furnished the occasion of those exploits with which I have earned Heaven.

Olympus approved the answer of the new god, and Juno was reconciled.

THE BOY AND THE SERPENT.

A boy played with a tame serpent. My dear little animal, said the boy, I would not be so familiar with thee had not thy poison been taken from thee. You serpents are the most malicious and ungrateful of all animals. I have read how it fared with a poor countryman who, in his compassion, took up a serpent—perhaps it was one of thy ancestors—which he found half-frozen under a hedge, and put it into

his bosom to warm it. Scarcely had the wicked creature begun to revive when it bit its benefactor; and the poor, kind countryman was doomed to die.

I am amazed, said the serpent. How partial your historians must be! Ours relate the affair very differently. Thy kind man thought the serpent was actually frozen, and, because it was one of the variegated sort, he put it into his bosom, in order, when he reached home, to strip off its beautiful skin. Was that right?

Ah! be still! replied the boy. When was there ever an ingrate who did not know how to justify himself?

True, my son, said his father, who had listened to the conversation. Nevertheless, when you hear of an extraordinary instance of ingratitude, be sure to examine carefully all the circumstances, before you brand a human being with so detestable a fault. Real benefactors have seldom had ungrateful debtors; no! I will hope, for the honor of humanity—never. But benefactors with petty, interested motives—they, my son, deserve to reap ingratitude instead of acknowledgments.

THE YOUNG SWALLOW.

What are you doing there? demanded a swallow of the busy ants. We are collecting stores for the winter, was the ready answer.

That is wise, said the swallow; I will do so, too. And immediately she began to carry a number of dead spiders and flies into her nest.

But to what purpose is that? asked her mother at last. To what purpose? Stores for the ugly winter, dear mother. Do thou gather likewise. The ants have taught me this providence.

Oh, leave to earthly ants this small wisdom, replied the old one. That which befits them befits not the nobler swallows. Kind Nature has destined us for a happier fate. When the rich summer is ended, we go hence; we gradually fall asleep on our journey, and then warm marshes receive us, where we rest without wants, until a new spring awakens us to a new life.

THE APE AND THE FOX.

Name to me an animal, though never so skilful, that I cannot imitate! So bragged the ape to the fox. But the fox

replied: And do thou name to me an animal so humble as to think of imitating thee!

Writers of my country! Need I explain myself more fully?

ZEUS AND THE HORSE.

Father of beasts and of men!—so spake the horse, approaching the throne of Zeus—I am said to be one of the most beautiful animals with which thou hast adorned the world; and my self-love leads me to believe it. Nevertheless, might not some things in me still be improved?

And what in thee, thinkest thou, admits of improvement? Speak! I am open to instruction, said the indulgent god with a smile.

Perhaps, returned the horse, I should be fleetier if my legs were taller and thinner. A long swan-neck would not disfigure me. A broader breast would add to my strength. And, since thou hast once for all destined me to bear thy favorite, man—the saddle which the well-meaning rider puts upon me might be created a part of me.

Good! replied Zeus, wait a moment. Zeus, with earnest countenance, pronounced the creative word. Then flowed life into the dust; then organized matter combined; and suddenly stood before the throne the ugly *camel*.

The horse saw, shuddered and trembled with fear and abhorrence.

Here, said Zeus, are taller and thinner legs; here is a long swan-neck; here is a broader breast; here is the created saddle! Wilt thou, horse! that I should transform thee after this fashion?

The horse still trembled.

Go! continued Zeus. Be instructed, for this once, without being punished. But to remind thee, with occasional compunction, of thy presumption—do thou, new creation, continue!—Zeus cast a preserving glance on the camel—and never shall the horse behold thee without shuddering.

THE RAVEN.

The fox saw how the raven robbed the altars of the gods, and lived, like them, upon their sacrifices. And he thought within himself: I would like to know whether the raven partakes of the sacrifices because he is a prophetic bird; or whether he is considered a prophetic bird,

because he is so bold as to partake of the sacrifices.

THE EAGLE AND THE FOX.

Be not so proud of thy flight! said the fox to the eagle. Thou mountest so high into the air for no other purpose but to look farther about thee for carrion.

So have I known men who became deep-thinking philosophers, not from love of truth, but for the sake of lucrative offices of instruction.

THE SWALLOW.

Believe me, friends! the great world is not for the philosopher—is not for the poet. Their real value is not appreciated there; and often, alas! they are weak enough to exchange it for a far inferior one.

In the earliest times the swallow was as tuneful and melodious a bird as the nightingale. But she soon grew tired of living in the solitary bushes, heard and admired by no one but the industrious countryman and the innocent shepherdess. She forsook her humbler friend and moved into the city. What followed? Because the people of the city had no time to listen to her divine song, she gradually forgot it, and learned, instead thereof, to—build.

THE RAVEN.

The raven remarked that the eagle sat thirty days upon her eggs. And that, undoubtedly, said she, is the reason why the young of the eagle are so all-seeing and strong. Good! I will do the same.

And, since then, the raven actually sits thirty days upon her eggs; but, as yet, she has hatched nothing but miserable ravens.

THE SPIRIT OF SOLOMON.

An honest old man still bore the burden and heat of the day. With his own hands he ploughed his field; with his own hand he cast the pure seed into the loosened bosom of the willing earth.

Suddenly under the broad shadow of a linden-tree there stood before him a god-like apparition. The old man was astounded. I am Solomon, said the phantom, with a voice which inspired confidence. What dost thou here, old man?

If thou art Solomon, replied the old man, how canst thou ask? In my youth, thou sentest me to the ant: I considered her ways, I learned from her to be diligent and to hoard. What I then learned, I still practise.

Thou hast learned thy lesson but half, returned the Spirit. Go to the ant again! And now learn from her, also, to rest in the winter of thy days, and to enjoy what thou hast gathered!

THE POSSESSOR OF THE BOW.

A man had an excellent bow of ebony, with which he shot very far and very sure, and which he valued at a great price. But once, after considering it attentively, he said: "A little too rude still! Your only ornament is your polish. It is a pity! However, that can be remedied," thought he. "I will go and let a first-rate artist carve something on the bow." He went, and the artist carved an entire hunting-scene upon the bow. And what more fitting for a bow than a hunting-scene?

The man was delighted. "You deserve this embellishment, my beloved bow." So saying he wished to try it. He drew the string. The bow broke!

THE AGED WOLF.*

The mischievous wolf had begun to decline in years, and conceived the conciliating resolution of living on a good footing with the shepherds. Accordingly, he took up his march and came to the shepherd whose folds were nearest to his den. Shepherds! said he, you call me a blood-thirsty robber, which I really am not. To be sure, I must hold by your sheep, when I am hungry; for hunger hurts. Protect me from hunger; only give me enough to eat, and you shall be very well satisfied with me: for really, I am the tamest and most gentle of creatures, when I have had enough to eat.

When you have had enough? Very likely; replied the shepherd. But when will that be? You and avarice never have enough. Go your ways!

MEROPS.

I want to ask you something, said a young eagle to a contemplative and pro-

foundly learned owl. They say there is a bird called Merops, who, when he ascends into the air, flies with the tail first, and with the head turned toward the earth. Is that true?

No, indeed! answered the owl; it is a silly invention of man. He may be a Merops himself; for he is, all the time, wishing to fly to heaven, but is not willing, for one moment, to lose sight of the earth.

THE WASPS.

Foulness and corruption were destroying the proud fabric of a war-horse which had been shot beneath its brave rider. Ever-active Nature always employs the ruins of one creation for the life of another. And so there flew forth a swarm of young wasps from the fly-blown car- rion. Ah! cried the wasps, what a di- vine origin is ours! The most superb horse, the favorite of Neptune, is our progenitor.

The attentive fabulist heard the strange boast, and thought of the modern Ital- ians, who conceive themselves to be noth- ing less than the descendants of the an- cient, immortal Romans, because they were born among their graves.

THE PEACOCKS AND THE CROW.

A vain crow adorned herself with the feathers of the richly-tinted peacocks, which they had shed, and when she thought herself sufficiently tricked out, mixed boldly with these splendid birds of Juno. She was recognized, and quickly the peacocks fell upon her with sharp bills, to pluck from her the lying bravery.

Cease now! she cried at length, you have your own again! But the peacocks, who had observed some of the crow's own shining wing-feathers, replied: Be still, miserable fool! these too cannot be yours! And they continued to peck.

LESSING'S EPIGRAMS.

A NICE POINT.

Say which enjoys the greater blisses,
John, who Dorinda's picture kisses,
Or Tom, his friend, the favor'd elf,
Who kisses fair Dorinda's self?

*From "The History of the Aged Wolf," in seven fables.—The first fable.

Faith, 'tis not easy to divine,
While both are thus with raptures fainting,
To which the balance should incline,
Since Tom and John both kiss a painting.

The Point Decided.

Nay, surely John's the happier of the twain,
Because—the picture cannot kiss again!

TRUE NOBILITY.

Young Stirps as any lord is proud,
Vain, haughty, insolent, and loud,
Games, drinks, and in the full career
Of vice, may vie with any peer;
Seduces daughters, wives, and mothers,
Spends his own cash, and that of others,
Pays like a lord—that is to say,
He never condescends to pay,
But bangs his creditor in requital—
And yet this blockhead wears a title

THE BAD WIFE.

Savans have decided, that search the globe
round,
One only bad wife in the world can be found;
The worst of it is, as her name is not known,
Not a husband but swears that bad wife is his
own.

THE DEAD MISER.

From the grave where dead Gripeall, the
miser, reposes,
What a villanous odor invades all our noses!
It can't be his *body* alone—in the hole
They have certainly buried the usurer's *soul*.

ON FELL.

While Fell was reposing himself on the hay,
A reptile conceal'd bit his leg as he lay;
But all venom himself, of the wound he
made light,
And got well, while the scorpion died of the
bite.

THE BAD ORATOR.

So vile your grimace, and so croaking your
speech,
One scarcely can tell if you're laughing or
crying;
Were you fix'd on one's funeral sermon to
preach,
The bare apprehension would keep one
from dying.

THE WISE CHILD.

How plain your little darling says "Mamma,"
But still she calls you "Doctor," not "Papa."
One thing is clear: your conscientious rib
Has not yet taught the pretty dear to fib.

TO A SLOW WALKER AND QUICK EATER.

So slowly you walk, and so quickly you eat,
You should march with your mouth, and
devour with your feet.

ON TWO BEAUTIFUL ONE-EYED SISTERS.

Give up one eye, and make your sister's two,
Venus she then would be, and Cupid you.

CUPID AND MERCURY, OR THE BARGAIN.

Sly Cupid late with Maia's son
Agreed to live as friend and brother;
In proof, his bow and shafts the one
Chang'd for the well-fill'd purse of t' other.

And now, the transfer duly made,
Together through the world they rove;
The thieving god in arms array'd,
And gold the panoply of love!

FRITZ.

Quoth gallant Fritz, "I ran away
To fight again another day."
The meaning of his speech is plain,
He only fled to fly again.

THE PER-CONTRA, OR MATRIMONIAL
BALANCE.

How strange, a deaf wife to prefer!
True, but she's also dumb, good sir.

CHEATING OLD DEATH.

Yesterday, O brothers mine,
As I quaffed the purple wine,
(Fancy what a fearful doom!)
Death came to me in my room.

Threatening his scythe he swung,
Menacing his accents rung;
"Slave of Bacchus, hence! away!
Thou hast drunk enough, away!"

"Dearest Death," said I, in tears,
"Wouldst thou then abridge my years?
See, here is some wine for thee!
Death, my friend, O pity me!"

With a smile he seized the draught,
To his cousin Plague he quaffed,
To his health he drank it up,
Smiling then replaced the cup.

Pleased that I should now be free,
He renewed his threats to me!
"Fool! dost think that I'll resign
Thee for one small glass of wine?"

"Death," cried I, "we'll make a pact,
Let me as physician act!
Leave me, and this vow be mine,
Half my patients shall be thine."

"Good, if that's the case," cried he,
"Live, but faithful be to me!
Live, till kisses pall thy soul,
And thou'rt weary of the bowl!"

"O, these words of priceless worth!
Death, thou giv'st me second birth,
In this glass of wine with thee,
Death, I drink fraternity."

Thus I e'er must live, divine!
Ever! by the god of wine!
Wine and love shall be my choice,
I'll with love and wine rejoice!

Translated by A. Baskerville.

THE KINGDOMS OF NATURE.

I sought, while drinking, to unfold
Why Nature's kingdoms are threefold.
Both man and beast, they drink and love,
As each is gifted from above;
The dolphin, eagle, dog, and flea,
In that they love and drink, agree.
In all that drink and love then, we
The first of these three kingdoms see.

The plants the second kingdom are,
But lower in creation far;
They do not love, but yet they drink,
When dripping clouds upon them sink;
Thus drinks the clover, thus the pine,
The aloe tree, and branching vine.
In all that drink, but love not, we
The second of these kingdoms see.

The stony kingdom is the last,
Here diamonds with sand are classed;
No stone feels thirst, or soft desires,
No love, no draught its bosom fires,
In all that drink not, love not, we
The last of these three kingdoms see.
For without love, or wine, now own!
What wouldst thou be, O man?—A stone.

Translated by A. Baskerville.

GEORGIA THEATRICALS.

If my memory fail me not, the 10th of June, 1809, found me, at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, ascending a long and gentle slope in what was called "The Dark Corner" of Lincoln. I believe it took its name from the moral darkness which

reigned over that portion of the country at the time of which I am speaking. If in this point of view it was but a shade darker than the rest of the county, it was inconceivably dark. If any man can name a trick or sin which had not been committed at the time of which I am speaking, in the very focus of the county's illumination (Lincolnton), he must himself be the most inventive of the tricky, and the very Judas of sinners. Since that time, however (all humour aside), Lincoln has become a living proof "that light shineth in darkness." Could I venture to mingle the solemn with the ludicrous, even for the purposes of honorable contrast, I could adduce from this county instances of the most numerous and wonderful transitions, from vice and folly to virtue and holiness, which have ever, perhaps, been witnessed since the days of the apostolic ministry. So much, lest it should be thought by some that what I am about to relate is characteristic of the county in which it occurred.

Whatever may be said of the *moral* condition of the Dark Corner at the time just mentioned, its *natural* condition was anything but dark. It smiled in all the charms of spring; and spring borrowed a new charm from its undulating grounds, its luxuriant woodlands, its sportive streams, its vocal birds, and its blushing flowers.

Rapt with the enchantment of the season and the scenery around me, I was slowly rising the slope, when I was startled by loud, profane, and boisterous voices, which seemed to proceed from a thick covert of undergrowth about two hundred yards in the advance of me, and about one hundred to the right of my road.

"You kin, kin you?"

"Yes, I kin, and am able to do it! Boo-oo-oo! Oh, wake snakes, and walk your chalks! Brimstone and — fire! Don't hold me, Nick Stoval! The fight's made up, and let's go at it. — my soul if I don't jump down his throat, and gallop every chattering out of him before you can say 'quit!'"

"Now, Nick, don't hold him! Jist let the wild-cat come, and I'll tame him. Ned'll see me a fair fight; won't you, Ned?"

"Oh, yes; I'll see you a fair fight. blast my old shoes if I don't."

"That's sufficient, as Tom Haynes said

when he saw the elephant. Now let him come."

Thus they went on, with countless oaths interspersed, which I dare not even hint at, and with much that I could not distinctly hear.

In mercy's name, thought I, what band of ruffians has selected this holy season and this heavenly retreat for such Pandæmonian riots! I quickened my gait, and had come nearly opposite to the thick grove whence the noise proceeded, when my eye caught indistinctly and at intervals, through the foliage of the dwarf-oaks and hickories which intervened, glimpses of a man or men, who seemed to be in a violent struggle; and I could occasionally catch those deep-drawn emphatic oaths which men in conflict utter when they deal blows. I dismounted, and hurried to the spot with all speed. I had overcome about half the space which separated it from me, when I saw the combatants come to the ground, and after a short struggle, I saw the uppermost one (for I could not see the other) make a heavy plunge with both his thumbs, and at the same instant I heard a cry in the accent of keenest torture, "Enough! my eye's out!"

I was so completely horror-struck that I stood transfixed for a moment to the spot where the cry met me. The accomplices in the hellish deed which had been perpetrated had all fled at my approach; at least I supposed so, for they were not to be seen.

"Now, blast your corn-shucking soul," said the victor (a youth about eighteen years old) as he rose from the ground, "come cutt'n your shines 'bout me agin, next time I come to the court-house, will you! Get your owl-eye in agin if you kin!"

At this moment he saw me for the first time. He looked excessively embarrassed, and was moving off, when I called to him, in a tone emboldened by the sacredness of my office and the iniquity of his crime. "Come back, you brute! and assist me in relieving your fellow-mortal, whom you have ruined forever!"

My rudeness subdued his embarrassment in an instant; and, with a taunting curl of the nose, he replied, "You needn't kick before you're spurred. There ain't nobody there, nor hain't been nother. I was just seein' how I could 'a' fout." So

saying, he bounded to his plough, which stood in the corner of the fence about fifty yards beyond the battle-ground.

And would you believe it, gentle reader! his report was true. All that I had heard and seen was nothing more nor less than a Lincoln rehearsal; in which the youth who had just left me had played all the parts of all the characters in a court-house fight.

I went to the ground from which he had risen, and there were the prints of his two thumbs, plunged up to the balls in the mellow earth, about the distance of a man's eyes apart; and the ground around was broken up as if two stags had been engaged upon it.

A. B. LONGSTREET.

GARDEN THEATRICALS.

Man is an imitative animal, and consequently the distinguished success which has fallen to the lot of a few of our countrymen in the theatrical profession has had a great effect in creating longings for histrionic honors. Of late years *débuts* have been innumerable, and it would be a more difficult task than that prescribed by Orozombo—"to count the leaves of yonder forest"—if any curious investigator, arguing from known to unknown quantities, were to undertake the computation of the number of Roscii who have not as yet been able to effect their *coup d'essai*. In this quiet city—many as she has already given to the boards—multitudes are yet to be found, burning with ardor to "walk the plank," who, in their prospective dreams, nightly hear the timbers vocal with their mighty tread, and snuff the breath of immortality in the imaginary dust which answers to the shock. The recesses of the town could furnish forth hosts of youths who never thrust the left hand into a Sunday boot, preparatory to giving it the last polish, without jerking up the leg thereof with a Kean-like scowl, and sighing to think that it is not the well-buffed gauntlet of crook'd Richard—lads, who never don their night gear for repose, without striding thus attired across their narrow dormitory, and for the nonce, believing themselves accoutred to "go on" for Rolla, or the Pythagorean of Syracuse—two gentlemen who promenade in "cutty sarks," and are

as indifferent about rheumatism as a Cupid horsed upon a cloud.

But in the times of which we speak, stage-struck heroes were rare. The theatrical mania was by no means prevalent. It went and came like the influenza, sometime carrying off its victims; but they were not multitudinous. Our actors were chiefly importations. The day of native talent was yet in the gray of its morning—a few streakings or so, among the Tressels and Tyrells, but nothing tip-topping it in the zenith. There are, however, few generalities without an exception, and in those days Theodosius Spoon had the honor to prove the rule by being an instance to the contrary.

Theodosius Spoon, called by the wag-gish *Teuspoon*, and supposed by his admirers to be born for a stirring fellow—one who would whirl round until he secured for himself a large share of the sugar of existence—Theodosius Spoon was named after a Roman emperor—not by traditional nomenclature, which modifies the effect of the thing, but directly “out of a history book,” abridged by Goldsmith. It having been ascertained, in the first place, that the aforesaid potentate, with the exception of having massacred a few thousand innocent people one day, was a tolerably decent fellow for a Roman emperor, he was therefore complimented by having his name bestowed upon a Spoon. It must not, however, be thought that the sponsors were so sanguine as to entertain a hope that their youthful charge would ever reach the purple. Their aspirations did not extend so far; but being moderate in their expectations, they acted on the sound and well-established principle, that as fine feathers make fine birds, fine names, to a certain extent, must have an analogous effect—that our genius should be educated, as it were, by the appellation bestowed upon us; and that we should be so sagaciously designated that to whatever height fortune leads, fame, in speaking of us, may have a comfortable mouthful, and we have no cause under any circumstances to blush for our name. Mr. and Mrs. Spoon—wise people in their way—reasoned in the manner referred to. They were satisfied that a sonorous handle to one’s patronymic acts like a balloon to its owner, and that an emaciated, every-day, thread-bare cognomen—a Tom, Dick and Harry

denomination—is a mere dipsey, and must keep a man at the bottom. Coming to the application of the theory, they were satisfied that the homely though useful qualities of the spoon would be swallowed up in the superior attributes of Theodosius. That this worthy pair were right in the abstract is a self-evident proposition. Who, for instance, can meet with a Napoleon Bonaparte Mugg, without feeling that when the said Mugg is emptied of its spirit, a soul will have exhaled, which, had the gate of circumstance opened the way, would have played foot-ball with monarchs, and have wiped its brogues upon empires? An Archimedes Pippis is clearly born to be a “screw,” and to operate extensively with “burning glasses,” if not upon the fleets of a Marcellus, at least upon his own body corporate. While Franklin Pippis, if in the mercantile line, is pretty sure to be a great flier of kites, and a speculator in vapors, and such like fancy stocks. If the Slinkums call their boy Cæsar, it follows as a natural consequence that the puggish disposition of the family nose will, in his case, gracefully curve into the aquiline, and that the family propensity for the Fabian method of getting out of a scrape, will be Cæsarized into a valor, which at its very aspect would set “all Gaul” into a quake. Who can keep little Diogenes Doubikens out of a tub, or prevent him from scrambling into a hogshead, especially if sugar is to be gathered in the interior? Even Chesterfield Gruff is half disposed to be civil, if he thinks he can gain by so unnatural a course of proceeding; and everybody is aware that Crichton Dunderpate could do almost anything, if he knew how, and if, by a singular fatality, all his fingers were not thumbs.

Concurrent testimony goes to prove that the son of a great man is of necessity likewise great—the children of a *blanchisseuse*, or of a house-scrubber, have invariably clean hands and faces; schoolmasters are very careful to imbue their offspring with learning; and, if we are not mistaken, it has passed into a proverb that the male progeny of a clergyman, in general, labor hard for the proud distinction of being called “hopeful youths and promising youngsters.” The corollary, therefore, flows from this, as smoothly as water from a hydrant, that he who bor-

rows an illustrious name is in all probability charged to the brim, *ipso facto*, with the qualities whereby the real owner was enabled to render it illustrious—qualities, which only require opportunity and the true position to blaze up in spontaneous combustion, a beacon to the world. And thus Theodosius Spoon, in his course through life, could scarcely be otherwise than, if not an antique Roman, at least an “antic rum ‘un;” his sphere of action might be circumscribed, but he could not do otherwise than make a figure.

Our Spoon—his parents being satisfied with giving him an euphonious name—was early dipped into the broad bowl of the world to spoon for himself. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker to learn the art and mystery of stretching “uppers” and of shaping “unders.” But, for this employment, as it was merely useful and somewhat laborious, he had no particular fancy. Whether it was owing to the influence of his name or not, we cannot pretend to say, but, like Jaffier and many other worthy individuals, he was much troubled with those serious inconveniences termed “elegant desires.” Young as he was, his talent for eating was aldermanic; aristocracy itself might have envied his somnolent performances in the morning; while, if fun or mischief were afoot, no watch-dog could better encounter prolonged vigils, and no outlying cat could more silently and skilfully crawl in at a back window than he, when returning from his nocturnal perambulations. His genius for lounging, likewise, when he should have been at work, was as remarkable as his time-consuming power when sent on an errand. He could seem to do more, and yet perform less, than any lad of his inches in the town; and, being ordered out on business, it was marvellous to see the swiftness with which he left the shop, and the rapidity of his immediate return to it, contrasted with the great amount of time consumed in the interval. With these accomplishments, it is not surprising that Theodosius Spoon was discontented with his situation. He yearned to be an embellishment—not a plodding letter, valuable only in combination, but an ornamental flourish, beautiful and graceful in itself; and, with that self-reliance peculiar to genius, he thought that the drama opened a short cut to the summit of his desires. Many a time, as

he leaned his elbow on the lapstone, and reposed his chin upon his palm, did his work roll idly to the floor, while he gazed with envious eyes through the window at the playbills which graced the opposite corner, and hoped that the time would come when the first night of Theodosius Spoon would be thereupon announced, in letters as large as if he were a histrionic ladle. Visions of glory—of crowded houses—of thundering plaudits—of full pockets—of pleasant nights, and of day lounges up and down Chestnut street, the wonder of little boys and focus of all eyes floated vividly across his imagination. How could he, who bore the name of a Roman emperor, dream of being elsewhere than at the topmost round of fortune’s ladder, when he had seen others there, who, subjected to mental comparison, were mere rushlights compared to himself?

Filled with these gorgeous imaginings, our Spoon became metamorphosed into a spout, pouring forth streams of elocution by night and by day, and, though continually corking his frontispiece to try the expression in scenes of wrath, it soon became evident that his powers could not remain bottled in a private station. When a histrionic inclination ferments so noisily that its fizzling disturbs the neighborhood, it requires little knowledge of chemistry to decide that it must have vent, or an explosion will be the consequence; and such was the case in the instance in which we speak. The oratorical powers of Theodosius Spoon were truly terrible, and had become, during occasional absence of the “boss,” familiar to every one within a square.

An opportunity soon afforded itself. Those Philadelphians, who were neither too old nor too young, when Theodosius Spoon flourished, to take part in the amusements of the town, do not require to be told that for the delectation of their summer evenings, the city then rejoiced in a Garden Theatre, which was distinguished from the winter houses by the soft Italian appellation of the Tivoli. It was located in Market, near Broad street, in those days a species of *rus in urbe*, improvement not having taken its westward movement; and before its brilliancy was forever extinguished, the establishment passed through a variety of fortunes, furnishing to the public entertainment as various.

and giving to the stage many a "regular" whose first essay was made upon its boards.

At this period, so interesting to all who study the history of the drama, lived one Typus Tympan, a printer's devil, who "cronied" with Spoon, and had been the first to give the "reaching of his soul" an inclination stageward. Typus worked in a newspaper office, where likewise the bills of the Garden Theatre were printed, and *par conséquence*, Typus was a critic, with the *entrée* of the establishment, and an occasional order for a friend. It was thus that Spoon's genius received the Promethean spark, and started into life. By the patronizing attentions of Typus, he was no longer compelled to gaze from afar at the members of the company as they clustered after rehearsal, of a sunny day, in front of the theatre, and varied their smokings by transitions from the "long nine" to the real Havana, according to the condition of the treasury, or the state of the credit system. Our hero now nodded familiarly to them all, and by dint of soleing, heel-tapping, and other small jobs in the leather way, executed during the periods of "overwork" for Mr. Julius Augustus Winkins, was admitted to the personal friendship of that illustrious individual. Some idea of the honor thus conferred may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Winkins himself constituted the entire male department of the operative corps of the house. He grumbled the bass, he warbled the tenor, and, when necessary, could squeak the "counter" in beautiful perfection. All that troubled this magazine of vocalism was, that although he could manage a duet easily enough, soliloquizing a chorus was rather beyond his capacity, and he was therefore often compelled to rely upon the audience at the Garden, who, to their credit be it spoken, scarcely needed a hint upon such occasions. On opera nights, they generally volunteered their services to fill out the harmony, and were so abundantly obliging, that it was difficult to teach them where to stop. In his private capacity—when he was *ex-officio* Winkins—he did the melancholico-Byronic style of man—picturesque, but "suffering in his innards"—to the great delight of all the young ladies who dwelt in the vicinity of the Garden. When he walked forth, it was with his slender frame in-

serted in a suit of black, rather the worse for wear, but still retaining a touching expression, softened, but not weakened, by the course of time. He wore his shirt collars turned down over a kerchief in the "fountain tie," about which there is a Tyburn pathos, irresistible to a tender heart; and with his well-oiled and raven locks puffed out *en masse* on the left side of his head, he declined his beaver over his dexter eye until its brim kissed the corresponding ear. A profusion of gilt chain travelled over his waistcoat, and a multitude of rings of a dubious aspect encumbered his fingers. In this interesting costume did Julius Augustus Winkins, in his leisure moments, play the abstracted, as he leaned gracefully against the pump, while obliquely watching the effect upon the cigar-making demoiselles who operated over the way, and who regarded Julius as quite a love, decidedly the romantic thing.

Winkins was gracious to Spoon, partly on the account aforesaid, and because both Spoon and Tympan were capital *claquers*, and invariably secured him an encore, when he warbled "Love has eyes," and the other rational ditties in vogue at that period.

Now it happened that business was rather dull at the Garden, and the benefit season of course commenced. The hunting up of novelties was prosecuted with great vigor; even the learned pig had starred at it for once; and as the Winkins night approached, Julius Augustus determined to avail himself of Spoon for that occasion, thinking him likely to draw, if he did not succeed, for in those days of primitive simplicity first appearances had not ceased to be attractive. The edge not being worn off, they were sure to be gratifying, either in one way or the other.

It was of a warm Sunday afternoon that this important matter was broached. Winkins, Spoon and Tympan sat solacing themselves in a box at the Garden, puffing their cigars, sipping their liquid refreshment, and occasionally nibbling at three crackers brought in upon a large waiter, which formed the substantials of the entertainment. The discourse ran upon the drama.

"Theo, my boy!" said Winkins, putting one leg on the table, and allowing the smoke to curl about his nose, as he cast his coat more widely open, and made the accost friendly.

"Spoon, my son!" said Winkins, being the advance paternal of that social warrior, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar with a flirt of his little finger.

"Spooney, my tight 'un!"—the assault irresistible—"how would you like to go it in uncle Billy Shakspeare, and tip the natives the last hagony in the tragics?" Winkins put his other leg on the table, assuming an attitude both of superiority and encouragement.

"Oh, gammin!" ejaculated Spoon, blushing, smiling and putting the forefinger of his left hand into his mouth. "Oh, get out!" continued he, casting down his eyes with the modest humility of untried yet self-satisfied genius.

"Not a bit of it—I'm as serious as an empty barn—got the genius—want the chance—my benefit—two acts of anything—cut mugs—up to snuff—down upon 'em—fortune made—that's the go."

"It's our opinion—we think, Theodosius," observed Typus Tympan, with editorial dignity, as he emphatically drew his cuff across the lower part of his countenance, "we think, and the way we know what's what, because of our situation, is sing'ler—standing, as we newspaper folks do, on the shot tower of society—that now's your time for gittin' astraddle of public opinion, and for riding it like a hoss. Jist such a chance as you've been wantin'. As the French say, all the *beu mundy* come to Winkins' benefit; and if the old man won't go a puff leaded, why we'll see to havin' it sneaked in, spread so thick about genius and all, that it will draw like a blister—we will, even if we get licked for it."

"'Twon't do," simpered Spoon, as he blushed brown, while the expression of his countenance contradicted his words. "'Twon't do. How am I to get a dress—s'pose boss catches me at it? Besides, I'm too stumpy for tragedy, and anyhow I must wait till I'm cured of my cold."

"It will do," returned Winkins, decisively; "and tragedy's just the thing. There are, sir, varieties in tragedy—by the new school, it's partitioned off in two grand divisions. High tragedy of the most helevated description," (Winkins always *haspirated* when desirous of being emphatic,) "high tragedy of the most helevated and hexalted kind should be represented by a gentleman short of statue, and low comedy should be sustained by a gen-

tleman tall of statue. In the one case, the higher the part, the lowerer the hactor, and in the other case, *wisey wersey*. It makes light and shade between the sentiment and the performer, and jogs the attention by the power of contrast. The hintellectual style of playing likewise requires crooked legs."

"We think, then, our friend is decidedly calkulated to walk into the public. There's a good deal of circumbendibus about Spoon's hams—he's got serpentine trotters, splendid for crooked streets, or goin' round a corner," interpolated Typus, jocularly.

"There's brilliancy about crooked legs," continued Winkins, with a reproving glance at Typus. "The monotony of straight shanks answers well enough for genteel comedy and opera; but corkscrew legs prove the mind to be too much for the body; therefore, crooked legs, round shoulders and a shovel nose for the hec-centricities of the hintellectual tragics. Audiences must have it queered into 'em; and as for a bad cold, why it's a professional blessing in that line of business, and saves a tragedian the trouble of sleeping in a wet shirt to get a sore throat. Blank verse, to be himpressive, must be frogged—it must be groaned, grunted, and gasped—bring it out like a three-pronged grinder, as if body and soul were parting. There's nothing like asthmatic elocution, and spasmodic emphasis, for touching the sympathies, and setting the feelings on edge. A terrier dog in a pucker is a good study for anger, and always let the spectator see that sorrow hurts you. There's another style of tragedy—the physical school—"

"That must be a dose," ejaculated Typus, who was developing into a wag.

"But you're not big enough or strong enough for that. A physical must be able to outmuscle ten blacksmiths, and bite the head off a poker. He must commence the play hawfully, and keep piling on the hagony till the close, when he must keel up in an hexcruciating manner, flip-flopping it about the stage as he defuncts, like a new-caught sturgeon. He should be able to hagonize other people too, by taking the biggest fellow in the company by the scuff of the neck, and shaking him at arm's length, till all the hair drops from his head, and then pitch him across with a roar loud enough to break the windows. That's the menagerie method. The phys-

ical must always be on the point of bursting his boiler, yet he mustn't burst it; he must stride and jump as if he would tear his trousers, yet he mustn't tear 'em; and when he grabs anybody, he must leave the marks of his paws for a week. It's smashing work, but it won't do for you, Spooney; you're little, black-muzzled, queer in the legs, and have got a cold; nature and sleeping with the windows open have done wonders in making you fit for the hintellectuals, and you shall tip 'em the sentimental in Hamlet."

Parts of this speech were not particularly gratifying to Spoon; but, on the whole, it jumped with his desires, and the matter was clinched. Winkins trained him; taught him when and where to come the "hagony;" when and where to cut "terrific mugs" at the pit; when and where to wait for the applause, and how to *chassez* an exit, with two stamps and a spring, and a glance *en arrière*.

Not long after, the puff appeared as Typus promised. The bills of the "Garden Theatre" announced the Winkins benefit, promising, among other novelties, the third act of Hamlet, in which a young gentleman, his first appearance upon any stage, would sustain the character of the melancholy prince. Rash promise! fatal anticipation!

The evening arrived, and the Garden was crowded. All the boys of the trade in town assembled to witness the *début* of a brother chip, and many came because others were coming. Winkins, in a blue military frock, buttoned to the chin, white pantaloons strapped under the foot, and gesticulating with a shining black hat with white lining, borrowed expressly for the occasion, had repeated, "My love is like the red, red rose" with immense applause, when the curtain rang up, and the third act began.

The tedious prattle of those who preceded him being over, Theodosius Spoon appeared. Solemnly, yet with parched lips and a beating heart, did he advance to the footlights, and duck his acknowledgments for the applause which greeted him. His *abord*, however, did not impress his audience favorably. The black attire but ill became his short squab figure, and the "hintellectual tragicality of his legs," meandering their brief extent, like a Malay creese, gave him the aspect of an Ethiopian Bacchus dismounted from his

barrel. Hamlet resembled the briefest kind of sweep, or "an erect black tadpole taking snuff."

With a fidelity to nature never surpassed, Hamlet expressed his dismay by scratching his head, and with his eyes fixed upon his toes commenced the soliloquy—another beautiful conception—for the prince is supposed to be speaking to himself, and his toes are as well entitled to be addressed as any other portion of his personal identity. This, however, was not appreciated by the spectators, who were unable to hear any part of the confidential communication going on between Hamlet's extremities.

"Louder, Spooney!" squeaked a juvenile voice, with a villanous twang, from a remote part of the Garden. "Keep a lading it out strong! Who's afeard!—it's only old Tiwoly!"

"Throw it out!" whispered Winkins, from the wing. "Go it like a pair of bellowses!"

But still the pale lips of Theodosius Spoon continued quivering nothings, as he stood gasping as if about to swallow the leader of the fiddlers, and alternately raising his hands like a piece of machinery. Ophelia advanced.

"Look out, bull-frog, there comes your mammy. Please, ma'am, make little sonny say his lesson."

Bursts of laughter, shouts, and hisses resounded through the Garden. "Whoorror for Spooney!" roared his friends, as they endeavored to create a diversion in his favor—"whoorror for Spooney!" "and wait till the skeer is worked off uv him!"

"How vu'd you like it?" exclaimed an indignant Spooneyite to a hissing malcontent; "how vu'd you like it for to have it druv' into you this 'ere vay? Vot kin a man do ven he ain't got no chance?"

As the hisser did but hiss the more vigorously on account of the remonstrance, and, jumping up, did it directly in the teeth of the remonstrant, the friend to Spooney knocked him down, and the *parquet* was soon in an uproar. "Leave him up!" cried one—"Order! put 'em down and put 'em out!" The aristocracy of the boxes gazed complacently upon the grand set-to beneath them, the boys whacked away with their clubs at the lamps, and hurled the fragments upon the stage, while Ophelia and Hamlet ran away together.

"Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed

Winkins as he rushed upon the stage, dragging after him "the rose and the expectancy of the fair state," the shrinking Theodosius—"will you hear me for a moment?"

"Hurra for Vinkins!" replied a brawny critic, taking his club in both hands, as he hammered against the front of the boxes; "Vinkey, sing us the Bay uv Viskey, and make bull-frog dance a hornspike to the tune of it. Hurra! Twig Vinkey's new hat—make a speech, Vinkey, for your vite trousers!"

At length, comparative silence being restored, Mr. Winkins, red with wrath, yet suppressing his rage, delivered himself as follows—at times adroitly dodging the candle ends which had been knocked from the main chandelier, and were occasionally darted at him and his *protégé*.

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me (*dodge*) respectfully to ask one question. Did you (*dodge*) come here to admire the beauties of the drama (*successive dodges to the right and left*), or am I to (*dodge, dodge*) to understand you came solely to kick up a bloody row?"

The effect of this insinuating inquiry had scarcely time to manifest itself, before *Monsieur le directeur en chef*, a choleric Frenchman, who made a profitable mixture of theatricals, ice-cream, and other refreshments, suddenly appeared in the flat, foaming with natural anger at the results of the young gentleman's *début*. Advancing rapidly as the "kick" rang upon his ear, he suited the action to the word, and, by a dexterous application of his foot, sent Winkins, in the attitude of a flying Mercury, clear of the orchestra, into the midst of the turbulent crowd in the pit. Three rounds of cheering followed this achievement, while Theodosius gazed in pallid horror at the active movement of his friend.

"Kick, aha! Is zat de kick, monsieur dam hoomboog? Messieurs et mesdames, lick him good—sump him into fee-penny beets! Sacre!" added the enraged manager; turning toward Theodosius, "I sall lick de petit hoomboog ver' good—sump him bon, nice, moi-meme—by me ownself."

But the alarmed Theodosius, though no linguist, understood enough of this speech not to tarry for the consequences, and climbing into the boxes, while the angry manager clambered after him, he

rushed through the crowd, and in the royal robes of Denmark hurried home.

For the time, at least, he was satisfied that bearing the name of a Roman emperor did not lead to instant success on the stage, and though he rather reproached the audience with want of taste, it is not probable that he ever repeated the attempt; for he soon, in search of an "easy life," joined the patriots on the Spanish main, and was never after heard of.

JOHN NEAL'S (1818) CHARCOAL SKETCH.

THE HOOSIER AND THE SALT PILE.

"I'm sorry," says Dan, as he knocked the ashes from his regalia, as he sat in a small crowd over a glass of sherry, at Florence's, New York, one evening, "I'm sorry that the stages are disappearing so rapidly; I never enjoyed travelling so well as in the slow coaches. I've made a good many passages over the Alleghenies, and across Ohio, from Cleveland to Columbus and Cincinnati, all over the South, down East, and up North, in stages, and I generally had a good time.

"When I passed over from Cleveland to Cincinnati, the last time, in a stage, I met a queer crowd—such a *corps*, such a time, you never did see; I never was better amused in my life. We had a good team—spanking horses, fine coaches, and one of them *drivers* you read of. Well, there was nine 'insiders,' and I don't believe there ever was a stageful of Christians ever started before, so chuck full of music.

"There was a beautiful young lady going to one of the Cincinnati academies; next to her sat a Jew pedler—for Cowes and a market; wedging him in was a dandy blackleg, with jewelry and chains around about his breast and neck—enough to hang him. There was myself, and an old gentleman, with large spectacles, gold-headed cane, and a jolly, soldering-iron looking nose; by him was a circus-rider, whose breath was enough to breed yaller fever, and could be felt just as easy as cotton velvet! A cross old woman came next, and whose *look* would have given any reasonable man the double-breasted blues before breakfast; alongside of her was a rale backwoods preacher, with the biggest and ugliest mouth ever got up

since the flood. He was flanked by the low comedian of the party, an Indiana hoosier, 'gwine down to Orleans to get an army contract' to supply the forces then in Mexico with beef.

"We rolled along for some time. Nobody seemed inclined to 'open.' The old aunty sot bolt upright, looking crab apples and persimmons at the hoosier and the preacher; the young lady dropped the green curtain of her bonnet over her pretty face, and leaned back in her seat, to nod and dream over japonicas and jumbles, pantallettes, and poetry; the old gentleman, proprietor of the Bardolph 'nose,' looked out at the 'corduroy' and swashes; the gambler fell off into a doze, and the circus covey followed suit, leaving the preacher and me *vis-à-vis*, and saying nothing to nobody. 'Indianny,' he stuck his mug out at the window and criticised the cattle we now and then passed. I was wishing somebody would give the conversation a start, when 'Indianny' made a break—

"'This ain't no great stock country,' says he to the old gentleman with the cane.

"'No, sir,' says the old gentleman. 'Ther's very little grazing here, and the range is pretty much wore out.'

"Then there was nothing said again for some time. Bimeby the hoosier opened agin—

"'It's the d—est place for simmon-trees and turkey-buzzards I ever did see!'

"The old gentleman with the cane didn't say nothing, and the preacher gave a long groan. The young lady smiled through her veil, and the old lady snapped her eyes and looked sideways at the speaker.

"'Don't make much beef here, I reckon,' says the hoosier.

"'No,' says the gentleman.

"'Well, I don't see how in h—ll they all manage to get along in a country whar thar ain't no ranges, and they don't make no beef. A man ain't considered worth a cuss in Indianny whar hasn't got his brand on a hundred head.'

"'Yours is a great beef country, I believe,' says the old gentleman.

"'Well, sir, it ain't anything else. A man that's got sense enuff to foller his own cow-bell with us ain't in no danger of starvin'. I'm gwine down to Orleans to see if I can't git a contract out of Uncle Sam, to feed the boys what's been

lickin' them infernal Mexicans so bad. I s'pose you've seed them cussed lies what's been in the papers about the Indianny boys at Bony Visty.'

"'I've read some accounts of the battle,' says the old gentleman, 'that didn't give a very flattering account of the conduct of some of our troops.'

"With that, the Indianny man went into a full explanation of the affair, and, gittin' warmed up as he went along, begun to cuss and swear like he'd been through a dozen campaigns himself. The old preacher listened to him with evident signs of displeasure, twistin' and groanin' till he couldn't stand it no longer.

"'My friend,' says he, 'you must excuse me, but your conversation would be a great deal more interesting to me—and I'm sure would please the company much better—if you wouldn't swear so terribly. It's very wrong to swear, and I hope you'll have respect for our feelin's, if you hain't no respect for your Maker.'

"If the hoosier had been struck with thunder and lightnin' he couldn't have been more completely tuck aback. He shut his mouth right in the middle of what he was sayin', and looked at the preacher, while his face got as red as fire.

"'Swearin',' says the old preacher, 'is a terrible bad practice, and there ain't no use in it, no how. The Bible says swear not at all, and I s'pose you know the commandments about swearin'?''

"The old lady sort of brightened up—the preacher was her 'duck of a man'; the old fellow with the 'nose' and cane let off a few 'umph, ah! umphs;,' but 'Indianny' kept shady, he appeared to be cowed down.

"'I know,' says the preacher, 'that a great many people swear without thinkin', and some people don't believe the Bible.'

"And then he went on to preach a regular sermon agin swearing, and to quote Scripture like he had the whole Bible by heart. In the course of his argument he undertook to prove the Scriptures to be true, and told us all about the miracles and prophecies, and their fulfilment. The old gentleman with the cane took a part in the conversation, and the hoosier listened, without ever opening his head.

"'I've just heard of a gentleman,' says the preacher, 'that's been to the Holy Land, and went over the Bible country. It's astonishin' to hear what

wonderful things he has seen. He was at Sodom and Gomorrah, and seen the place whar Lot's wife fell!

"Ah!" says the old gentleman with the cane.

"Yes," says the preacher, "he went to the very spot; and what's the remarkablest thing of all, he seen the pillar of salt what she was turned into!"

"Is it possible!" says the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir; he seen the salt, standin' thar to this day."

"What!" says the hoosier, "real, genuine, good salt?"

"Yes, sir, a pillar of salt, jest as it was when that wicked woman was punished for her disobedience."

"All but the gambler, who was snoozing in the corner of the coach, looked at the preacher—the hoosier with an expression of countenance that plainly told that his mind was powerfully convicted of an important fact.

"Right out in the open air?" he asked.

"Yes; standin' right in the open field, whar she fell."

"Well, sir," says "Indianny," "all I've got to say is, *if she'd dropped in our parts, the cattle would have licked her up afore sundown!*"

The preacher raised both his hands at such an irreverent remark and the old gentleman laughed himself into a fit of asthmatics, what he didn't get over till he came to the next change of horses. The hoosier had played the mischief with the gravity of the whole party; even the old maid had to put her handkerchief to her face, and the young lady's eyes were filled with tears for half an hour afterwards. The old preacher hadn't another word to say on the subject; but whenever we came to any place, or met anybody on the road, the circus man nursed the thing along by asking what was the price of salt."

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

On one of Captain Morgan's voyages from America to England he had under his care a very attractive young lady, who speedily distinguished herself by reducing five young gentlemen to the verge of distraction. She was quite ready to marry one, but what could she do with five? In

the embarrassment of her riches she sought the captain, who, after a few moments' thought, said, "It's a fine calm day; suppose, by accident, you should fall overboard. I'll have a boat lowered ready to pick you up, and you can take the man who loves you well enough to jump after you." This novel proposition met the young lady's views, and the programme was accordingly carried out, with the trifling exception that four of the young men took the plunge, and, being picked up by the boat, presented themselves a dripping quartette upon the ship's deck. The object of their undampened ardor, no less wet than themselves, fled to her state-room and sent for her adviser, the captain. "Now, captain," cried she in despair, "what *am* I to do?" "Ah! my dear," replied the captain, "if you want a sensible husband, *take the dry one!*"—which she did.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

A seafaring man, who was recently married, gives the following description of his bride and her apparel, which we think will put some of the "society papers" to the blush: "My wife is just as handsome a craft as ever left millinery dry-dock, is clipper-built, and with a figure-head not often seen on a small craft. Her length of keel is 5 feet 8 inches, and displaces 27 cubic feet of air; of light draught, which adds to her speed in a ball-room; full in the waist, spars trim. At the time we were spliced she was newly rigged fore and aft, with standing rigging of lace and flowers, mainsail part silk, with fore-staysail of Valenciennes. Her frame was of the best steel, covered with silk with whale-bone staunchions. This rigging is intended for fair weather cruising. She has also a set of storm sails for rough weather, and is rigging out a small set of canvas for light squalls, which are liable to occur in this latitude sooner or later. I am told, in running down the street before the wind, she answers the helm beautifully, and can turn around in her own length if a handsomer craft passes her."

Teacher—"What is velocity?"

Pupil—"Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with."

THAT GENTLEMAN.

[ELIZA LESLIE, born in Philadelphia, November 15, 1787; died in Gloucester, New Jersey, January 2, 1858. Descended from a Scotch family. She was sister of the painter Charles Robert Leslie, R. A. She wrote and edited numerous works which obtained popularity; amongst them several cookery books. *The Young American*; *Atlantic Tales*; *Amelia, or a Young Lady's Vicissitudes*; *Althea Vernon*; *Henrietta Robinson*; and three series of *Pencil Sketches*—from which we quote—are her chief works. Professor Hart said: "Her writings are distinguished for vivacity and ease of expression, strong common-sense and right principle."]

On the third day we were enabled to lay our course, with a fair wind and a clear sky: the coast of Cornwall looking like a succession of low white clouds ranged along the edge of the northern horizon. Towards evening we passed the Lizard, to see land no more till we should descry it on the other side of the Atlantic. As Mr. Fenton and myself leaned over the taffrail, and saw the last point of England fade dimly from our view, we thought with regret of the shore we were leaving behind us, and of much that we had seen, and known, and enjoyed in that country of which all that remained to our lingering gaze was a dark spot so distant and so small as to be scarcely perceptible. Soon we could discern it no longer: and nothing of Europe was now left to us but the indelible recollections that it has impressed upon our minds. We turned towards the region of the descending sun—

"To where his setting splendors burn,
Upon the western sea-maid's urn,"

and we vainly endeavored to direct all our thoughts and feelings towards our home beyond the ocean—our beloved American home.

Our passengers were not too numerous. The lesser cabin was appropriated to three other ladies and myself. It formed our drawing-room, the gentlemen being admitted only as visitors. One of the ladies was Mrs. Calcott, an amiable and intelligent woman, who was returning with her husband from a long residence in England. Another was Miss Harriet Audley, a very pretty and very lively young lady from Virginia, who had been visiting a married sister in London, and was now on her way home, under the care of the captain, expecting to meet her father in New York. We were much amused during the voyage

with the coquetry of our fair Virginian as she aimed her arrows at nearly all the single gentlemen in turn, and with her frankness in openly talking of her designs, and animadverting on their good or ill success. The gentlemen, with the usual vanity of their sex, always believed Miss Audley's attacks on their hearts to be made in earnest, and that she was deeply smitten with each of them in succession; notwithstanding that the smile in her eye was far more frequent than the blush on her cheek; and notwithstanding that rumor had asserted the existence of a certain cavalier in the neighborhood of Richmond, whose constancy it was supposed she would eventually reward with her hand, as he might be considered, in every sense of the term, an excellent match.

Our fourth female passenger was Mrs. Cummings, a plump, rosy-faced old lady of remarkably limited ideas, who had literally passed her whole life in the city of London. Having been recently left a widow, she had broken up housekeeping, and was now on her way to join a son established in New York, who had very kindly sent for her to come over and live with him. The rest of the world was almost a sealed book to her, but she talked a great deal of the Minorities, the Poultry, the Old Jewry, Cheapside, Long Acre, Bishopsgate Within and Bishopsgate Without, and other streets and places, with appellations equally expressive.

The majority of the male passengers were pleasant and companionable—and we thought we had seen them all in the course of the first three days—but on the fourth, we heard the captain say to one of the waiters, "Juba, ask that gentleman if I shall have the pleasure of taking wine with him." My eyes now involuntarily followed the direction of Juba's movements, feeling some curiosity to know who "that gentleman" was, as I now recollected having frequently heard the epithet within the last few days. For instance, when almost every one was confined by sea-sickness to their state-rooms, I had seen the captain despatch a servant to inquire of that gentleman if he would have anything sent to him from the table. Also, I had heard Hamilton, the steward, call out—"There, boys, don't you hear that gentleman ring his bell?—why don't you run spontaneously?—jump, one of you, to number eleventeen." I was puzzled

for a moment to divine which state-room bore the designation of eleventeen, but concluded it to be one of the many unmeaning terms that characterize the phraseology of our colored people. Once or twice I wondered who that gentleman could be, but something else happened immediately to divert my attention.

Now when I heard Captain Santlow propose taking wine with him, I concluded that, of course, that gentleman must be visible *in propria persona*, and, casting my eyes towards the lower end of the table, I perceived a genteel-looking man whom I had not seen before. He was apparently of no particular age, and there was nothing in his face that could lead any one to guess at his country. He might have been English, Scotch, Irish or American; but he had none of the characteristic marks of either nation. He filled his glass, and bowing his head to Captain Santlow, who congratulated him on his recovery, he swallowed his wine in silence. There was an animated conversation going on near the head of the table, between Miss Audley and two of her beaux, and we thought no more of him.

At the close of the dessert, we happened to know that he had quitted the table and gone on deck, by one of the waiters coming down and requesting Mr. Overslaugh (who was sitting atilt, while discussing his walnuts, with his chair balanced on one leg, and his head leaning against the wainscot) to let him pass for a moment, while he went into number eleventeen for that gentleman's overcoat. I now found that the servants had converted No. 13 into eleventeen. By-the-bye, that gentleman had a state-room all to himself, sometimes occupying the upper and sometimes the under berth.

"Captain Santlow," said Mr. Fenton, "allow me to ask you the name of that gentleman?"

"Oh! I don't know," replied the captain, trying to suppress a smile, "at least I have forgotten it—some English name; for he is an Englishman—he came on board at Plymouth, and his indisposition commenced immediately. Mrs. Cummitgs, shall I have the pleasure of peeling an orange for you?"

I now recollected a little incident which had set me laughing soon after we left Plymouth, and when we were beating down the coast of Devonshire. I had

been trying to write at the table in the ladies' cabin, but it was one of those days when

"Our paper, pen and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea."

And all I could do was to take refuge in my berth, and endeavor to read, leaving the door open for light and air. My attention, however, was continually withdrawn from my book by the sound of something that was dislodged from its place, sliding or falling, and frequently suffering destruction, though sometimes miraculously escaping unhurt.

While I was watching the progress of two pitchers that had been tossed out of the washing-stand, and after deluging the floor with water, had met in the ladies' cabin, and were rolling amicably side by side, without happening to break each other, I saw a barrel of flour start from the steward's pantry, and, running across the dining-room, stop at a gentleman that lay extended in a lower berth with his room door open, and pour out its contents upon him, completely enveloping him in a fog of meal. I heard the steward, who was busily engaged in mopping up the water that had flowed from the pitchers, call out, "Run, boys, run! that gentleman's smothering up in flour—go take the barrel off him—jump, I tell you."

How that gentleman acted while hidden in the cloud of flour, I could not perceive, and immediately the closing of the folding doors shut out the scene.

For a few days after he appeared among us, there was some speculation with regard to this nameless stranger, whose taciturnity seemed his chief characteristic. One morning while we were looking at the gambols of a shoal of porpoises that were tumbling through the waves and sometimes leaping out of them, my husband made some remark on the clumsy antics of this unsightly fish, addressing himself, for the first time, to the unknown Englishman, who happened to be standing near him. That gentleman smiled affably, but made no reply. Mr. Fenton pursued the subject—and that gentleman smiled still more affably, and walked away.

Nevertheless, he was neither deaf nor dumb, nor melancholy, but had only "a great talent for silence," and as is usually

the case with persons whose genius lies that way, he was soon left entirely to himself, no one thinking it worth while to take the trouble of extracting words from him. In truth, he was so impracticable, and at the same time so evidently insignificant, and so totally uninteresting, that his fellow-passengers tacitly conveyed him to Coventry; and in Coventry he seemed perfectly satisfied to dwell. Once or twice Captain Santlow was asked again if he recollected the name of that gentleman; but he always replied with a sort of smile, "I cannot say I do—not exactly, at least—but I'll look at my manifest and see"—and he never failed to turn the conversation to something else.

The only person that persisted in occasionally talking to that gentleman, was old Mrs. Cummings; and she confided to him her perpetual alarms at "the perils of the sea," considering him a good hearer, as he never made any reply, and was always disengaged, and sitting and standing about, apparently at leisure, while the other gentlemen were occupied in reading, writing, playing chess, walking the deck, etc.

Whenever the ship was struck by a heavy sea, and after quivering with the shock, remained motionless for a moment before she recovered herself and rolled the other way, poor Mrs. Cummings supposed that we had run against a rock, and could not be convinced that rocks were not dispersed everywhere about the open ocean. And as that gentleman never attempted to undeceive her on this or any other subject, but merely listened with a placid smile, she believed that he always thought precisely as she did. She not unfrequently discussed to him, in an undertone, the obstinacy and incivility of the captain, who, she averred, with truth, had never in any one instance had the politeness to stop the ship, often as she had requested, nay, implored him to do so, even when she was suffering with seasickness, and actually tossed out of her berth by the violence of the storm, though she was holding on with both hands.

In less than a fortnight after we left the English Channel we were off the banks of Newfoundland; and, as is frequently the case in their vicinity, we met with cold foggy weather. It cleared a little about seven in the morning, and we

then discovered no less than three icebergs to leeward. One of them, whose distance from us was perhaps a mile, appeared higher than the mainmast head, and as the top shot up into a tall column, it looked like a vast rock with a light-house on its pinnacle. As the cold and watery sunbeams gleamed fitfully upon it, it exhibited in some places the rainbow tints of a prism—other parts were of a dazzling white, while its sharp angular projections seemed like masses of diamonds glittering upon snow.

The fog soon became so dense that in looking over the side of the ship we could not discern the sea. Fortunately, it was so calm that we scarcely moved, or the danger of driving on the icebergs would have been terrific. We had now no other means of ascertaining our distance from them, but by trying the temperature of the water with a thermometer.

In the afternoon the fog gathered still more thickly round us, and dripped from the rigging, so that the sailors were continually swabbing the deck. I had gone with Mr. Fenton to the round-house, and looked a while from its windows on the comfortless scene without. The only persons then on the main deck were the captain and the first mate. They were wrapped in their watch-coats, their hair and whiskers dripping with the fog dew. Most of the passengers went to bed at an early hour, and soon all was awfully still; Mrs. Cummings being really too much frightened to talk, only that she sometimes wished herself in Shoreditch, and sometimes in Houndsditch. It was a night of real danger. The captain remained on deck till morning, and several of the gentlemen bore him company, being too anxious to stay below.

About daybreak, a heavy shower of rain dispersed the fog—"the conscious vessel waked as from a trance"—a breeze sprung up that carried us out of danger from the icebergs, which were soon diminished to three specks on the horizon, and the sun rose bright and cheerfully.

Towards noon, the ladies recollected that none of them had seen that gentleman during the last twenty-four hours, and some apprehension was expressed lest he should have walked overboard in the fog. No one could give any account of him, or remember his last appearance; and Miss Audley professed much regret

that now in all probability we should never be able to ascertain his name, as, most likely, he had "died and made no sign." To our shames be it spoken, not one of us could cry a tear at his possible fate. The captain had turned into his berth, and was reposing himself after the fatigue of last night; so we could make no inquiry of him on the subject of our missing fellow-passenger.

Mrs. Cummings called the steward, and asked him how long it was since he had seen anything of that gentleman. "I really can't tell, madame," replied Hamilton; "I can't pretend to charge my memory with such things. But I conclude he must have been seen yesterday—at least I rather expect he was."

The waiter Juba was now appealed to. "I believe, madame," said Juba—"I remember something of handing that gentleman the bread-basket yesterday at dinner—but I would not be qualified as to whether the thing took place or not, my mind being a good deal engaged at the time."

Solomon, the third waiter, disclaimed all positive knowledge of this or any other fact, but sagely remarked, "that it was very likely that gentleman had been about all yesterday as usual; yet still it was just as likely he might not; and there was only one thing certain, which was, that if he was not nowhere, he must, of course, be somewhere."

"I have a misgiving," said Mrs. Cummings, "that he will never be found again."

"I'll tell you what I can do, madame," exclaimed the steward, looking as if suddenly struck with a bright thought—"I can examine into No. eleventeen, and see if I can perceive him there." And softly opening the door of the state-room in question, he stepped back and said, with a triumphant flourish of his hand—"There he is, ladies, there he is, in the upper berth, fast asleep in his double cashmere dressing-gown. I opinionate that he was one of the gentlemen that stayed on deck all night, because they were afraid to go to sleep on account of the icebergers—of course nobody noticed him—but there he is now, safe enough."

Instantly we proceeded *en masse* towards No. eleventeen, to convince ourselves; and there indeed we saw that gentleman lying asleep in his double cash-

mere dressing-gown. He opened his eyes, and seemed surprised, as well he might, at seeing all the ladies and all the servants ranged before the door of his room, and gazing in at him: and then we all stole off, looking foolish enough.

"Well," said Mrs. Cummings, "he is not dead, however,—so we have yet a chance of knowing his name from himself, if we choose to ask him. But I'm determined I'll make the captain tell it me, as soon as he gets up. It's all nonsense, this making a secret of a man's name."

After crossing the Banks we seemed to feel ourselves on American ground, or rather on American sea. As our interest increased on approaching the land of our destination, that gentleman was proportionally overlooked and forgotten. He "kept the even tenor of his way," and we had become scarcely conscious that he was still among us: till one day when there was rather a hard gale, and the waves were running high, we were startled, as we surrounded the luncheon table, by a tremendous noise on the cabin staircase, and the sudden bursting open of the door at its foot. We all looked up, and saw that gentleman falling down-stairs, with both arms extended, as he held in one hand a tall cane-stool, and in the other the captain's barometer, which had hung just within the upper door; he having involuntarily caught hold of both these articles, with a view of saving himself. "While his head, as he tumbled, went nickety nock," his countenance, for once, assumed a new expression, and the change from its usual unvarying sameness was so striking, that, combined with his ludicrous attitude, it set us all to laughing. The waiters ran forward and assisted him to rise; and it was then found that the stool and the barometer had been the greatest sufferers; one having lost a leg, and the other being so shattered that the stair-carpet was covered with globules of quicksilver. However, he retired to his state-room, and whether or not he was seen again before next morning, I cannot positively undertake to say.

Next day we continued to proceed rapidly, with a fair wind, which we knew would soon bring us to the end of our voyage. The ladies' cabin was now littered with trunks and boxes, brought from the baggage room that we might select from

them such articles as we thought we should require when we went on shore.

Near one o'clock I heard a voice announcing the light on the island of Never-sink, and in a short time all the gentlemen were on deck. At daybreak Mr. Fenton came to ask me if I would rise and see the morning dawn upon our own country. We had taken a pilot on board at two o'clock, had a fine fair breeze to carry us into the Bay of New York, and there was every probability of our being on shore in a few hours.

Soon after sunrise we were visited by a news-boat, when there was an exchange of papers, and much to inquire and much to tell.

We were going rapidly through the Narrows, when the bell rung for breakfast, which Captain Santlow had ordered at an early hour, as we had all been up before daylight. Chancing to look toward his accustomed seat, I missed that gentleman, and inquired after him of the captain. "Oh!" he replied, "that gentleman went on shore in the news-boat; did you not see him depart? He bowed all round before he went down the side."

"No," was the general reply, "we did not see him go." In truth we had all been too much interested in hearing, reading, and talking of the news brought by the boat.

"Then he is gone forever," exclaimed Mrs. Cummings, "and we shall never know his name."

"Come, Captain Santlow," said Mr. Fenton, "try to recollect it. 'Let it not,' as Grumio says, 'die in oblivion, while we return to our graves inexperienced in it.'"

Captain Santlow smiled, and remained silent. "Now, captain," said Miss Audley, "I will not quit the ship till you tell me that gentleman's name. I cannot hold out a greater threat to you, as I know you have had a weary time of it since I have been under your charge. Come, I set not my foot on shore till I know the name of that gentleman, and also why you cannot refrain from smiling whenever you are asked about it."

"Well, then," replied Captain Santlow, "though his name is a very pretty one when you get it said, there is a little awkwardness in speaking it. So I thought I would save myself and my passengers the trouble. And partly for that reason, and partly to tease you all, I have withheld it

from your knowledge during the voyage. But I can assure you he is a baronet."

"A baronet!" cried Miss Audley—"I wish I had known that before, I should certainly have made a dead set at him. A baronet would have been far better worth the trouble of a flirtation than you Mr. Williams, or you Mr. Sutton, or you Mr. Belfield, or any of the other gentlemen that I have been amusing myself with during the voyage."

"A baronet!" exclaimed Mrs. Cummings, "well, really—and have I been four weeks in the same ship with a baronet—and sitting at the same table with him—and often talking to him face to face—I wonder what Mrs. Thimbleby of Threadneedle Street would say if she knew that I am now acquainted with a baronet?"

"But what is his name, captain?" said Mr. Fenton; "still you do not tell us."

"His name," answered the captain, "is Sir St. John St. Ledger."

"Sir St. John St. Ledger!" was repeated by each of the company.

"Yes," resumed Captain Santlow—"and you see how difficult it is to say it smoothly. There is more sibilation in it than in any name I know. Was I not right in keeping it from you till the voyage was over, and thus sparing you the trouble of articulating it, and myself the annoyance of hearing it? See, here it is in writing."

The captain then took his manifest out of his pocket-book, and showed us the words, "Sir St. John St. Ledger, of Sevenoaks, Kent."

"Pho!" exclaimed Mrs. Cummings, "where's the trouble in speaking that name, if you only knew the right way—I have heard it a hundred times—and even seen it in the newspapers. This must be the very gentleman that my cousin George's wife is always talking about. She has a brother that lives near his estate, a topping apothecary. Why, 'tis easy enough to say his name, if you say it as we do in England."

"And how is that?" asked the captain; "what can you make of Sir St. John St. Ledger?"

"Why, Sir Singeon Sillinger, to be sure," replied Mrs. Cummings—"I am confident he would have answered to that name. Sir Singeon Sillinger of Sunnock—cousin George's wife's brother lives

close by Sunnock in a yellow house with a red door."

"And have I," said the captain, laughing, "so carefully kept his name to myself, during the whole passage, for fear we should have had to call him Sir St. John St. Ledger, when all the while we might have said Sir Singeon Sillinger!"

"To be sure you might," replied Mrs. Cummings, looking proud of the opportunity of displaying her superior knowledge of something. "With all your striving after sense, you Americans are very ignorant people, particularly of the right way of speaking English. Since I have been on board, I have heard you all say the oddest things—though I thought there would be no use in trying to set you right. The other day there was Mr. Williams talking of the church of St. Mary le bon—instead of saying Marrow bone. Then Mr. Belfield says, Lord Cholmondeley, instead of Lord Chumley, and Col. Sinclair instead of Col. Sinkler; and Mr. Sutton says Lady Beauchamp, instead of Lady Beachum; and you all say Birmingham instead of Brummagem. The truth is, you know nothing about English names. Now that name, Trollope, that you all sneer at so much, and think so very low, why Trollope is quite genteel in England, and so is Hussey. The Trollopes and Husseys belong to great families. But I have no doubt of finding many things that are very elegant in England counted quite vulgar in America, owing to the ignorance of your people. For my part, I was particularly brought up to despise all manner of ignorance."

In a short time a steamboat came alongside, into which we removed ourselves, accompanied by the captain and the letter-bags; and we proceeded up to the city, where Mr. Fenton and myself were met on the wharf, I need not tell how, and by whom.

A married woman said to her husband: "You have never taken me to the cemetery." "No, dear," replied he; "that is a pleasure I have yet *in anticipation*."

An author who was severely criticized in one of the reviews, told a friend that he wished to write *down* the review. "Then write *in* it," said his friend.

EXTRACT FROM WYCHERLEY'S "PLAIN DEALER."

MANLY AND LORD PLAUSIBLE.

MANLY. Tell not me, my good Lord Plausible, of your decorums, supercilious forms, and slavish ceremonies! your little tricks, which you, the spaniels of the world, do daily over and over, for and to one another; not out of love or duty, but your servile fear.

PLAUSIBLE. Nay, i' faith, i' faith, you are too passionate; and I must beg your pardon and leave to tell you they are the arts and rules the prudent of the world walk by.

MAN. Let 'em. But I'll have no leading-strings; I can walk alone. I hate a harness, and will not tug on in a faction, kissing my leader behind, that another may do the like to me.

PLAUS. What, will you be singular then? like nobody? follow, love, and esteem nobody?

MAN. Rather than be general, like you, follow everybody; court and kiss everybody? though perhaps at the same time you hate everybody.

PLAUS. Why, seriously, with your pardon, my dear friend—

MAN. With your pardon, my no friend, I will not, as you do, whisper my hatred or my scorn, call a man fool or knave by signs or mouths over his shoulder, whilst you have him in your arms. For such as you, like common women and pickpockets, are only dangerous to those you embrace.

PLAUS. Such as I? Heaven defend me! upon my honor—

MAN. Upon your title, my lord, if you'd have me believe you.

PLAUS. Well, then, as I am a person of honor, I never attempted to abuse or lessen any person in my life.

MAN. What, you were afraid?

PLAUS. No, but seriously, I hate to do a rude thing; I speak well of all mankind.

MAN. I thought so: but know, that speaking well of all mankind is the worst kind of detraction; for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world, by making all alike. Now, I speak ill of most men, because they deserve it; I that can do a rude thing, rather than an unjust thing.

PLAUS. Well, tell not me, my dear friend, what people deserve; I ne'er mind that. I, like an author in a dedication,

never speak well of a man for his sake, but my own. I will not disparage any man to disparage myself: for to speak ill of people behind their backs, is not like a person of honor, and truly to speak ill of 'em to their faces, is not like a complaisant person; but if I did say or do an ill thing to anybody, it should be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

MAN. Very well, but I that am an unmannerly sea-fellow, if I ever speak well of people—which is very seldom indeed—it should be sure to be behind their backs; and if I would say or do ill to any, it should be to their faces. I would jostle a proud, strutting, overlooking coxcomb, at the head of his sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him when he were past me; would frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an overgrown knave of business, rather than vent my spleen against him when his back were turned; would give fawnings slaves the lie whilst they embrace or commend me; cowards, whilst they brag; call a rascal by no other title, though his father had left him a duke's; laugh at fools aloud before their mistresses; and must desire people to leave me, when their visits grow at last as troublesome as they were at first impertinent.

[*Mainly thrusts out Lord Plausible.*]

FREEMAN. You use a lord with very little ceremony, it seems.

MAN. A lord! what, thou art one of those who esteem men only by the marks and value fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsic worth! But counterfeited honor will not be current with me: I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears, instead of being raised by it.*

WYCHERLEY, 1640-1715.

WHY HE SMOKED.

It was in the time of James the First, whose detestation of the habit and of the noxious weed he constantly manifested; but it had no effect upon the boys—they still whiffed away like little Whigs, to show their independence of His Majesty.

* Burns has versified part of this sentiment:

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the man for a' that.

In short the young dogs smoked day and night, like the kitchen chimney of a tavern. This, of course, was concealed, as much as you can conceal a smell, from the Dominie; till one luckless evening, when the imps were all huddled together round the fire of their dormitory, involving each other in vapors of their own creation, lo! in burst the Master, and stood in awful dignity before them.

"How now!" quoth Dominie, to the first lad, "how dare you be smoking tobacco?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I'm subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain."
"And you?—and you?—and you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

One had a raging tooth—another the colic—the third, a cough—the fourth—in short, they all had something.

"Now, sirrah," bellowed the doctor to the last boy, "what disorder do you smoke for?"

Alas! all the excuses were exhausted—when the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe after a farewell whiff, and looking gravely in the Dominie's face, said in a whining, hypocritical tone: "*Sir, I smoke for corns.*"

GEORGE COLMAN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

(*Meeting of DROMIO, of Syracuse, and DROMIO, of Ephesus, in which they discover that they are brothers.*)

DRO. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

DRO. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

DRO. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

DRO. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

DRO. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.

DRO. E. Nay, then, thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother;

And now let's go hand-in-hand, not one before another.

(*Exeunt.*)

SHAKESPEARE.

A MORMON ROMANCE.—REGINALD GLOVERSON.

[CHARLES FARRAR BROWN, who wrote and lectured under the pseudonym of "Artemus Ward," was born at Watford, Maine, 1832, died in London, 1867.]

The morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mule-train, dawned beautifully.

Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives. His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha, in Nebraska, with a mule-train for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived. The high-spirited mules were at the door, impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives.

"Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad at heart this morning; but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but—pshaw! I have always come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear? Besides, I know that every night, as I lay down on the broad starlit prairie, your bright faces will come to me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Molly, with your cheeks so downy; and you, Betsy, with your wine-red lips—far more delicious, though, than any wine I ever tasted—and you, Maria, with your winsome voice; and you, Susan, with your—with your—that is to say, Susan, with your—and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not, Dearestists?"

"Our own," they lovingly chimed, "we will!"

"And so farewell!" cried Reginald. "Come to my arms, my own!" he said; "that is, as many of you as can do it conveniently at once, for I must away."

He folded several of them to his throbbing breast, and drove sadly away.

But he had not gone far when the trace of the off-hind mule became unhitched.

Dismounting, he essayed to adjust the trace; but ere he had fairly commenced the task, the mule, a singularly refractory animal, snorted wildly, and kicked Reginald frightfully in the stomach. He arose with difficulty, and tottered feebly towards his mother's house, which was near by, falling dead in her yard with the remark, "Dear mother, I've come home to die!" "So I see," she said; "where's the mules?"

Alas! Reginald Gloverson could give no answer. In vain the heart-stricken mother threw herself upon his inanimate form, crying "Oh, my son—my son! only tell me where the mules are, and then you may die if you want to."

In vain—in vain! Reginald had passed on.

The mules were never found.

Reginald's heartbroken mother took the body home to her unfortunate son's widows. But before her arrival she indiscreetly sent a boy to burst the news gently to the afflicted wives, which he did by informing them, in a hoarse whisper, that their "old man had gone in."

The wives felt very badly indeed.

"He was devoted to me," sobbed Emily.

"And to me," said Maria.

"Yes," said Emily, "he thought considerably of you, but not so much as he did of me."

"I say he did!"

"And I say he didn't!"

"He did!"

"He didn't!"

"Don't look at me, with your squint eyes!"

"Don't shake your red head at me!"

"Sisters!" said the black-haired Henrietta, "cease this unseemly wrangling. I, as his first wife, shall strew flowers on his grave."

"No, you won't," said Susan. "I as his last wife, shall strew flowers on his grave. It's my business to strew!"

"You shan't, so there!" said Henrietta.

"You bet I will!" said Susan, with a tear-suffused cheek.

"Well, as for me," said the practical Betsy, "I ain't on the strew much; but I shall ride at the head of the funeral procession!"

"Not if I've been introduced to myself, you won't," said the golden-haired Nelly;

"that's my position. You bet your bonnet-strings it is."

"Children," said Reginald's mother, "you must do some crying, you know, on the day of the funeral; and how many pocket-handkerchers will it take to go round? Betsy, you and Nelly ought to make one do between you."

"I'll tear her eyes out if she perpetuates a sob on my handkercher!"

"Dear daughters-in-law," said Reginald's mother, "how unseemly is this anger! Mules is five hundred dollars a span, and every identical mule my poor boy had has been gobbled up by the red man. I knew when my Reginald staggered into the door-yard that he was on the die; but if I'd only thunk to ask him about them mules ere his gentle spirit took flight, it would have been four thousand dollars in *our* pockets, and *no* mistake! Excuse these real tears, but you've never felt a parent's feelin's."

"It's an oversight," sobbed Maria. "Don't blame us!"

The funeral passed off in a very pleasant manner, nothing occurring to mar the harmony of the occasion. By a happy thought of Reginald's mother the wives walked to the grave twenty abreast, which rendered that part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial.

That night, the twenty wives, with heavy hearts, sought their twenty respective couches. But no Reginald occupied those twenty respective couches—Reginald would never more linger all night in blissful repose in those twenty respective couches—Reginald's head would never more press the twenty respective pillows of those twenty respective couches—never, never more!

In another house, not many leagues from the house of mourning, a gray-haired woman was weeping passionately. "He died," she cried, "he died without sige-fyin', in any respect, where them mules went to!"

Two years are supposed to elapse between the third and fourth chapters of this original American romance.

A manly Mormon, one evening, as the sun was preparing to set among a select apartment of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—although for that matter, the sun has a right to "set" where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen—a manly Mormon, I say, tapped

gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs. Susan Gloverson.

"Is this the house of the widow Gloverson?" the Mormon asked.

"It is," said Susan.

"And how many is there of she?" he inquired.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," courteously returned the fair Susan.

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

"Madame," he softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows, "I have seen part of you before! And although I have already twenty-five wives, whom I respect and tenderly care for, I can truly say that I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw thee! Be mine—be mine!" he enthusiastically cried; "and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines, only a good deal more so—

"Twenty-one souls with a single thought,
Twenty-one hearts that beat as one."

They were united, they were.

Gentle reader, does not the moral of this romance show that—does it not, in fact, show that however many there may be of a young widow woman; or, rather, does it not show that, whatever number of persons one woman may consist of—well, never mind what it *shows*. Only this writing Mormon romances is confusing to the intellect. You try it and see.

ARTEMUS WARD.

THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP.

Thar was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squencht their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forreds; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin-house, and the nabers used to obsarve, "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a surblime site, in the spring of the year, to see our sevril mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so thay couldn't sile 'em, affectshuntly Bilin sope together & aboozin the nabers.

Altho I hankered intensely arter the objeck of my affecshuns, I darsunt tell her of the fires which was rajin in my manly Buzzum. I'd try to do it, but my tung would kerwollup up agin the roof of my mowth & stick thar, like deth to a deseast African or a country postmaster to his offiss, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like a old-fashioned wheat Flale agin a barn door.

'Twas a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht and nary zeffer disturbed the sreen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her farther's pastur. We'd been romping threw the woods, killin flours & drivin the woodehuck from his Nativ Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall we sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool-house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockeeped in balinnsin myself on the fense, while my rite woundid luvlinly round her waste.

I cleared my throat and tremblinly sed, "Betsy, you're a Gazelle."

I thought that air was putty fine. I waitid to see what effeck it would have upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed:

"You're a sheep!"

Sez I, "Betsy, I think very muchly of you."

"I don't b'leve a word you say—so there now, cum!" with which obsarvashun she hitched away from me.

"I wished thar was winders to my Sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enough in here," sed I, strikin my buzzum with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans!"

She bowd her hed down and commenst chawin the strings to her sun-bonnet.

"Ar, could you know the sleepis nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowe me. Gase on this wastin form and these 'ere sunken cheeks—"

I should have continnered on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortunately I lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearin my close and severly damagin myself generally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in

dubble-quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin herself up to her full hite she sed:

"I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Just say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'M IN!"

I considered that air enuff for all practical purposes, and we proceeded immjitly to the parson's & was made 1 that very nite.

ARTEMUS WARD.

BRAVE OLD SOLDIER.

He was quite an old man, and he had quite a bad limp, and he remarked as he touched his hat, "All I want is money enough to get to Savannah. I feel that I have not long to live, and I want to be buried in that nice, cool graveyard just outside of Savannah."

That appeal didn't open a single wallet. He was talking to three men who had found a shady spot under a grocery awning, and he seemed a little disappointed. Pulling a new string, he remarked: "Gentlemen, won't you do something for an old soldier?" "Were you a soldier in the last war?" asked one of the group. "I was," was the prompt reply. "What branch of the service?" "The heavy artillery." "Where were you stationed?"

"Well," slowly replied the stranger, as if he hadn't expected such a question, "we were sometimes here and sometimes there. The fact was, our artillery was so heavy that we generally kept it on a hill. The Confederate Government didn't seem to expect that us three or four men were going to drag a big cannon all over the country and whip the Yankees to boot. Yes, I was wounded in the left leg."

"In what action?" was asked.

"I never knew what they named it; my business was to get up and hump and knock thunder out of a whole Union regiment at once, and you just bet I didn't have any time to fool around and ask what they were going to name the battle. I went into the war to fight, and didn't I just throw myself, though!"

"Did you throw yourself under a wagon?" quietly asked one of the three.

"Sometimes I did, and sometimes I didn't. They used to let me fight any way to win. I've fit from under a wagon

and from the top of a tree, and the boys used to call me the wild cat."

"They must have seen you 'clawing' to the rear," suggested another of the trio.

"Very likely, gentlemen. Sometimes I could fight better at the rear, and I went back. Then I'd change and fight on the flank, and then I'd advance and mow 'em down in front!"

"Where did you say you were wounded?"

"In the leg—just above there. The surgeon said that three or four bullets hit me to once."

"Be honest, now, old man, and tell us if you didn't get that leg hurt in a mill or around machinery?"

"Great guns! do you doubt my word?" gasped the man, starting back.

"We do!" they replied in chorus. He closely scanned each face, and was indulging in gestures to show how he deplored such conduct toward one who had fought bravely, when one of them said:

"Come, now, speak the truth, and we'll raise you thirty cents." The old man turned to go, halted, hesitated, and then replied, "I suppose, gentlemen, that I fell off a building in Atlanta and hurt my leg, but it happened so mighty close after a battle that I could never really tell whether the fall or the fight hurt me the most. Now, please pass in your ten cents!"

RALEIGH SENTINEL.

DR. ABERFORD AND HIS PRESCRIPTION.

[CHARLES READE, born near Oxford, 1814, died 1880. From this celebrated novelist we make the following extract from "*Christie Johnstone*." His "*Christie Johnstone*," 1853, is a tale of fisher-life in Scotland, the scene being laid at Newhaven on the Forth. A young lord, Viscount Ipsden, is advised by his physician, as a cure for *emui* and dyspepsia, to make acquaintance with people of low estate, and to learn their ways, their minds, and their troubles. He sails in his yacht to the Forth, accompanied by his valet. Dr. Aberford is evidently meant for a picture of Dr. Abernethy.]

"Dr. Aberford, my Lord."

This announcement, made by Mr. Saunders, checked his Lordship's reverie.

"Insults everybody, does he not, Saunders?"

"Yes, my Lord," said Saunders, monotonously.

"Perhaps he will me; that might amuse me," said his Lordship.

A moment later, the doctor bowed into the apartment, tugging at his gloves as he ran.

The contrast between him and our poor rich friend is almost beyond human language.

Here lay on the sofa, Ipsden, one of the most distinguished young gentlemen in Europe; a creature incapable, by nature, of a rugged tone or a coarse gesture; a being without the slightest apparent pretension, but refined beyond the wildest dream of dandies. To him, enter Aberford, perspiring and loud. He was one of those globules of human quicksilver one sees now and then for two seconds; they are, in fact, two globules; their head is one, invariably bald, round and glittering; the body is another in activity and shape, *totus teres atque rotundus*; and in fifty years they live five centuries; Horum Rex Aberford—of these our doctor was the chief. He had hardly torn off one glove, and rolled as far as the third flower from the door on his Lordship's carpet, before he shouted,

"This is my patient, lolloping in pursuit of health.—Your hand," added he. For he was at the sofa long before his Lordship could glide off it.

"Tongue.—Pulse is good.—Breathe in my face."

"Breathe in your face, sir! how can I do that?" (with an air of mild doubt.)

"By first inhaling, and then exhaling in the direction required, or how can I make acquaintance with your bowels?"

"My bowels!"

"The abdomen, and the greater and lesser intestines. Well, never mind, I can get at them another way. Give your heart a slap, so.—That's your liver.—And that's your diaphragm."

His Lordship having found the required spot (some people that I know could not) and slapped it, the Aberford made a circular spring and listened eagerly at his shoulder-blade. The result of this scientific pantomime seemed to be satisfactory, for he exclaimed, not to say bawled,

"Hallo! here is a Viscount as sound as a roach! Now, young gentleman," added he, "your organs are superb, yet you are really out of sorts; it follows you have the maladies of idle minds, love perhaps, among the rest; you blush, a diagnostic of that disorder. Make your mind easy; cutaneous disorders, such as love,

etc., shall never kill a patient of mine with a stomach like yours. So, now to cure you!" And away went the spherical doctor, with his hands behind him, not up and down the room, but slanting and tacking, like a knight on a chess-board. He had not made many steps before, turning his upper globule, without affecting his lower, he hurled back, in a cold, business-like tone, the following interrogatory:

"What are your vices?"

"Saunders," inquired the patient, "which are my vices?"

"M' Lord, Lordship hasn't any vices," replied Saunders, with dull matter-of-fact solemnity.

"Lady Barbara makes the same complaint," thought Lord Ipsden.

"It seems I have not any vices, Dr. Aberford," said he, demurely.

"That is bad; nothing to get hold of. What interests you, then?"

"I don't remember."

"What amuses you?"

"I forget."

"What! no winning horse to gallop away your rents?"

"No, sir."

"No Opera Girl, to run her foot and ankle through your purse?"

"No, sir! and I think their ankles are not what they were."

"Stuff! just the same, from their ankles up to their ears, and down again to their morals; it is your eyes that are sunk deeper into your head. Hum! no horses, no vices, no dancers, no yacht; you confound one's notions of nobility, and I ought to know them, for I have to patch them all up a bit just before they go to the deuce."

"But I have, Dr. Aberford."

"What?"

"A yacht! and a clipper she is, too."

"Ah!—(Now I've got him.)"

"In the Bay of Biscay she lay half a point nearer the wind than Lord Heavyjib."

"Oh! bother Lord Heavyjib, and his Bay of Biscay."

"With all my heart, they have often bothered me."

"Send her round to Granton pier, in the Firth of Forth."

"I will, sir."

"And write down this prescription." And away he walked again, thinking the prescription.

"Saunders," appealed his master.

"Saunders be hanged."

"Sir," said Saunders, with dignity, "I thank you."

"Don't thank me, thank your own deserts," replied the modern Chesterfield. "Oblige me by writing it yourself, my Lord; it is all the bodily exercise you will have had to-day, no doubt."

The young Viscount bowed, seated himself at a desk, and wrote from dictation:

"DR. ABERFORD'S PRESCRIPTION."

"Make acquaintance with all the people of low estate, who have time to be bothered with you; learn their ways, their minds, and above all, their troubles."

"Won't all this bore me?" suggested the writer.

"You will see. Relieve one fellow-creature every day, and let Mr. Saunders book the circumstances."

"I shall like this part," said the patient, laying down his pen. "How clever of you to think of such things; may not I do two sometimes?"

"Certainly not; one pill per day.—Write, Fish the herring! (that beats deer-stalking.) Run your nose into adventures at sea; live on ten-pence, and earn it. Is it down?"

"Yes, it is down, but Saunders would have written it better."

"If he hadn't, he ought to be hanged," said the Aberford, inspecting the work. "I'm off, where's my hat? oh, there; where's my money? oh, here. Now look here, follow my prescription, and

"You will soon have *Mens sana in corpore sano*;
And not care whether the girls say yes or say no;"

neglect it, and—my glove; oh, in my pocket—you will be *blasé*, and *ennuyé*, and—(an English participle, that means something as bad;) God bless you!"

And out he scuttled, glided after by Saunders, for whom he opened and shut the street door.

A French artist, being asked to draw an allegorical figure of benevolence, sketched a bit of India rubber. "This," said he, "is the true emblem of benevolence; it gives more than any other substance!"

THE WEDDING OF SHON MACLEAN.

A bagpipe melody from the Gaelic.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
Twenty Pipers together
Came in the wind and the rain
Playing over the heather;
Backward their ribbons flew,
Bravely they strutted and blew,
Each clad in tartan new,
Bonnet, and blackcock feather;
And every Piper was fu',
Twenty Pipers together.

He's but a Sassenach blind and vain
Who never heard of Shon Maclean—
The Duke's own piper, called "Shon the Fair,"
From his freckled skin and his fiery hair.
Father and son, since the world's creation,
The Macleans had followed this occupation,
And played the pibroch to fire the clan
Since the first Duke came and the Earth
began.

Like the whistling of birds, like the hum-
ming of bees,
Like the sigh of the south-wind in the trees,
Like the singing of angels, the playing of
shawms,
Like Ocean itself with its storms and its
calms,

Were the pipes of Shon, when he strutted
and blew,—

A cock whose crowing creation he knew!
At last in the prime of his playing life,
The spirit moved him to take a wife—
A lassie with eyes of Highland blue,
Who loved the pipes and the Piper too,
And danced to the sound with a foot and a
leg

White as a lily and smooth as an egg.
So, all the Pipers were coming together
Over the moor and across the heather,

All in the wind and the rain;
All the Pipers so bravely drest
Were flocking in from the east and the west,
To bless the bedding and blow their best
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean,
'Twas wet and windy weather!
Yet, thro' the wind and the rain
Came twenty Pipers together!

Earach and Dougal Dhu,
Sandy of Isla too,
Each with the bonnet o' blue,
Tartan, and blackcock feather;
And every Piper was fu',
Twenty Pipers together.

The knot was tied, the words were said,
Shon was married, the feast was spread,

At the head of the table sat, high and hoar,
Strong Sandy of Isla, age fourscore,
Whisker'd, gray as a Haskeir seal,
And clad in crimson from head to heel.
Beneath and round him in their decrees,
Gathering the men of minstrelsie,
With keepers, gillies, lads and lassies,
Mixing voices, and jingling glasses,
At soup and haggis, at roast and boil'd,
Awhile the happy gathering toil'd,—
While Shon and Jean at the table ends
Shook hands with a hundred of their friends,—
Then came a hush. Thro' the open door
A wee bright Form flash'd on the floor,—
The Duke himself, in the kilt and plaid,
With slim soft knees, like the knees of a
maid,

And took a glass, and he cried out plain
"I drink to the health of Shon Maclean!
To Shon the Piper, and Jean his wife,
A clean fireside and a merry life!"
Then out he slipt, and each man sprang
To his feet, and with "hooch" the chamber
rang!

"Clear the tables," shrieked out one—
A leap, a scramble, the thing was done!
And then the Pipers all in a row
Tuned their pipes and began to blow

While all to dance stood fain:
Sandy of Isla and Earach More,
Dougal Dhu from Kilflannan shore,
Played up the company on the floor
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean!
Twenty Pipers together
Stood up, while all their train
Ceased their clatter and blether,
Full of the mountain-dew,
First on their pipes they blew,
Mighty of bone and thew,
Red-cheek'd with lungs of leather;
And every Piper was fu',
Twenty Pipers together.

Who led the dance? In pomp and pride!
The Duke himself led out the Bride.
Great was the joy of each beholder,
For the wee Duke only reach'd her shoulder;
And they danced, and turned, when the reel
began,

Like a giantess and a fairy man!
But like an earthquake was the din
When Shon himself led the Duchess in!
And she took her place before them there,
Like a white mouse dancing with a bear.
How the little Duchess, so slim and sweet,
Her blue eyes watching Shon's great feet,
With a smile which could not be resisted,
Jigged and jumped and twirl'd and twisted!
Sandy of Isla led off the reel,
The Duke began it with toe and heel,

Then all joined in full fain;
 Twenty Pipers ranged in a row,
 From squinting Shamus to lame Kilroe,
 Their cheeks like crimson, began to blow,
 At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
 They blew with lungs of leather,
 And blithesome was the strain
 Those Pipers played together!
 Moist with the mountain dew,
 Mighty of bone and thigh,
 Each with a bonnet o' blue,
 Tartan, and blackcock feather;
 And every Piper was fu',
 Twenty Pipers together!

Oh, for a magic tongue to tell
 Of all the wonders that befell!
 Of how the Duke, when the first stave died,
 Reached up on tiptoe to kiss the Bride,
 While Sandy's pipes, as their mouths were
 meeting,
 Skirl'd and set every heart a-beating.
 Then Shon took the pipes! and all was still,
 As silently he the bags did fill,
 With flaming cheeks and round bright eyes,
 Till the first faint music began to rise.
 Like a thousand laverocks singing in tune,
 Like countless corn-craiks under the moon,
 Like the smack of kisses, like sweet bells
 ringing,
 Like a mermaid's harp, or a kelpie singing,
 Blew the pipes of Shon; and the witching
 strain
 Was the gathering song of the Clan Maclean!
 Then slowly, gently, at his side,
 All the Pipers around replied,
 And swelled the glorious strain;
 The hearts of all were proud and light,
 To hear the music, to see the sight,
 And the Duke's own eyes were dim that
 night.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

So to honor the Clan Maclean
 Straight they began to gather,
 Blowing the wild refrain,
 "Blue bonnets across the heather!"
 They stamp'd, they strutted, they blew;
 They shriek'd; like cocks they crew;
 Blowing the notes out true,
 With wonderful lungs of leather;
 And every Piper was fu',
 Twenty Pipers together!

When the Duke and Duchess went away
 The dance grew mad and the fun grew gay;
 Man and Maiden, face to face,
 Leapt and footed and scream'd apace!
 Round and round the dancers whirl'd,
 Shriller, louder, the Pipers skirl'd

Till the soul seem'd swooning into sound,
 And all creation was whirling round.
 Then, in a pause of the dance and glee,
 The Pipers, ceasing their minstrelsie,
 Draining the glass in groups did stand,
 And passed the snuff-box from hand to hand—
 Sandy of Isla with locks of snow,
 Squinting Shamus, blind Kilmahoe,
 Finlay Beg, and Earach More,
 Dougal Dhu of Kilfannan shore—
 All the Pipers, black, yellow, and green,
 All the colors that ever were seen.
 All the Pipers of all the Macs,
 Gather'd together and took their cracks,
 Then (no man knows how the thing befell,
 For none was sober enough to tell,)
 These heavenly Pipers from twenty places
 Began disputing with crimson faces;
 Each asserting, like one demented,
 The claims of the clan he represented.
 In vain gray Sandy of Isla strove
 To soothe their struggle with words of love,
 Asserting there, like a gentleman,
 The superior claims of his own great clan;
 Then finding to reason is to despair,
 He seizes his pipes and he plays an air—
 The gathering tune of his clan—and tries
 To drown in music the shrieks and cries.
 Heavens! Every Piper, grown mad with
 ire,
 Seizes *his* pipes with a fierce desire,
 And blowing madly, with flourish and squeak,
 Begins *his* particular tune to shriek!
 Up and down the gamut they go,
 Twenty Pipers, all in a row,
 Each with a different strain,
 Each tries hard to drown the first,
 Each blows louder till like to burst.
 Thus were the tunes of the Clans rehearst
 At the wedding of Shon Maclean!

At the wedding of Shon Maclean,
 Twenty Pipers together,
 Blowing with might and main
 Thro' wonderful lungs of leather:
 Wild was the hullabaloo!
 They strutted, they scream'd, they crew!
 Twenty wild strains they blew,
 Holding the heart in tether;
 And every Piper was fu',
 Twenty Pipers together.

A storm of music! Like wild sleuth-hounds
 Contending together were the sounds.
 At last a bevy of Eve's bright daughters
 Pour'd oil—that's whiskey—upon the waters,
 And after another glass went down
 The Pipers chuckled and ceased to frown.
 Embraced like brothers and kindred spirits,
 And fully admitted each other's merits,
 All bliss must end! For now the Bride
 Was looking weary and heavy-eyed,

And soon she stole from the drinking chorus,
While the company settled to *deoch-an-dorus*.
One hour—another—took its flight—
The clock struck twelve—the dead of night—
And still the Bride like a rose so red
Lay lonely up in the bridal bed.
At half-past two the Bridegroom, Shon,
Dropt on the table as heavy as stone,
And four Strong Pipers across the floor
Carried him up to the bridal door,
Push'd him in at the open portal,
And left him snoring, serene and mortal.
The small stars twinkled over the heather,
As the Pipers wandered away together,
But one by one on the journey dropt,
Clutching his pipes and there he stopt.
One by one on the dark hillside
Each faint wail of the bagpipes died,
Amid the wind and the rain!
And twenty Pipers at break of day
In twenty different bogholes lay,
Serenely sleeping upon their way
From the wedding of Shon Maclean!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ENSIGN O'DONOGHUE'S "FIRST LOVE."

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Enormous reader! were you ever in Clare Castle? 'Tis as vile a hole in the shape of a barrack—as odious a combination of stone, mortar, and rough-cast, as ever the king—God bless him!—put a regiment of the line into. There is most delightful fishing out of the windows, charming shooting at the sparrows that build in the eaves of the houses, and most elegant hunting. If you have a terrier, you may bag twenty brace of rats in a forenoon. If a person is fond of drawing, he has water scenery above the bridge, and water scenery below the bridge, with turf-boats and wild ducks, and two or three schooners with coals, and mud in abundance, when the tide is out, and beautiful banks sloping to the water, with charming brown potato gardens and ever-green furze bushes. When tired of this combination of natural beauties, you may turn to the city of Clare, luxuriant in dung and pigs, and take a view of the Protestant school-house without a roof, and the parish clergyman's handsome newly whitewashed kennel—by the same token, his was the best pack of hounds I ever saw—and the priest's neat cottage at the back of the public-house, where the best *potteen* in the country was to be had.

Then in the distance is *not* to be seen the neighboring abbey of Quin, which presents splendid remains of Gothic architecture; but I can only say from what I have heard, as the hill of Dundrennan happens to intervene between our citadel and the abbey. Ennis, too, in the distance, I am told, would be a fine maritime town, if it had good houses and was nearer the sea, and had trade and some respectable people in it, and a good neighborhood. Mr. O'Connell thinks a canal from it to Clare would improve it—and I think the "*tribute money*," might be advantageously laid out in shares in the said canal. This is only a surmise of my own, judging of what I saw from my barrack-window in Clare Castle; for, during the six blessed weeks I spent there, from five o'clock on Ash Wednesday evening till six o'clock on Good Friday morning, my nose, which is none of the longest, never projected its own length beyond the barrack-gate. The reason of my not visiting the chief city of Clareshire was also sufficient to prevent me exploring the remains at Quin: and was simply this: Colonel Gauntlet had given positive orders to Captain Vernon, who commanded the company, not to permit Ensign O'Donoghue, on any pretence, to leave the castle.

I was a lad of about seventeen then, and had but a short time before got a commission in the Royal Irish, by raising recruits—which was done in rather an ingenious manner by my old nurse, Judy McLeary. She got some thirty or forty of the Ballybeg hurlers, seven of whom were her own sons—lads that would have cropped an exciseman, or put a tithe proctor "to keep" in a bog-hole, as soon as they would have peeled a potato, or sooner. Nurse Judy got the boys together—made them blind drunk—locked them up in the barn—made them "drunk again," next morning—enlisted them all before my father, who was a justice of the peace—and a recruiting-sergeant, who was at the house, marched them all off ("drunk still") to the county town. They were all soldiers before they came to their senses, and I was recommended for an ensign. My heroes remained quiet for a day or two, having plenty of eating and drinking; but swearing, by all the saints in the Almanac, that the Ballybeg boys were, out and out, the tip-top of

the country, and would "bate the Curnel, ay, and the General, with the garrison to back him to boot, if Masther Con would only crook his finger and whistle." We were ordered to march to Limerick, which part of the country it did not appear that my recruits liked, for the following Sunday they were all back again playing hurley at Ballybeg.

But to return. I was, as I said before, an ensign in the Royal Irish, and strutting as proud as a peacock about the streets of Limerick. To be sure, how I ogled the darlings as they tripped along, and how they used to titter when I gave them a sly look! I was asked to all sorts of parties, as the officers were—save the mark!—so genteel! We had dinner-parties, and tea-parties, and dancing-parties, and parties up the river to Castle Connel, and picnics down the river to Carrick Gunnel, and dry drums; in short, the frolicking lads of the Eighteenth never lived in such clover. Three parsons, or rather, I should say, their wives, sundry doctors, the wine merchants, and a banker or two, were all quarrelling about who could show us most attention, and force most claret and whiskey punch down our throats. We flirted and jigged, and got drunk every night in the week at the house of one friend or another. I was seventeen times in love, ay, and out again, in the first fortnight: such eyes as one young lady had, and such legs had another; Susan had such lips, and Kate had such shoulders; Maria laughed so heartily—to show her teeth; and Johanna held her petticoats so tidily out of the mud—to show her ankle. I was fairly bothered with them all, and nearly ruined into the bargain by the amount of my wine-bills at the mess. The constant love-making kept me in a fever, and a perpetual unquenchable thirst was the consequence. In vain did I toss off bumper after bumper of port and sherry in honor of the charms of each and all of them; in vain did I sit down with my tumbler of whiskey punch (hot) at my elbow, when I invoked the muse and wrote sonnets on the sweet creatures. Every fresh charm called for a fresh bottle, and each new poetical thought cried out for more hot water, sugar, whiskey, and lemon-juice! The more I made love, the more feverish I grew; and it was absolutely impossible to keep my pulsations and wine-bills under any control. For-

tunately, or perhaps unfortunately, one young lady began to usurp the place of the many. I was determined to install her as prime and permanent mistress of my affections.

Accordingly, Miss Juliana Hennessy was gazetted to the post, *vice* a score dismissed. Juliana had beautiful legs, beautiful bust, beautiful shoulders; figure plump, smooth, and showy; face nothing to boast of, for her nose was a snub, and she was a trifle marked with the small-pox; but her teeth were generally clean, and her eye languishing; so, on the whole, Juliana Hennessy was not to be sneezed at. Half a dozen of our youngsters were already flirting with her: one boasted that he had a lock of her hair, but honor forbade him to show it; another swore that he had kissed her in her father's scullery, that she was nothing loath, and only said, "Ah, now, Mr. Casey, can't you stop? what a flirt you are!"—but nobody believed him; and Peter Dawson, the adjutant, who was a wag, affirmed, that he heard her mother say, as she crossed the streets, "Juliana, mind your petticoats—spring, Juliana, spring, and show your 'agility'—the officers are looking." After this, poor Juliana Hennessy never was known but as Juliana Spring.

Juliana Spring had a susceptible mind, and was partial to delicate attentions; so the first thing I did, to show that my respect for her was particular, was to call out Mr. Casey about the scullery story; and, after exchanging three shots (for I was new to the business *then*, and my pistols none of the best), I touched him up in the left knee, and spoilt his capering in rather an off-hand style, considering I was but a novice. I now basked in my Juliana's smiles, and was as happy and pleasant as a pig in a potato-garden. I begged Casey's pardon for having hurt him, and he pitched Juliana to old Nick, for which, by-the-way, I was near having him out again.

I was now becoming quite a sentimental milk-sop; I got drunk not more than twice a week, I ducked but two watchmen, and broke the head of but one chairman, during the period of my loving Juliana Spring. Wherever her toe left a mark in the gutter, my heel was sure to leave its print by the side of it. Her petticoats never had the sign of a spatter on them; they were always held well out of the mud, and the snow-white cotton stockings.

tight as a drum-head, were duly displayed.

Juliana returned my love, and plenty of billing and cooing we had of it. Mrs. Hennessy was as charming a lady of her years as one might see anywhere; she used to make room for me next Juliana—make us stand back to back, to see how much the taller I was of the two—Juliana used to put on my sash and gorget, and I was obliged to adjust them right; then she was obliged to replace them, with her little fingers fiddling about me. After that the old lady would say, "Juliana, my love, how do the turkeys walk through the grass?" "Is it through the long grass, ma'am?" "Yes, Juliana, my love; show us how the turkeys walk through the long grass." Then Juliana would rise from her seat, bend forward, tuck up her clothes nearly to her knees, and stride along the room on tip-toe. "Ah, now do it again, Juliana," said the mother. So Juliana did it again—and again—and again—till I knew the shape of Juliana's supporters so well, that I can conscientiously declare they were uncommonly pretty.

Juliana and I became thicker and thicker—till at length I had almost made up my mind to marry her. I was very near fairly popping the question at a large ball at the Custom House, when fortunately Colonel Gauntlet clapped his thumb upon me, and said "Stop!" and Dawson stepped up to say that I must march next morning, at ten o'clock, for that famous citadel, Clare Castle. I was very near calling out both Dawson and the colonel; but Juliana requested me not, for her sake. Prudence came in time. Gauntlet would have brought me to a court-martial, and I should have gone back to Ballybeg after my recruits.

Leaving the Hennessys without wishing them good-bye would have been unkind and unhandsome; so at nine the next morning I left the New Barracks, having told the sergeant of the party who was to accompany me to call at Arthur's Quay on his way. I scampered along George Street, and in a few minutes arrived at the Hennessys'. How my heart beat when I lifted the knocker! I fancied that, instead of the usual sharp rat-tat-too, it had a sombre, hollow sound; and when Katty Lynch, the handmaiden of my beloved, came to the door and hesitated about ad-

mitting me, I darted by her and entered the dining-room on my right hand. Here the whole family were assembled; but certainly not expecting company—not one of the "genteel officers," at least.

The father of the family, who was an attorney, was arranging his outward man. His drab cloth ink-spotted inexpressibles were unbuttoned at the knee, and but just met a pair of whity-brown worsted stockings that wrinkled up his thick legs. Coat and waistcoat he had none, and at the open breast of a dirty shirt appeared a still dirtier flannel waistcoat. He was rasping a thick stubble on his chin, as he stood opposite a handsome pier-glass between the windows. The razor was wiped upon the breakfast-cloth, which ever and anon he scraped clean with the back of the razor and dabbed the shave into the fire. The lady mother was in a chemise and petticoat, with a large colored cotton shawl, which did duty as dressing-gown; and she was alternately busy in combing her grizzled locks and making breakfast.

Miss Juliana—Juliana of my love—Juliana Spring, sat by the fire in a pensive attitude, dressed as she had turned out of her nest. Her hair still in papers, having just twitched off her night-cap; a red cotton bed-gown clothed her shoulders, a brown flannel petticoat was fastened with a running string round her beautiful waist, black worsted stockings enveloped those lovely legs which I had so often gazed on with admiration, as they, turkey-fashion, tripped across the room; and a pair of yellow slippers, down at heel, covered the greater part of her feet. On the fender stood the tea-kettle, and on the handle of the tea-kettle a diminutive shirt had been put to air; while its owner, an urchin of five years old, frequently popped in from an inner room, exhibiting his little natural beauties *al fresco*, to see if it was fit to put on.

I stared about me as if chaos was come again; but I could not have been more surprised than they were. The whole family were taken aback. The father stood opposite the mirror, with his snub nose held between the finger and thumb of his left hand and his right grasping the razor—his amazement was so great that he could not stir a muscle. Mrs. Hennessy shifted her seat to the next chair, and the lovely Juliana Spring, throwing down the *Sorrows of Werter*, with which

she had been improving her mind, raised her fingers to get rid of the hair-papers. Each individual would have taken to flight; but, unfortunately, the enemy was upon them and occupied the only means of egress except the little room, which it seems was the younker's den; so that, like many another body when they could not run away, they boldly stood their ground.

I apologized for the untimely hour of my visit, and pleaded, as an excuse, that in half an hour I should be on my way to Clare Castle. My friends say that I have an easy way of appearing comfortable wherever I go, and that it at once makes people satisfied. In less than a minute Mr. Hennessy let his nose go; his wife wreathed her fat face into smiles; and Juliana Spring looked budding into summer, squeezed a tear out of her left eye, and blew her nose in silent anguish at my approaching departure.

Katty brought in a plate of eggs and a pile of buttered toast. Apologies innumerable were made for the state of affairs:—the sweeps had been in the house—the child had been sick—Mr. Hennessy was turned out of his dressing-room by the masons—Mrs. Hennessy herself had been "poorly"—and Juliana was suffering with a nervous headache. Such a combination of misfortunes surely had never fallen upon so small a family at the same time. I began to find my love evaporating rapidly. Still, Juliana was in grief, and, between pity for her and disgust at the color of the table-cloth, I could not eat. Mr. Hennessy soon rose, said he would be back in the "peeling of an onion," and requested me not to stir till he returned.

He certainly was not long, but he came accompanied, lugging into the room with him a tall, loose-made fellow in a pepper-and-salt coat and brown corduroys. I had never seen this hero before, and marvelled who the deuce he might prove to be. "Sit down, Jerry," said Hennessy to his friend—"sit down and taste a dish of tea. Jerry, I am sorry that Juliana has a headache this morning." "Never mind, man," said Jerry; "I'll go bail she will be better by-and-by. Sure my darling niece isn't sorry at going to be married." Here were two discoveries—Jerry was uncle to Juliana, and Juliana was going to be married—to whom, I wondered?

"O, Jerry! she will be well enough by-and-by," said her father. "But I don't believe you know Ensign O'Donoghue—let me introduce," etc. Accordingly I bowed, but Jerry rose from his chair and came forward with outstretched paw. "Good morrow-morning to you, sir, and 'deed and indeed it is mighty glad I am to see you, and wish you joy of so soon becoming my relation." "Your relation, sir? I am not aware"—"Not relation," returned Jerry, "not blood relation, but connection by marriage." "I am not going to be married," said I. "You not going to be married?" "Not that I know of," I replied. "Ah, be aisy, young gentleman," said Uncle Jerry; "sure I know all about it—ar'n't you going to marry my niece, Juliana, there?"

A pretty *dénouement* this! My love oozed away like Bob Acres' valor—so I answered, "I rather think not, sir." "Not marry Juliana?" ejaculated the father. "Not marry my daughter?" yelled the mother. "Not marry my niece?" shouted the uncle; "but by Saint Peter you shall—didn't you propose for her last night?" "I won't marry her, that's flat; and I did not propose for her last night," I roared. My blood was now up, and I had no notion of being taken by storm. "You shall marry her, and that before you quit this room, or the d—l is not in Kibballyowen!" said Jerry, getting up and locking the door. "If you don't, I'll have the law of you," said Mr. Hennessy. "If you don't, you are no gentleman," said Mrs. Hennessy. "If I do, call me fool," said I. "And I am unanimous," said a third person from the inner door. "The deuce you are," said I to this new addition to our family circle—a smooth-faced, hypocritical-looking scoundrel, in black coat and black breeches and gray pearl stockings—as he issued from the smaller apartment; how he got there I never knew. "Don't swear, young gentleman," said he. "I'll swear from this to Clare Castle, if I like," said I, "and no thanks to anyone. Moreover, by this and by that, and by everything else, I am not in the humor, and I'll marry no one—good, bad or indifferent—this blessed day." Even this did not satisfy them. "Then you will marry her after Lent?" said the fellow in the pearl stockings. "Neither then nor now, upon my oath!" I an-

swered. "You won't?" said old Hennessy. "You won't?" echoed the wife. "You won't?" dittoed Uncle Jerry. "That I won't, ladies and gentlemen," I rejoined; "I am in a hurry for Clare Castle; so good-morning to you, and I wish you all the compliments of the season." "Go aisy with your hitching," said Jerry, "you will not be off in that way," and he disappeared into the small room.

The father sat down at a table and began to write busily; the pearl-stockinged gentleman twirled his thumbs and stood between me and the door; Juliana sat snivelling and blowing her nose by the fire. I sprang to the door, but it was not only double-locked, but bolted. I contemplated a leap from the window, but the high iron railing of the area was crowned with spikes. I was debating about being impaled or not, when Jerry returned with a brace of pistols as long as my arm. Mr. Hennessy jumped from his writing-table, flourishing a piece of paper, and Mr. Pearl Stockings pulled a book out of his coat-pocket. "You have dishonored me and my pedigree," said Jerry. "If you don't marry Juliana I will blow you to atoms." "Stop, Jerry," said the attorney; "maybe the gentleman will sign this scrap of a document." I felt like the fat man in the play, who would not give a reason upon compulsion—I flatly refused. "I'd rather not dirty my hands with you," said the uncle; "so just step in here to the closet. Father Twoney will couple you fair and aisy—or just sign the bit of paper. If you don't, I'll pop you to Jericho." "Ah! do now, Mr. O'Donoghue," implored the mother. I turned to the priest: "Sir, it seems that you then are a clergyman. Do you, I ask, think it consistent with your profession thus to sanction an act of violence?" "*Bath-crashin*," interrupted Jerry. "Don't be putting your *comehether* on Father Twoney—he knows what he is about; and, if he don't, I do. So you had better get buckled without any more blarney."

The ruffian then deliberately threw up the pan of one of the pistols and shook the powder together, in order that I might be convinced he was not jesting; then, slowly cocking it, laid it on the table, within his reach, and did the same with the other. "Give me one of those

pistols, you scoundrel!" I exclaimed, "and I will fight you here—the priest will see fair play." "Who would be the fool then, I wonder?" said this bully. "I am not such an *omadhahawn* as you suppose. If I was to shoot you where you stand, who would be the wiser, you *spalpeen*?"

I seized the poker; Juliana rose and came towards me with extended arms. "Ah! now, Mr. O'Donoghue! dearest O'Donoghue! dearest Con, do prevent bloodshed—for my sake prevent bloodshed—you know that I dote on you beyond anything. Can't you be led by my relations, who only want your own good?—ah! now, do!" "Ah! do now," said the mother. "Listen to me, now," cried I, "listen to me, all of you, for fear of a mistake: you may murder me—my life is in your power—and Father Twoney may give you absolution, if he likes; but, mark me now, Juliana Hennessy, I would not marry you if your eyes were diamonds, and your heels gold, and you were dressed in Roche's five-pound notes. If the priest was administering extreme unction to your father, and your mother kicking the bucket beside him—and your uncle Jerry with a razor at my throat—I would pitch myself head-foremost into the hottest part of purgatory before I would say, Juliana Hennessy, you are my wife. Are you satisfied? Now, have you had an answer, Juliana Spring?"

I do not imagine that they thought me so determined. The father seemed to hesitate; Juliana blubbered aloud; the priest half closed his eyes, and twirled his thumbs as if nothing unusual was going on; and Jerry, whose face became livid with rage, levelled the pistol at my head. I believe he would have murdered me on the spot, but for Mrs. Hennessy, who was calculating in her wrath. She clapped her hands with a wild howl, and shook them furiously in my face—"Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! That I should live to hear my daughter called Juliana Spring!—I that gave her the best of learning—that had her taught singing by Mr. O'Sullivan, straight from Italy, and bought her a bran new forte-piano from Dublin—oh! to hear her called Juliana Spring!—Didn't I walk her up street and down street, and take lodgings opposite the Main Guard? And then, when we came here, wasn't she called the Pride of the Quay?"

Wouldn't Mr. Casey have married her, only you shot him in the knee? Wasn't that something? And you here late and early, getting the best of everything, and philandering with her everywhere—and now you won't marry her! I am ruined entirely with you—oh, dear! oh, dear!"

A loud ring at the bell, and a rap at the hall door, astonished the group. Before Katty could be told not to admit any one, I heard Sergeant O'Gorman asking for me—he was no relation to O'Gorman Mahon, but a lad of the same kidney—a thorough-going Irishman—and loved a row better than his prayers. I shouted to the sergeant, "O'Gorman, they are going to murder me." "Then by St. Patrick, your honor, we'll be in at the death," responded the sergeant. "Katty, shut to the door," roared Jerry.

Katty was one of O'Gorman's sweethearts, who was not so nimble as she might have been; however, before the order could be obeyed, the sergeant had thrust his halbert between the door and the post, which effectually prevented it closing. I heard his whistle, and in a second the whole of his party had forced their way into the hall.

"Break open the door, my lads," I hallooed—"never mind consequences;" and immediately a charming sledge-hammer din was heard, as my men applied the butt-ends of their firelocks to the wood. The attorney ran to the inner room, so did the priest—and Jerry, dropping the pistols, followed them. Crash went the panels of the door, and in bounced my light-bobs. Mrs. Hennessy cried "fire" and "robbery;" Juliana Spring tried to faint; and I ran to the inner room just in time to catch Jerry by the heel, as he was jumping from the window. Mr. Hennessy and the priest, in their hurry to escape, had impeded each other, so that Uncle Jerry, who was last, had not time to flee before I clutched him. I dragged back the scoundrel, who was loudly bawling for mercy.

"Is there a pump in the neighborhood, my lads?" I asked. "Yes, sir, in the back yard," answered O'Gorman. "Then *don't* duck him." "No, your honor!" they all said. I walked out of the house, but, strange to say, my orders were not obeyed, for Uncle Jerry was ducked within an inch of his life.

At the corner of the street I waited for

my party, who soon joined me. A few minutes afterwards I met Casey. "Casey," said I, "I am more than ever sorry for your misfortune; and Juliana Spring is at your service." "She may go to Old Nick, for all that I care," said Casey. "With all my heart, too," said I. "Small difference of opinion to bother our friendships, then!" rejoined the good-humored boy; and to drown the memory of all connected with the *calf-love*, by which we both had been stultified, we took a hearty stirrup-cup together, and off I set for Clare Castle.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

A MARABUT* HUMBUGGED.

[ROBERT HOUDIN, 1805-1871. Born at Paris, and was educated for a lawyer, but at his own request followed his father's trade of a watchmaker. He constructed mechanical toys for the Paris Exhibition of 1844, and was awarded medals. He had an enthusiasm for all feats of conjuring, and originated his *soirees fantastique*, or magical performances, for which he afterwards became famous in Europe and America. He visited Algeria at the instance of the French Government, with a view of ascertaining how the priests there performed the wonders with which they incited the people to rebellion, and succeeded in surpassing all their marvels and counteracting their seditious influence. He published his Autobiography and his *Confidences*, from which humorous book we select the following story. Translated.]

Jealous of my reputation as a French sorcerer, I thought I must perform before the unbeliever a few tricks as a specimen of my late performance. I had the pleasure of astounding my audience, but the Marabut continued to offer me a systematic opposition, by which his neighbors were visibly annoyed; the poor fellow did not suspect, though, what I had in store for him.

My antagonist wore in his sash a watch, the chain of which hung outside.

I believe I have already mentioned a certain talent I possess of filching a watch, a pin, a pocket-book, etc., with a skill by which several of my friends have been victimized.

I was, fortunately, born with an honest and upright heart, or this peculiar talent might have led me too far. When I felt inclined for a joke of this nature, I turned

* A Marabut is an Arab chief of high degree. *Ab-dol-Kader* was a Marabut.

it to profit in a conjuring trick, or waited till my friend took leave of me, and then recalled him: "Stay," I would say, handing him the stolen article, "let this serve as a lesson to put you on your guard against persons less honest than myself."

But to return to our Marabut. I had stolen his watch as I passed near him, and slipped into its place a five-franc piece. To prevent his detecting it, and while waiting till I could profit by my larceny, I improvised a trick. After juggling away Bou-Allem's rosary, I made it pass into one of the numerous slippers left at the door by the guests; this shoe was next found to be full of coins, and, to end this little scene comically, I made five-franc pieces come out of the noses of the spectators. They took such pleasure in this trick that I fancied I should never terminate it. "*Douros! douros!*" they shouted, as they twitched their noses. I willingly acceded to their request, and the *douros* issued at command.

The delight was so great that several Arabs rolled on the ground. This coarsely expressed joy on the part of Mohammedans was worth frenzied applause to me.

I pretended to keep aloof from the Marabut, who, as I expected, remained serious and impassive.

When calm was restored, my rival began speaking hurriedly to his neighbors, as if striving to dispel their illusion; and, not succeeding, he addressed me through the interpreter.

"You will not deceive me in that way," he said, with a crafty look.

"Why so?"

"Because I don't believe in your power."

"Ah, indeed! Well, then, if you do not believe in my power, I will compel you to believe in my skill."

"Neither in one nor the other."

I was at this moment the whole length of the room from the Marabut.

"Stay," I said to him; "you see this five-franc piece?"

"Yes."

"Close your hand firmly, for the piece will go into it in spite of yourself."

"I am ready," the Arab said, in an incredulous voice, as he held out his tightly-closed fist.

I took the piece at the end of my fingers, so that the assembly might all see it, then, feigning to throw it at the

Marabut, it disappeared at the word "Pass!" My man opened his hand, and, finding nothing in it, shrugged his shoulders, as if to say, "You see, I told you so."

I was well aware the piece was not there, but it was important to draw the Marabut's attention momentarily from his sash, and for this purpose I employed the feint.

"That does not surprise me," I replied, "for I threw the piece with such strength that it went right through your hand and has fallen into your sash. Being afraid I might break your watch by the blow, I called it to me: here it is!" And I showed him the watch in my hand.

The Marabut quickly put his hand in his waist-belt, to assure himself of the truth, and was quite stupefied at finding the five-franc piece.

The spectators were astounded. Some among them began telling their beads with a vivacity evidencing a certain agitation of mind; but the Marabut frowned, without saying a word, and I saw he was spelling over some evil design.

"I now believe in your supernatural power," he said; "you are a real sorcerer; hence, I hope you will not fear to repeat here a trick which you performed in your theatre;" and, offering me two pistols he held concealed beneath his burnous, he added, "Come, choose one of these pistols; we will load it, and I will fire at you. You have nothing to fear, as you can ward off all blows."

I confess I was for a moment staggered; I sought a subterfuge, and found none. All eyes were fixed upon me, and a reply was anxiously awaited.

The Marabut was triumphant.

Bou-Allem, being aware that my tricks were only the result of skill, was angry that his guest should be so pestered; hence he began reproaching the Marabut. I stopped him, however, for an idea had occurred to me which would save me from my dilemma, at least temporarily; then, addressing my adversary: "You are aware," I said, with assurance, "that I require a talisman in order to be invulnerable, and, unfortunately, I have left mine at Algiers."

The Marabut began laughing with an incredulous air.

"Still," I continued, "I can, by re-

maining six hours at prayers, do without the talisman, and defy your weapon. To-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, I will allow you to fire at me in the presence of these Arabs, who were witnesses of your challenge."

Bou-Allem, astonished at such a promise, asked me once again if this offer were serious, and if he should invite the company for the appointed hour. On my affirmative, they agreed to meet before the stone bench I have already alluded to. I did not spend my night at prayers, as may be supposed, but I employed about two hours in insuring my invulnerability; then, satisfied with the result, I slept soundly, for I was terribly tired.

By eight the next morning we had breakfasted, our horses were saddled, and our escort was awaiting the signal for our departure, which would take place after the famous experiment.

None of the guests were absent, and, indeed, a great number of Arabs came in to swell the crowd.

The pistols were handed me; I called attention to the fact that the vents were clear, and the Marabut put in a fair charge of powder and drove the wad home. Among the bullets produced I chose one, which I openly put in the pistol, and which was then also covered with paper.

The Arab watched all these movements, for his honor was at stake. We went through the same process with the second pistol, and the solemn moment arrived.

Solemn, indeed, it seemed to everybody—to the spectators, who were uncertain of the issue—to Madame Houdin, who had in vain besought me to give up this trick, for she feared the result—and solemn also to me, for, as my new trick did not depend on any of the arrangements made at Algiers, I feared an error—an act of treachery—I knew not what.

Still I posted myself at fifteen paces from the sheik, without evincing the slightest emotion.

The Marabut immediately seized one of the pistols, and, on my giving the signal, took a deliberate aim at me.

The pistol went off, and the ball appeared between my teeth.

More angry than ever, my rival tried to seize the other pistol, but I succeeded in reaching it before him.

"You could not injure me," I said to

him; "but you shall now see that my aim is more dangerous than yours. Look at that wall."

I pulled the trigger, and on the newly-whitewashed wall appeared a large patch of blood, exactly at the spot where I had aimed.

The Marabut went up to it, dipped his finger in the blood, and, raising it to his mouth, convinced himself of the reality. When he acquired this certainty, his arms fell and his head was bowed on his chest, as if he were annihilated.

It was evident that for the moment he doubted everything, even the Prophet.

The spectators raised their eyes to heaven, muttered prayers, and regarded me with a species of terror.

This scene was a triumphant termination to my performance. I therefore retired, leaving the audience under the impression I had produced. We took leave of Bou-Allem and his son and set off at a gallop.

The trick I have just described, though so curious, is easily prepared. I will give a description of it, while explaining the trouble it took me.

As soon as I was alone in my room, I took out of my pistol-case—without which I never travel—a bullet-mould.

I took a card, bent up the four edges, and thus made a sort of trough, in which I placed a piece of wax taken from one of the candles. When it was melted, I mixed with it a little lamp-black I had obtained by putting the blade of a knife over the candle, and then ran this composition in the bullet-mould.

Had I allowed the liquid to get quite cold the ball would have been full and solid; but in about ten seconds I turned the mould over, and the portion of the wax not yet set ran out, leaving a hollow ball in the mould. This operation is the same as that used in making tapers, the thickness of the outside depending on the time the liquid has been left in the mould.

I wanted a second ball, which I made rather more solid than the other; and this I filled with blood and covered the orifice with a lump of wax. An Irishman had once taught me the way to draw blood from the thumb, without feeling any pain, and I employed it on this occasion to fill my bullet.

Bullets thus prepared bear an extraordinary resemblance to lead, and are

easily mistaken for that metal when seen a short distance off.

With this explanation the trick will be easily understood. After showing the leaden bullet to the spectators, I changed it for my hollow ball and openly put the latter into the pistol. By pressing the wax tightly down, the wax broke into small pieces, and could not touch me at the distance I stood.

At the moment the pistol was fired I opened my mouth to display the lead bullet I held between my teeth; while the other pistol contained the bullet filled with blood, which, bursting against the wall, left its imprint, though the wax had flown to atoms.

HAPPY AT LAST.

FROM REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

[DONALD GRANT MITCHELL, "Ike Marvel," born at Norwich, Conn., April, 1822, graduated at Yale in 1841; passed three years on a farm; travelled in Europe; began to study law in 1846, in New York; published *Fresh Gleanings* (1847), *The Battle Summer* (1849), a record of his observations in 1848 in Paris; *The Lorgnette* (1850), *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1850), *Dream Life* (1851); was U. S. Consul at Venice, 1853-55; *Fudge Doings* was published in 1854; in 1855 he settled upon his farm near New Haven, Conn. Published (1863) *My Farm of Edgewood*; *Wet Days at Edgewood* (1864), *Seven Stories* (1865), *Doctor Johns* (1867), *Rural Studies* (1867). He is one of the most graceful and pleasing of American authors.]

She does not mistake my feelings, surely;—ah, no,—trust a woman for that! But what have I, or what am I, to ask a return? She is pure, and gentle as an angel; and I—alas—only a poor soldier in our world-fight against the Devil! Sometimes in moods of vanity, I call up what I fondly reckon my excellencies or deserts—a sorry, pitiful array, that makes me shameful when I meet her. And in an instant, I banish them all. And, I think, that if I were called upon in some court of justice, to say why I should claim her indulgence, or her love—I would say nothing of my sturdy effort to beat down the roughnesses of toil—nothing of such manliness as wears a calm front amid the frowns of the world—nothing of little triumphs, in the every-day fight of life; but only, I would enter the simple plea—this heart is hers!

She leaves; and I have said nothing

of what was seething within me;—how I curse my folly! She is gone, and never perhaps will return. I recall in despair her last kind glance. The world seems blank to me. She does not know; perhaps she does not care, if I love her. Well, I will bear it,—I say. But I cannot bear it. Business is broken; books are blurred; something remains undone, that fate declares must be done. Not a place can I find, but her sweet smile gives to it, either a tinge of gladness, or a black shade of desolation.

I sit down at my table with pleasant looks; the fire is burning cheerfully; my dog looks up earnestly when I speak to him; but it will never do!

Her image sweeps away all these comforts in a flood. I fling down my book; I turn my back upon my dog; the fire hisses and sparkles in mockery of me.

Suddenly a thought flashes on my brain;—I will write to her—I say. And a smile floats over my face,—a smile of hope, ending in doubt. I catch up my pen—my trusty pen; and the clean sheet lies before me. The paper could not be better, nor the pen. I have written hundreds of letters; it is easy to write letters. But now, it is not easy.

I begin, and cross it out. I begin again, and get on a little farther;—then cross it out. I try again, but can write nothing. I fling down my pen in despair, and burn the sheet, and go to my library for some old sour treatise of Shaftesbury, or Lyttleton; and say, talking to myself all the while; let her go!—She is beautiful, but I am strong; the world is short; we—I and my dog, and my books, and my pen, will battle it through bravely, and leave enough for a tombstone.

But even as I say it, the tears start;—it is all false saying! And I throw Shaftesbury across the room and take up my pen again. It glides on and on, as my hope glows, and I tell her of our first meeting, and of our hours in the ocean twilight, and of our unsteady stepping on the heaving deck, and of that parting in the noise of London, and of my joy at seeing her in the pleasant country, and of my grief afterward. And then I mention Bella,—her friend and mine—and the tears flow; and then I speak of our last meeting, and of my doubts, and of this very evening,—and how I could not write, and abandoned it,—and then felt some-

thing within me that made me write, and tell her——all! ——“That my heart was not my own, but was wholly hers; and that if she would be mine,——I would cherish her, and love her always.” Then I feel a kind of happiness,—a strange, tumultuous happiness, into which doubt is creeping from time to time, bringing with it a cold shudder. I seal the letter, and carry it—a great weight—for the mail. It seems as if there could be no other letter that day; and as if all the coaches and horses, and cars, and boats were specially detailed to bear that single sheet. It is a great letter for me; my destiny lies in it.

I do not sleep well that night;—it is a tossing sleep; one time joy—sweet and holy joy comes to my dreams, and an angel is by me;—another time, the angel fades—the brightness fades, and I wake, struggling with fear. For many nights it is so, until the day comes, on which I am looking for a reply.

The postman has little suspicion that the letter which he gives me—although it contains no promissory notes, nor moneys, nor deeds, nor articles of trade—is yet to have a greater influence upon my life and upon my future, than all the letters he has ever brought to me before. But I do not show him this; nor do I let him see the clutch with which I grasp it. I bear it, as if it were a great and fearful burden, to my room. I lock the door, and having broken the seal with a quivering hand,—read:—

“Paul—for I think I may call you so now—I know not how to answer you. Your letter gave me great joy; but it gave me pain too. I cannot—will not doubt what you say: I believe that you love me better than I deserve to be loved; and I know that I am not worthy of all your kind praises. But it is not this that pains me; for I know that you have a generous heart, and would forgive, as you always have forgiven, any weakness of mine. I am proud too, very proud, to have won your love; but it pains me—more perhaps than you will believe—to think that I cannot write back to you, as I would wish to write;—alas, never!”

Here I dash the letter upon the floor, and with my hand upon my forehead, sit gazing upon the glowing coals, and

breathing quick and loud. The dream then is broken!

Presently I read again:

——“You know that my father died, before we had ever met. He had an old friend, who had come from England; and who in early life had done him some great service, which made him seem like a brother. This old gentleman was my godfather, and called me daughter. When my father died, he drew me to his side, and said, ‘Carry, I shall leave you, but my old friend will be your father;’ and he put my hand in his, and said—‘I give you my daughter.’

“This old gentleman had a son, older than myself; but we were much together, and grew up as brother and sister. I was proud of him; for he was tall and strong, and every one called him handsome. He was as kind too, as a brother could be; and his father was like my own father. Every one said, and believed, that we would one day be married; and my mother, and my new father spoke of it openly. So did Laurence, for that is my friend’s name.

“I do not need to tell you any more, Paul; for when I was still a girl, we had promised, that we would one day be man and wife. Laurence has been much in England; and I believe he is there now. The old gentleman treats me still as a daughter, and talks of the time, when I shall come and live with him. The letters of Laurence are very kind; and though he does not talk so much of our marriage as he did, it is only, I think, because he regards it as so certain.

“I have wished to tell you all this before; but I have feared to tell you; I am afraid I have been too selfish to tell you. And now what can I say? Laurence seems most to me like a brother;—and you, Paul——but I must not go on. For if I marry Laurence, as fate seems to have decided, I will try and love him, better than all the world.

“But will you not be a brother, and love me, as you once loved Bella; you say my eyes are like hers, and that my forehead is like hers;—will you not believe that my heart is like hers too?

“Paul, if you shed tears over this letter I have shed them as well as you. I can write no more now.

“Adieu.”

I sit long looking upon the blaze ; and when I rouse myself, it is to say wicked things against destiny. Again, all the future seems very blank. I cannot love Carry, as I loved Bella ; she cannot be a sister to me ; she must be more or nothing ! Again, I seem to float singly on the tide of life, and see all around me in cheerful groups. Everywhere the sun shines, except upon my own cold forehead. There seems no mercy in Heaven, and no goodness for me upon Earth.

I write after some days, an answer to the letter. But it is a bitter answer, in which I forget myself, in the whirl of my misfortune—to the utterance of reproaches.

Her reply, which comes speedily, is sweet and gentle. She is hurt by my reproaches, deeply hurt. But with a touching kindness, of which I am not worthy, she credits all my petulance to my wounded feeling ; she soothes me ; but in soothing, only wounds the more. I try to believe her, when she speaks of her unworthiness ;—but I cannot.

Business, and the pursuits of ambition or of interest, pass on like dull, grating machinery. Tasks are met, and performed with strength indeed ; but with no cheer. Courage is high, as I meet the shocks and trials of the world ; but it is a brute, careless courage, that glories in opposition. I laugh at any dangers, or any insidious pit-falls ;—what are they to me ? What do I possess, which it will be hard to lose ? My dog keeps by me ; my toils are present ; my food is ready ; my limbs are strong ;—what need for more ?

The months slip by, and the cloud that floated over my evening sun passes.

Laurence, wandering abroad, and writing to Caroline, as to a sister,—writes more than his father could have wished. He has met new faces, very sweet faces ; and one which shows through the ink of his later letters very gorgeously. The old gentleman does not like to lose thus his little Carry, and he writes back rebuke. But Laurence, with the letters of Caroline before him for data, throws himself upon his sister's kindness and charity. It astonishes not a little the old gentleman, to find his daughter pleading in such strange way for the son. "And what will you do then, my Carry ?"—the old man says.

—"Wear weeds, if you wish, sir ; and love you and Laurence more than ever."

And he takes her to his bosom, and says, "Carry—Carry, you are too good for that wild fellow Laurence !"

Now, the letters are different ! Now they are full of hope—dawning all over the future sky. Business and care and toil glide, as if a spirit animated them all ; it is no longer cold machine work, but intelligent and hopeful activity. The sky hangs upon you lovingly, and the birds make music that startles you with its fineness. Men wear cheerful faces ; the storms have a kind pity gleaming through all their wrath.

The days approach, when you can call her yours. For she has said it, and her mother has said it ; and the kind old gentleman, who says he will still be her father, has said it too ; and they have all welcomed you—won by her story—with a cordiality that has made your cup full to running over. Only one thought comes up to obscure your joy ;—is it real ? or if real, are you worthy to enjoy ? Will you cherish and love always, as you have promised, that angel who accepts your word, and rests her happiness on your faith ? Are there not harsh qualities in your nature which you fear may some time make her regret that she gave herself to your love and charity ? And those friends who watch over her, as the apple of their eye, can you always meet their tenderness and approval, for your guardianship of their treasure ? Is it not a treasure that makes you fearful, as well as joyful ?

But you forget this in her smile : her kindness, her goodness, her modesty, will not let you remember it. She *forbids* such thoughts ; and you yield such obedience, as you never yielded even to the commands of a mother. And if your business and your labor slip by partially neglected—what matters it ? What is interest, or what is reputation, compared with that fulness of your heart, which is now ripe with joy ?

The day for your marriage comes ; and you live as if you were in a dream. You think well, and hope well for all the world. A flood of charity seems to radiate from all around you. And as you sit beside her in the twilight, on the evening before the day, when you will call her yours, and talk of the coming hopes, and of the soft

shadows of the past; and whisper of Bella's love, and of that sweet sister's death, and of Laurence, a new brother, coming home joyful with his bride,—and lay your cheek to hers—life seems as if it were all day, and as if there could be no night!

The marriage passes, and she is yours—yours forever.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

LIGHTED WITH A COAL.

FROM THE SAME.

That first taste of the new smoke, and of the fragrant leaf is very grateful; it has a bloom about it that you wish might last. It is like your first love,—fresh, genial, and rapturous. Like that, it fills up all the craving of your soul; and the light, blue wreaths of smoke, like the roseate clouds that hang around the morning of your heart life, cut you off from the chill atmosphere of mere worldly companionship, and make a gorgeous firmament for your fancy to riot in.

I do not speak now of those later and manlier passions into which judgment must be thrusting its cold tones, and when all the sweet tumult of your heart has mellowed into the sober ripeness of affection. But I mean that boyish burning which belongs to every poor mortal's lifetime, and which bewilders him with the thought that he has reached the highest point of human joy, before he has tasted any of that bitterness from which alone our highest human joys have sprung. I mean the time when you cut initials with your jack-knife on the smooth bark of beech trees; and went moping under the long shadows at sunset; and thought Louise the prettiest name in the wide world; and picked flowers to leave at her door; and stole out at night to watch the light in her window, and read such novels as those about Helen Mar, or Charlotte, to give some adequate expression to your agonized feelings.

At such a stage, you are quite certain that you are deeply and madly in love; you persist in the face of heaven and earth. You would like to meet the individual who dared to doubt it.

You think she has got the tidiest and jauntiest little figure that ever was seen. You think back upon some time when in

your games of forfeit you gained a kiss from those lips; and it seems as if the kiss was hanging on you yet, and warming you all over. And then again, it seems so strange that your lips did really touch hers! You half question if it could have been actually so,—and how could you have dared;—and you wonder if you would have courage to do the same thing again?—and upon second thought, are quite sure you would,—and snap your fingers at the thought of it.

What sweet little hats she does wear; and in the school-room, when the hat is hung up—what curls—golden curls, worth a hundred Golcondas! How bravely you study the top lines of the spelling-book—that your eyes may run over the edge of the cover, without the schoolmaster's notice, and feast upon her!

You half wish that somebody would run away with her, as they did with Amanda, in the Children of the Abbey;—and then you might ride up on a splendid black horse, and draw a pistol or blunderbuss, and shake the villains, and carry her back, all in tears, fainting, and languishing upon your shoulder;—and have her father (who is Judge of the County Court) take your hand in both of his, and make some eloquent remarks. A great many such recaptures you run over in your mind, and think how delightful it would be to peril your life, either by flood or fire—to cut off your arm, or your head, or any such trifle,—for your dear Louise.

You can hardly think of anything more joyous in life, than to live with her in some old castle, very far away from steamboats and post-offices, and pick wild geraniums for her hair, and read poetry with her, under the shade of very dark ivy vines. And you would have such a charming boudoir in some corner of the old ruin, with a harp in it, and books bound in gilt, with cupids on the cover, and such a fairy couch, with the curtains hung—as you have seen them hung in some illustrated Arabian stories—upon a pair of carved doves!

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

A Canada editor says he has “a keen rapier to prick all fools and knaves.” His friends, if they are prudent, will take it from him. He might commit suicide.

CANVASSING UNDER DISADVANTAGES.

He smiled blandly as he halted for a moment in front of the City Hall. He looked like a man who could palm off almost anything on the public at 100 per cent. profit, and yet leave each customer in a grateful mood. He had a tin trunk in his hand, and as he sailed down La Fayette avenue the boys wondered whether the trunk contained bug-juice or horse liniment. The stranger stopped in front of a handsome residence, his smile deepened, and he mounted the steps and pulled the bell.

"Is the lady at home?" he inquired of the girl who answered the bell.

The girl thought he was the census taker, and she seated him in the parlor and called the lady of the house. When the lady entered the stranger rose, bowed, and said:

"Madame, I have just arrived in this town after a tour extending clear down to Florida, and wherever I went I was received with glad welcome."

"Did you wish to see my husband?" she asked, as he opened the tin trunk.

"No, madame; I deal directly with the lady of the house in all cases. A woman will appreciate the virtues of my exterminator and purchase a bottle, where a man will order me off the steps without glancing at it."

"Your—your what?" she asked.

"Madame," he replied, as he placed a four-ounce phial of dark liquid on the palm of his left hand; "madame, I desire to call your attention to my Sunset Bedbug Exterminator. It has been tried at home and abroad, and in no case has it failed to—"

"What do you mean, sir?" she demanded, getting very red in the face.

"Leave this house instantly."

"Madame, I do not wish you to infer from my—"

"I want you to leave this house!" she shrieked.

"Madame, allow me to explain my—"

"I will call the police!" she screamed, making for the door, and he hastily locked his trunk and hurried out.

Going down the street about two blocks he saw the lady of the house at the parlor window, and instead of climbing the steps he stood under the window and politely said:

"Madame, I don't wish to even hint that any of the bedsteads in your house are inhabited by bedbugs, but—"

"What! What's that?" she exclaimed.

"I said that I hadn't the remotest idea that any of the bedsteads in your house were infested by bedbugs," he replied.

"Take yourself out of this yard!" she shouted, snatching a tidy off the back of a chair and brandishing it at him.

"Beg pardon, madame, but I should like to call your—"

"Get out!" she screamed; "get out, or I'll call the gardener!"

"I will get out, madame, but I wish you understood—"

"J-a-w-n! J-a-w-n!" she shouted out of a side window, but the exterminator agent was out of the yard before John could get around the house.

He seemed discouraged as he walked down the street, but he had travelled less than a block when he saw a stout woman sitting on the front steps of a fine residence, fanning herself.

"Stout women are always good-natured," he soliloquized as he opened the gate.

"Haven't got anything for the grasshopper sufferers!" she called out as he entered.

There was an angelic smile on his face as he approached the steps, set his trunk down, and said:

"My mission, madame, is even nobler than acting as agent for a distressed community. The grasshopper sufferers do not comprise a one-hundredth part of the world's population, while my mission is to relieve the whole world."

"I don't want any peppermint essence," she continued as he started to unlock the trunk.

"Great heavens, madame, do I resemble a peddler of cheap essences?" he exclaimed. "I am not one. I am here in Detroit to enhance the comforts of the night—to produce pleasant dreams. Let me call your attention to my Sunset Bedbug Exterminator, a liquid warranted to—"

"Bed what?" she screamed, ceasing to fan her fat cheeks.

"My Sunset Bedbug Exterminator. It is to-day in use in the humble negro cabins on the banks of the Arkansaw, as well as in the royal palace of her Majesty Q—"

"You r-r-rascal! you villyun!" she wheezed; "how dare you insult me, m—"

"No insult, madame, it is a pure matter of—"

"Leave! Git o-w-t!" she screamed, clutching at his hair, and he had to go out in such a hurry that he couldn't lock the trunk until he reached the walk.

He travelled several blocks and turned several corners before he halted again, and his smile faded away to a melancholy grin. He saw two or three ragged children at a gate, noticed that the house was old, and he braced up and entered.

"I vhants no zoap," said the woman of the house as she stood in the door.

"Soap, madame, soap? I have no soap. I noticed that you lived in an old house, and as old houses are pretty apt to be infested—"

"I vhants no bins or needles to-day!" she shouted.

"Madame, I am not a peddler of Yankee notions," he replied. "I am selling a liquid, prepared only by myself, which is warranted to—"

"I vhants no baper gollers!" she exclaimed, motioning for him to leave.

"Paper collars! I have often been mistaken for Shakspeare, madame, but never before for a paper collar peddler. Let me unlock my trunk and show—"

"I vhants no matches—no dobacco—no zigers!" she interrupted; and her husband came round the corner and, after eying the agent for a moment, remarked:

"If you don't be quiek out of here I shall not have any shoking about it!"

At dusk last night the agent was sitting on a salt barrel in front of a commission house, and the shadows of evening were slowly deepening the melancholy look on his face.

M. QUAD, *Detroit Free Press.*

The boarders of a tavern in Georgia were annoyed by flies in their butter. Judge Dooley took the tavern-keeper aside, and remarked to him, in a private way, that some of his friends thought it would be best for him to put the butter on one plate and the flies on another, and let the people mix them to suit themselves. He merely suggested it for consideration.

G. D. PRENTICE.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

[REV. NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D., born at Campbelltown, 1812; died at Glasgow, June 16, 1872. Educated at the Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities, and studied some time in Germany. Became minister of Loudoun, Ayrshire, 1838; of Dalkeith, 1843; and of the Barony parish, Glasgow, 1851. As a preacher and a man of letters he earned widespread and enduring popularity. He was one of the Deans of the Chapel-Royal, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland. His principal works are: *The Earnest Student*; *Wee Davie*; *Parish Papers*; *Eastward*, a book of travel; *The Old Lieutenant and his Son*; *The Starling*; *Reminiscences of a Highland Parish*; *The Gold Thread*, a story for the young; *Peeps at the Far East*; *Character Sketches*, from which the following is taken; *War and Judgment*, and other sermons, etc. Isbister & Co., publishers.]

Granting for the present the truth of the alleged *facts* of spirit-rapping and of table-turning, yet, after hearing them, and comparing them with some of the mysteries I have myself collected, chiefly in the Highlands, connected with second sight and ghostly apparitions, and with other similar phenomena noticed by me in some of the remoter valleys of the Harz and Black Forest, I cannot possibly admit the one without admitting the other. Both seem to me to rest on such evidence as must compel them to stand or fall together. Perhaps some day I may enlighten the world by recording some of these.

I have no wish whatever to bring any reader who has "made up his mind" on those mysterious topics to my own way of thinking. I shall acknowledge it as a sign of progress in free thought if I am permitted to hold my own views without being condemned as a person devoid of all judgment or common sense.

But one fact is better than a thousand mere arguments in discussing such a question, and I shall therefore devote the rest of this paper to a narrative, which the reader may rest assured is *strictly true*, and then I shall leave him to judge for himself as to how far such mysterious phenomena as it records can be accounted for. To myself they are profoundly mysterious!

A friend of mine, a medical man, went on a fishing expedition with an old college acquaintance, an army surgeon, whom he had not met for many years, from his having been in India with his regiment. M'Donald, the army surgeon, was a thorough Highlander, and slightly tinged

with what is called the superstition of his countrymen, and at the time I speak of was liable to rather depressed spirits from an unsound liver. His native air was, however, rapidly renewing his youth; and when he and his old friend paced along the banks of the fishing stream in a lonely part of Argyleshire, and sent their lines like airy gossamers over the pools, and touched the water over a salmon's nose so temptingly that the best principled and wisest fish could not resist the bite, M'Donald had apparently regained all his buoyancy of spirit. They had been fishing together for about a week with great success, when M'Donald proposed to pay a visit to a family with which he was acquainted, that would separate him from his friend for some days. But whenever he spoke of their intended separation, he sank down into his old gloomy state, at one time declaring that he felt as if they were never to meet again. My friend tried to rally him, but in vain. They parted at the trouting stream, M'Donald's route being across a mountain pass, with which, however, he had been well acquainted in his youth, though the road was lonely and wild in the extreme. The doctor returned early in the evening to his resting-place, which was a shepherd's house lying on the very outskirts of the "settlements," and beside a foaming mountain stream. The shepherd's only attendants at the time were two herd lads and three dogs. Attached to the hut, and communicating with it by a short passage, was rather a comfortable room which "the Laird" had fitted up to serve as a sort of lodge for himself in the midst of his shooting-ground, and which he had put for a fortnight at the disposal of my friend.

Shortly after sunset on the day I mention the wind began to rise suddenly to a gale, the rain descended in torrents, and the night became extremely dark. The shepherd seemed uneasy, and several times went to the door to inspect the weather. At last he roused the fears of the doctor for M'Donald's safety, by expressing the *hope* that by this time he was "owre that awfu' black moss, and across the red burn." Every traveller in the Highlands knows how rapidly these mountain streams rise, and how confusing the moor becomes in a dark night. The confusion of memory once a doubt is suggested, the utter mystery of places, becomes,

as I know from experience, quite indescribable. "The black moss and red burn" were words that were never after forgot by the doctor, from the strange feelings they produced when first heard that night; for there came into his mind terrible thoughts and forebodings about poor M'Donald, and reproaches for never having considered his possible danger in attempting such a journey alone. In vain the shepherd assured him that he must have reached a place of safety before the darkness and the storm came on. A presentiment which he could not cast off made him so miserable that he could hardly refrain from tears. But nothing could be done to relieve the anxiety now become so painful.

The doctor at last retired to bed about midnight. For a long time he could not sleep. The raging of the stream below the small window, and the *thuds* of the storm, made him feverish and restless. But at last he fell into a sound and dreamless sleep. Out of this, however, he was suddenly roused by a peculiar noise in his room, not very loud, but utterly indescribable. He heard tap, tap, tap at the window; and he knew, from the relation which the wall of the room bore to the rock, that the glass could not be touched by human hand. After listening for a moment, and forcing himself to smile at his nervousness, he turned round, and began again to seek repose. But now a noise began, too near and loud to make sleep possible. Starting and sitting up in bed, he heard repeated in rapid succession, as if some one was spitting in anger, and close to his bed—"Fit! fit! fit!" and then a prolonged "whir-r-r" from another part of the room, while every chair began to move, and the table to jerk! The doctor remained in breathless silence, with every faculty intensely acute. He frankly confessed that he heard his heart beating, for the sound was so unearthly, so horrible, and something seemed to come so near him, that he began seriously to consider whether or not he had some attack of fever which affected his brain—for, remember, he had not tasted a drop of the shepherd's small store of whisky! He felt his pulse, composed his spirits, and compelled himself to exercise calm judgment. Straining his eyes to discover anything he plainly saw at last a white object moving, but without sound,

before him. He knew that the door was shut and the window also. An overpowering conviction then seized him, which he could not resist, that his friend M'Donald was dead! By an effort he seized a lucifer-box on a chair beside him, and struck a light. No white object could be seen. The room appeared to be as when he went to bed. The door was shut. He looked at his watch, and particularly marked that the hour was twenty-two minutes past three. But the match was hardly extinguished when, louder than ever, the same unearthly cry of "Fit! fit! fit!" was heard, followed by the same horrible whir-r-r-r, which made his teeth chatter. Then the movement of the table and every chair in the room was resumed with increased violence, while the tapping on the window was heard above the storm. There was no bell in the room, but the doctor, on hearing all this frightful confusion of sounds again repeated, and beholding the white object moving toward him in terrible silence, began to thump the wooden partition and to shout at the top of his voice for the shepherd, and having done so, he dived his head under the blanket!

The shepherd soon made his appearance, in his night-shirt, with a small oil-lamp, or "crusey," over his head, anxiously inquiring as he entered the room—

"What is't, doctor? What's wrang? Pity me, are ye ill?"

"Very!" cried the doctor. But before he could give any explanation a loud whir-r-r was heard, with the old cry of "Fit!" close to the shepherd, while two chairs fell at his feet! The shepherd sprang back, with a half scream of terror! the lamp was dashed to the ground, and the door violently shut.

"Come back!" shouted the doctor. "Come back, Duncan, instantly, I command you!"

The shepherd opened the door very partially, and said, in terrified accents—

"Gude be aboot us, that was awfu! What under heaven is't?"

"Heaven knows, Duncan," ejaculated the doctor with agitated voice, "but do pick up the lamp, and I shall strike a light."

Duncan did so in no small fear; but as he made his way to the bed in the darkness, to get a match from the doctor, something caught his foot; he fell; and

then, amidst the same noises and tumults of chairs, which immediately filled the apartment, the "Fit! fit! fit! fit!" was prolonged with more vehemence than ever! The doctor sprang up, and made his way out of the room, but his feet were several times tripped by some unknown power, so that he had the greatest difficulty in reaching the door without a fall. He was followed by Duncan, and both rushed out of the room, shutting the door after them. A new light having been obtained, they both returned with extreme caution, and, it must be added, real fear, in the hope of finding some cause or other for all those terrifying signs. Would it surprise our readers to hear that they searched the room in vain?—that, after minutely examining under the table, chairs, bed, everywhere, and with the door shut, not a trace could be found of anything? Would they believe that they heard during the day how poor M'Donald had staggered, half-dead from fatigue, into his friend's house, and falling into a fit, had died at *twenty-two minutes past three* that morning? We do not ask any one to accept of all this as true. But we pledge our honor to the following facts:

The doctor, after the day's fishing was over, had packed his rod so as to take it into his bed-room; but he had left a minnow attached to the hook. A white cat left in the room swallowed the minnow and was hooked. The unfortunate gourmand had vehemently protested against this intrusion into its upper lip by the violent "Fit! fit! fit!" with which she tried to spit the hook out; the reel added the mysterious whir-r-r-r; and the disengaged line, getting entangled in the legs of the chairs and table, as the hooked cat attempted to flee from her tormentor, set the furniture in motion, and tripped up both the shepherd and the doctor; while an ivy branch kept tapping at the window! Will any one doubt the existence of ghosts and a spirit-world after this?

I have only to add that the doctor's skill was employed during the night in cutting the hook out of the cat's lip, while his poor patient, yet most impatient, was held by the shepherd in a bag, the head alone of puss, with hook and minnow, being visible. M'Donald made his appearance in a day or two, rejoicing once more to see his friend, and greatly enjoying the ghost

story. As the doctor finished the history of his night's horrors, he could not help laying down a proposition very dogmatically to his half-superstitious friends, and as some amends for his own terror. "Depend upon it," said he, "if we could thoroughly examine into all the stories of ghosts and apparitions, spirit-rapping, *et hoc genus omne*, they would turn out to be every bit as true as my own visit from the world of spirits; that all that sort of thing is—*great humbug and nonsense*."

We leave this sentiment with confidence in the hands of the illustrious dead, who spend so much time in disturbing furniture without even the apology of a hook and minnow. We have no doubt that Milton, Dante, Shakspeare, or Newton or Bacon, if properly invited, will cheerfully come as guests to any tea-party of true believers in London or Boston, to contradict in the most authoritative manner the doctor's profane scepticism. We shall be glad to hear the views of those distinguished men, who, it is alleged, though dead yet speak. We despair of the cat. She has been silent ever since her great *début* into spirit-land. Her lips though healed are sealed.

DARBY DOYLE'S VOYAGE TO QUEBEC.

One fine morning in May, I tuck the road from Inchebeglagh, an' got up to the Cove safe an' sound. There I saw lots of ships with big broad boords fastened to ropes, every one ov them saying, "The first vessel for Quebec." Siz I to myself, these are about to run for a wager; this one sez she'll be first, and that one sez she'll be first. At any rate, I pitched on one that was finely painted, and looked long and slender like a corragh on the Shannon. When I wint on board to ax the fare, who should come up out ov a hole but Ned Flinn, an ould townsman ov my own. "Och, is it yourself that's there, Ned?" siz I; "are you goin' to Amerrykey?"

"Why, an' to be shure," siz he; "I'm mate ov the ship."

"Meat! that's your sort, Ned," says I; "then we'll only want bread. Hadn't I betther go and pay my way?"

"You're time enough," says Ned, "I'll

tell you when we're ready for sae—leave the rest to me, Darby."

"Och, tip us your fist," siz I; "you were always the broth ov a boy; for the sake of ould times, Ned, we must have a dhrop." So my jewel, Ned, brought me to where there was right good stuff. But when it came to three o'clock, I found myself mighty weak with hunger; I had got the smell ov corn beef an' cabbage that knock'd me up entirely; so I wint to the landlady, and siz I to her, "Maybe your leddyship id not think me rood by axin' iv Ned an' myself could get our dinner ov that fine hot mate that I got a taste ov in my nose?"

"In troth, you can, an' welkim," siz she, an' she look'd mighty pleasant.

So, my darlin', dish and all come up. "Thot's what I call a flaugholoch mess," siz I. So we eat and drank away. Many's the squeeze Ned gave my fist, telling me to leave it all to him, an' how comfortable he'd make me on the voyage. Day after day we spint together, waitin' for the wind, till I found my pockets begin to grow very light. At last, says he to me, one day after dinner:

"Darby, the ship will be ready for sae on the morrow—you'd betther go on board an' pay your way."

"Is it jokin' you are, Ned?" siz I; "shure you tould me to leave it all to you."

"Ah! Darby," siz he, "you're for takin' a rise out o' me; shure enough ye were the lad that was never without a joke—the very priest himself couldn't get over ye. But, Darby, there's no joke like the throe one. I'll stick to my promise; but, Darby, you must pay your way."

"Oh, Ned," siz I, "is this the way you're goin' to threat me after all? I'm a rooin'd man: all I could scrape together, I spint on you. If you don't do something for me I'm lost. Is there no place where you could hide me from the captain?"

"Not a place," siz Ned.

"An' where, Ned, is the place I saw you comin' up out ov?"

"Och, Darby, that was the hould where the cargo's stow'd."

"An' is there no other place?" siz I.

"Oh, yes," siz he, "where we keep the wather casks."

"An' Ned," siz I, "does any one live down there?"

"Not a mother's sowl," siz he.

"An' Ned," siz I, "can't you cram me down there, an' give me a lock ov straw an' a bit?"

"Why, Darby," siz he, an' he look'd mighty pitiful, "I must thry. But mind, Darby, you'll have to hide all day in an empty barrel, an' when it comes to my watch, I'll bring you down some prog; but if you're discover'd, it's all over wid me, an' you'll be put on a dissolute island to starve."

"Oh, Ned," siz I, "leave it all to me—never fear, Darby—I'll mind my eye."

When night cum on, I got down into the dark cellar, among the barrels; poor Ned fixt a place in the corner for me to sleep, an' every night he brought me down hard black cakes an' salt meat. There I lay snug for a whole month. At last, one night, siz he to me:

"Now, Darby, what's to be done? we're within three days' sail ov Quebec; the ship will be overhaul'd, an' all the passengers' names call'd over; if you are found, you'll be sould as a slave for your passage money."

"An' is that all that frets you, my jewel?" siz I; "can't you lave it all to me? In troth, Ned, I'll never forget your hospitality, at any rate. But, Ned, what place is outside ov the ship?"

"Why, the sae to be shure," siz he.

"Och! botheration," siz I, "I mane what's the outside the ship?"

"Why, Darby," siz he, "part of it's called the bulwark."

"An' tundher an' turf!" siz I, "is it bulls that work the vessel along?"

"No, nor horses," siz he, "neither; this is no time for jokin'; what do you mean to do?"

"Why, I tell ye, Ned—get me an empty meal-bag, a bottle, an' a bare ham bone, an' that's all I'll ax." So bedad, Ned looked very quare at me; but he got them for me anyhow.

"Well, Ned," siz I, "you know I'm a great shwimmer; your watch will be early in the mornin'; I'll jist slip down into the sae; do you cry out, there's a man in the wather, as loud as you can, an' lave all the rest to me."

Well, to be sure, down into the sae I dropt without as much as a splash. Ned roar'd out with the hoarseness of a brayin' ass: "A man in the sae—a man in the sae." Every man, woman an' child came

running up out of the holes, the captain among the rest, who put a long red barrel like a gun to his eye—an' so thinkin' he was intint on shootin' me, down I dived.

When I got my head over the wather agen, what should I see but a boat rowin' to me, as fast as a throuth afther a pinkeen.

When it came up close enough to be heard, I roared out, "Bad seran to yees, for a set ov spalpeen rascals, did ye hear me at last?" The boat now run 'pon the top ov me; down I dived again like a duck

afther a frog, but the minnit my skull came over the wather, I was gript by the scruff ov the neck, and dhrag'd into the boat. To be sure I didn't kick up a row—

"Let go my hair, ye blue devils," I

roared, "it's well ye have me in your marcy in this dissolute place, or be the

powers I'd make you feel the strinth ov my bones. What hard luck I had to fol-

low ye's at all; which ov ye is the mas-

ther?" As I said this, every mother's

son began to stare at me, with my bag

round my neck, an' my bottle by my side,

and the bare bone in my fist. "There he

is," siz they, pointing to a little yallow

man in the corner of the boat. "May

bad weather rise blisters on your rapin-

hook shins," siz I, "you yallow-looking

monkey, but it's most time for you to

think of lettin' me into your ship—I'm

here plowin' and plugin' this month

afther ye; sure I didn't care a *thraevenen*,

was it not that you have my best Sun-

day clothes in your ship, and my name in

your books. For three straws, as I don't

know how to write, I'd leave my mark,

and that on your skull;" so saying, I

made a lick at him with the ham bone,

but I was near tumblin' into the sae agen.

"An' pray what is your name, my

lad?" siz the captain.

"What's my name? What 'id you

give to know?" sez I, "ye unmannerly

spalpeen—it might be what's your name,

Darby Doyle, out ov your mouth—aye,

Darby Doyle, that was never afeard or

ashamed to own it, at home or abroad!"

"An' Mr. Darby Doyle," siz he, "do

you mean to persuade us that you swum

from Cork to this, afther us?"

"That's more of your ignorance," siz I

—"aye, an' if you sted three days longer,

and not take me up, I'd be in Quebec be-

fore ye; only my purvisions were out, and

the few rags of bank notes I had all melt-

ed into paste in my pocket, for I hadn't

time to get them changed. But stay, wait till I get my foot on shore; there's never a coroner in Cork iv you don't pay for leaving me to the marcy of the waves."

All this time, the blue chaps were pushing the boat with sticks through the wather, till at last we came close to the ship. Every one on board saw me at the Cove, but didn't see me on the voyage; to be sure, every one's mouth was wide open crying out "Darby Doyle." "The sorra stop your throats," siz I. "It's now ye can call me loud enough; ye wouldn't shout that way when ye saw me rowling like a tub in a mill-race the other day fornenst your faces." When they heard me say that, some ov them grew pale as a sheet—every thumb was at work, till they most brought the blood from their forreds. But, my jewel, the captain does no more but runs to the book, and calls out the names that paid, and them that *wasn't* paid—to be shure, I was one ov them that didn't pay. If the captain looked at me before with *wondherment*, he now looked with astonishment! Nothing was tawk'd ov for the other three days, but Darby Doyle's great swim from the Cove to Quebec. One sed—

"I always knew Darby to be a great swimmer."

"De ye remember," sez another, "when Darby's dog was nigh been drowned in the great duck hunt, when Darby peel'd off an' brought in the dog, made afther the duck himself, and swum for two hours endways; and do ye remember when all the dogs gother'd round the duck at one time; when it wint down how Darby dived afther it, and sted down for almost an hour—and sted below while the crathur was eatin' a few frogs, for she was weak and hungry; and when everybody thought he was lost, up he came with the duck by the leg in his kithogue? (left hand.)"

Bedad, I agreed to all they sed, till at last we got to Amerrykey. I was now in a quare way; the captain wouldn't let me go till a friend of his would see me. By this time, my jewel, not only his friends came, but swarms upon swarms staring at poor Darby. At last, I called Ned.

"Ned avick," siz I, "I want to go about my *bis'ness*."

"Be easy, Darby," siz he, "haven't ye your fill of good ating, an' the captain's got mighty fond ov ye entirely."

"Is he, Ned?" siz I; "but tell us, Ned, are all them crowds ov people goin' to sae?"

"Augh, ye omedhaun," siz Ned, "shure they are come to look at you."

Just as he sed this, a tall yallow man, with a black curly head, comes and stares me full in the face.

"You'll know me agen," siz I, "confound yer manners, and the schoolmather that taught ye." But I thought he was going to shake hands with me, when he tuck hould of my fist and opened every finger, one by one, then opened my shirt, and look't at my breast.

"Pull away, mabouchal," siz I, "I'm no desarthur, at any rate." But never an answer he made, but walked down into the hole where the captain lived.

"This is more ov it," siz I; "Ned, what could that tallah-faced man mane?"

"Why," siz Ned, "he was *lookin'* to see iv your fingers were webb'd, or had ye scales on your breast."

"Hiz impidence is grate," siz I; "did he take me for a duck or a bream? But Ned, what's the meanin' ov the boords across the stick the people walk on, and the big white board up there?"

"Why, come over and read," siz Ned.

But, my jewel, I didn't know whether I was stannin' on my head or on my heels when I saw in great big black letters—

"THE GREATEST WONDHER IN THE WORLD!!! TO BE SEEN HERE;

A man that beats out Nicholas the Diver!

He has swum from Cork to Amerrykey!!!

Proved on oath by ten of the Crew and twenty Passengers.

Admittance Half a Dollar."

"Arrah, Ned, jewel," siz I, "does this mane your humble sarvint?"

"Sorra one else," siz he—so I makes no more ado, than with a hop, skip, and jump, gets over to the captain, who was now talkin' to the yallow fellow that was afther starin me out ov countenance.

"Pardon my rudeness, your honor," siz I, mighty polite, and making a bow—at the same time, Ned was at my heels—so, rising my foot, to give the genteel scrape, sure, I scraped all the skin off his shin.

"To the ould boy with your brogues" siz he.

"You'd better not curse the wearer," siz I, "or—"

"Oh! Darby," siz the captain, "don't be unginteel, and so many ladies and gintlemen lookin' at ye."

"The never another mother's sowl shall lay their peepers on me till I sae sweet Inchegeelagh agen," siz I; "bedad, you are doin' it well. How much money have ye gothered for my shwimmin'?"

"Be quiet, Darby," siz the captain, and he looked very much frickened. "I have plenty, and I'll have more for ye, iv ye do what I want ye to do."

"And what is it, avick?" siz I.

"Why, Darby," siz he, "I'm after houldin' a wager last night with this gintleman, for all the worth ov my ship, that you'll shwim against any shwimmer in the world; and Darby, if you don't do that, I'm a gone man."

"Augh, give us your fist," siz I, "did you ever hear ov the sons of the sod desavin' any man in the European world yet—barrin themselves?"

"Well, Darby," siz he, "I'll give you a hundred dollars; but Darby, you must be to your word, and you shall have another hundred."

So saying he brought me down into the cellar; but, my jewel, I didn't think for the life ov me to see such a wondherful place, nothin' but goold every way I turned, and Darby's own sweet face in twenty places. Bedad, I was almost ashamed to ax the gintleman for the dollars. But siz I to myself agen—the gintleman has too much money; I suppose he does be throwin' it into the sae, for I often heard the sae was richer than the land, so I may as well take it, anyhow.

"Now, Darby," siz he, "here's the dollars for ye." But bedad, my jewel, it was only a bit ov paper he was handin' me.

"Arrah, none ov yer tricks upon thravellers," siz I. "I had betther nor that, and many more of them, melted in the sae; give me what won't wash out of my pocket."

"Why, Darby," siz he, "this is an or-dher on a merchant for the amount."

"Pho, pho!" siz I, "I'd sooner take your word nor his oath," looking round mighty respectful at the goold walls.

"Well, well, Darby," siz he, "you must have the real thing;" so, sure enough, he reckoned me out a hundred dollars in goold. I never saw the like since

the stockin' fell out of the chimney on my aunt, and cut her forred.

"Now, Darby," siz he, "you are a rich man, and you are worthy of it all—sit down, Darby, and take a bottle ov wine." So, to please the gintlemen, I sat down. After a bit, who comes down but Ned.

"Captain," siz he, "the deck is crowded; I had to block up the gangway to prevent any more from coming in to see Darby. Bring him up, or as sure as a gun the ship 'ill be sunk."

"Come up, Darby," siz the captain, smilin' wonderful pleasant at myself. So, my jewel, he handed me up through the hall as tindher as iv I was a lady, or a pound of fresh butther in the dog days. When I got up, shure enough, I couldn't help starn'; such crowds ov fine ladies and yallow gintlemen never was seen before in any ship. One of them, a little rosy-cheek'd beauty, whisper'd the captin somethin', but he shuk his head, an' then she came over to me.

"Darby," siz she, "I know an Irishman would do any thing to please a lady."

"In troth you may say that with your own purty mouth," siz I.

"Well, then, Darby," siz she, "the ladies would wish to see you give a few strokes in the sae."

"Och, an' they shall have them an' welcome," siz I.

"That's a good fellow," siz she, "now sthrip off."

"Decency, Katty," siz I. But all to no use, I was made to peel off behind a big sheet, and then I made one race, and jumpt ten yards into the wather to get out ov their sight. Shure enough, every one's eyes danced in their head, while they lookt on the spot where I went down. A thought came into my head while I was below, how I'd show them a little diyar-sion, as I could use a great many thricks in the wather. So I didn't rise at all till I got to the tother side, and every one ran to that side; then I took a houl't of my two big toes, and making a ring of myself, rowled round like a hoop on the top ov the wather all round the ship. I b'lieve I opened their eyes! Then I yarded, back swum, an' dived, till at last the captin made signs to me to come out, so I got into the boat, an' threw on my duds. The very ladies were breakin' their necks, runnin' to shake hands wid me.

"Shure," says they, "you're the greatest man in the world!" So for three days I showed off to crowds ov people, though I was *frying* in the wather for shame.

At last, the day came that I was to stand the tug. I saw the captain lookin' very often at me. At last,

"Darby," siz he, "are you any way cowed? The fellow you have to shwim agenst can shwim down watherfalls and catharacts."

"Can he, avic," siz I; "but can he shwim up agenst them? Wow, wow, Darby for that! But captin, come here; is all my purvisions ready?—don't let me fall short of a dhrop ov the rale stuff above all things." An' who should come up while I was tawkin' to the captain, but the chap I was to shwim with, and heard all I sed. Bedad! his eyes grew as big as two oysther shells. Then the captain called me aside.

"Darby," siz he, "do you put on this green jacket an' white throwers, that the people may better extinguish you from the other chap."

"With all hearts, avic," siz I, "green forever—Darby's own favorite color, the world over; but where am I goin' to, captin?"

"To the shwimmin' place, to be shure," siz he.

"Here's at you, my hearty," siz I, "and 'the de'il take the hindmost.'" I was then introduced in due form to the swimmer. I looked at him from head to foot. He was so tall that he could eat bread an' butther over my head—with a face as yallow as a kite's foot.

"Tip us the mitten," siz I, "mabouchal," quite pleasant. Siz I to myself, I'm done—but, cheer up, Darby! if I'm not able to kill him, I'll frighten the life out ov him. "Where are we goin' to shwim to?" siz I, though bedad, if all was known, I was rightly nonplushed at the same time. But never a word he answered.

"Are you bothered, neighbor?" siz I to him agin, mighty stiff.

"I reckon I'm not," siz he, as chuff as a bear.

"Well, then," siz I, "why didn't you answer your bethers? What id ye think iv we shwim to Keep Cleer, or the Keep ov Good Hope?"

"I reckon neither," siz he agen,

eyin' me as iv I was goin' to pick his pockets.

"Well, then, have ye any favorite place?" siz I. "Now, I've heard a great deal about the island where poor Bony died; I'd like to see it, iv I had any one to show me the place; suppose we wint there." But not a taste of a word could I get out ov him, good or bad—so off we set through the crowds ov ladies and gintlemen. Such cheerin' an' wavin' ov hats never was seen even at *Dan's* enthry into Dublin; an' then the row ov purty girls laughin' and rubbin' up against me, that I cou'd harly get on. To be shure, no one cou'd be lookin' to the ground, an' not be lookin' at them, till at last I was thript up by a big lump ov iron stuck fast in the ground, with a big ring to it. "Who! Darby," siz I, makin' a hop an' a crack o' my fingers, "you're not down yet." I turned round to look at what thript me.

"What d'ye call that?" siz I to the captin, who was at my elbow.

"Why, Darby," says he, "that's an anchor."

"Have ye any use for it?" siz I.

"Not in the laste," siz he; "it's only to fasten boats to."

"Maybe you'd give it to a body," siz I.

"An' welkim, Darby," siz he, "it's yours."

"Good luck to your honor, sir," siz I, "it's my poor father that will pray for you. When I left home, the crathur hadn't as much as an anvil, but what was sthreeled away by the agint—bad look to him. This will be jist the thing that'll match him; he can tie the horse to the ring, while he forges on the other part. Now, will ye obleege me by gettin' a couple ov chaps to lay it on my shoulder when I get into the wather, and I won't have to be comin' back for it afther I shake hands with this fellow." Bedad, the chap turned from yellow to white when he heard me say this; an' siz he to the gintleman that was walkin' by *his* side,

"I reckon I'm not fit for the shwimmin' to-day—I don't feel *myself*."

"An' murder in Irish, if ye're yer brother, can't you send him for yourself, an' I'll wait here till he comes. Here, man, take a dhrop of this before ye go. Here's to your bether health, an' your brother's into the bargain." So I took off my glass, and handed him another; but the never a dhrop ov it he'd take.

"No force, avic," siz I, "maybe you think there's poison in it—an' takin' another glass myself—well, here's good look to us, once more. An' when will ye be able for the shwim, avick?" siz I, mighty complisant.

"I reckon in another week," siz he.

So we shook hands and parted. The poor fellow went home—took the fever—then began to rave—"shwim up catharacts!—shwim to the Keep of Good Hope!—shwim to St. Helena!—shwim to Keep Cleer!—shwim with an anchor on his back! Oh! oh! oh! that'll never do for me."

ANON.

THE FABLES OF JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

[This universally popular author was born at Château Thierry in 1621. His father desired to educate him for the church, a career wholly unsuited to his natural disposition. At the age of nineteen he was placed with the Fathers of the Oratory, but remained with them only eighteen months. He was considered a dull and spiritless youth, and manifested not the least spark of poetry until he was twenty-two years old, when the recitation of an ode of Malherbe's roused his dormant genius, and he began to compose verses. At the age of twenty-six his father persuaded him to marry a woman for whom he had little or no attachment. He lived, however, several years with her, and had a son. He made himself familiar with the best writings of the ancients, particularly Homer, Plato, Plutarch, Horace, Virgil, Terence, and Quintilian. Being invited to Paris by the Duchess Bouillon, he was there introduced to Fouquet, then Minister of Finance, from whom he received an annual pension of a thousand francs, on condition of producing a piece of poetry quarterly. After the fall of Fouquet, he was taken into the service of Henrietta, wife of Monsieur, the king's brother; and, when she died, other persons of distinction gave him their protection, until Madame Sablière opened her house to him and relieved him from every care. With this kindest of friends he lived twenty years.

La Fontaine's *Tales* and *Fables* have been published with splendid illustrations. The best edition of the former is that of 1762, with Eisen's designs, and vignettes by Choffat. The *Fables* were published in a magnificent edition, four volumes folio, 1755-59, each fable being illustrated with a plate. An exquisite edition of the *Fables*, in octavo, was published by Fournier in 1839, with designs by J. J. Grandville. The reader of this edition is at a loss which most to admire, the exuberant humor and wisdom of the poet, or the extraordinary felicity with which the artist has told the poet's story in his illustrations, and by Doré, 1868.]

THE COUNCIL HELD BY THE RATS.

Old Rodilard, a certain cat,
Such havoc of the rats had made,
'Twas difficult to find a rat

With nature's debt unpaid.

The few that did remain,
To leave their holes afraid.

From usual food abstain,
Not eating half their fill.

And wonder no one will,

That one, who made on rats his revel,
With rats passed not for cat, but devil.
Now, on a day, this dread rat-eater,
Who had a wife, went out to meet her;
And while he held his caterwauling,
The unkill'd rats, their chapter calling,
Discussed the point, in grave debate,
How they might shun impending fate.

Their dean, a prudent rat,
Thought best, and better soon than late,
To bell the fatal cat;

That, when he took his hunting-round,
The rats, well cautioned by the sound,
Might hide in safety under ground;

Indeed, he knew no other means.

And all the rest

At once confessed

Their minds were with the dean's.
No better plan, they all believed,
Could possibly have been conceived;
No doubt, the thing would work right well,
If any one would hang the bell.

But, one by one, said every rat,
"I'm not so big a fool as that."
The plan knocked up in this respect,
The council closed without effect.

And many a council I have seen,
Or reverend chapter with its dean,
That, thus resolving wisely,
Fell through like this precisely.

To argue or refute,
Wise counsellors abound;
The man to execute
Is harder to be found.

THE CAT AND THE OLD RAT.

A story-writer of our sort
Historifies, in short,
Of one that may be reckoned
A Rodilard the Second—
The Alexander of the cats,
The Attila, the scourge of rats,
Whose fierce and whiskered head
Among the latter spread,
A league around, its dread;
Who seemed, indeed, determined
The world should be unvarmied.
The planks with props more false than slim,
The tempting heaps of poisoned meal,
The traps of wire and traps of steel,
Were only play, compared with him.
At length, so sadly were they scared
The rats and mice no longer dared
To show their thievish faces
Outside their hiding-places,

Thus shunning all pursuit; whereat
 Our crafty General Cat
 Contrived to hang himself, as dead,
 Beside the wall, with downward head—
 Resisting gravitation's laws
 By clinging with his hinder claws
 To some small bit of string.
 The rats esteemed the thing
 A judgment for some naughty deed,
 Some thievish snatch,
 Or ugly scratch;
 And thought their foe had got his meed
 By being hung indeed.
 With hope elated all
 Of laughing at his funeral,
 They thrust their noses out in air;
 And now to show their heads they dare,
 Now dodging back, now venturing more;
 At last, upon the larder's store
 They fall to filching, as of yore.
 A scanty feast enjoyed these shallows;
 Down dropped the hung one from his gallows,
 And of the hindmost caught.
 "Some other tricks to me are known,"
 Said he, while tearing bone from bone,
 "By long experience taught:
 The point is settled, free from doubt,
 That from your holes you shall come out."
 His threat as good as prophecy
 Was proved by Mr. Mildandsly;
 For, putting on a mealy robe,
 He squatted in an open tub,
 And held his purring and his breath—
 Out came the vermin to their death.
 On this occasion, one old stager,
 A rat as gray as any badger,
 Who had in battle lost his tail,
 Abstained from smelling at the meal;
 And cried, far off, "Ah! General Cat,
 I much respect a heap like that;
 Your meal is not the thing, perhaps,
 For one who knows somewhat of traps;
 Should you a sack of meal become,
 I'd let you be, and stay at home."

Well said, I think, and prudently,
 By one who knew distrust to be
 The parent of security.

THE COCK AND THE FOX.

Upon a tree there mounted guard
 A veteran cock, adroit and cunning;
 When to the roots a fox up running
 Spoke thus, in tones of kind regard:
 "Our quarrel, brother, is at an end;
 Henceforth I hope to live your friend;
 For peace now reigns
 Throughout the animal domains.
 I give the news. Come down, I pray,
 And give me the embrace fraternal:
 And please, my brother, don't delay:

So much the tidings do concern all,
 That I must spread them far to-day.
 Now you and yours can take your walks
 Without a fear or thought of hawks;
 And should you clash with them or others,
 In us you'll find the best of brothers—
 For which you may, this joyful night,
 Your merry bonfires light.
 But, first, let's seal the bliss
 With one fraternal kiss."
 "Good friend," the cock replied, "upon my
 word,
 A better thing I never heard;
 And doubly I rejoice
 To hear it from your voice:
 And, really, there must be something in it,
 For yonder come two greyhounds, which,
 I flatter
 Myself, are couriers on this very matter;
 They come so fast, they'll be here in a
 minute,
 I'll down, and all of us will seal the blessing
 With general kissing and caressing."
 "Adieu," said the fox; "my errand's pressing,
 I'll hurry on my way,
 And we'll rejoice some other day."
 So off the fellow scampered, quick and light,
 To gain the fox-holes of the neighboring
 height—
 Less happy in his stratagem than flight.
 The cock laughed sweetly in his sleeve—
 'Tis doubly sweet deceiver to deceive.

THE CROW AND THE FOX.

A master crow, perched on a tree one day
 Was holding in his beak a cheese—
 A master fox, by the odor drawn that way,
 Spake unto him in words like these:
 "O, good morning, my Lord Crow!
 How well you look, how handsome you
 do grow!
 'Pon my honor, if your note
 Bears a resemblance to your coat,
 You are the phoenix of the dwellers in these
 woods."
 At these words does the crow exceedingly
 rejoice;
 And, to display his beauteous voice,
 He opens a wide beak, lets fall his stolen
 goods.
 The fox seized on't, and said, "My good
 Monsieur,
 Learn that every flatterer
 Lives at the expense of him who hears him
 out.
 This lesson is well worth a cheese, no
 doubt."
 The crow, ashamed, and much in pain,
 Swore, but a little late, they'd not catch him
 so again.

THE DERVISE, THE THIEF, AND THE DEVIL.

[THE FABLES OF PILPAY first appear in the *Pomthantra* of the Sanskrit: probably in some antecedent form they were translated from the now extinct Pehlvi language.]

About the eighth century the first Arabic version was made by a Persian named Rûzbeh. This Arabic version is the parent of all successive ones. Of the European languages the German (1483) seems to have been the earliest. In English it first appeared in 1570, from which Beaumont and Fletcher probably derived the story of the *Dervise and the Thief*, which appears in the tragi-comedy of *Women Pleased*. Massinger also makes the same story serve in the *Guardian*.]

"In the parts adjoining to Babylon," continued the third Minister, "there was once a certain Dervise, who lived like a true servant of Heaven: he subsisted only upon such alms as he received; and, as for other things, gave himself up wholly to Providence, without troubling his mind with the intrigues of this world.

"One of the friends of the Dervise one day sent him a fat ox, which a Thief seeing as it was led to his lodging, he resolved to have it whatever it cost him. With this intent he set forward for the Dervise's habitation; but, as he went on, he met the Devil in the shape of a plain-dressed man, and suspecting by his countenance that he was one of his own stamp, he immediately asked him who he was and whither he was going.

"The stranger, on this, made him a short answer to his demand, saying, 'I am the Devil, who have taken human shape upon me, and I am going to this cave with intent to kill the Dervise that lives there; because his example does me a world of mischief, by making several wicked people turn honest and good men: I intend, therefore, to put him out of the way, and then hope to succeed better in my business than I have done of late; else, I assure you, we shall soon want people in my dominions.'

"Mr. Satan," answered the Thief, 'I am your most obedient, humble servant; I assure you I am one you have no reason to complain about; for I am a notorious Robber

and am going to the same place whither you are bent, to steal a fat ox that was a few hours ago given to the Dervise that you design to kill.'

"My good friend," quoth the Devil, 'I am heartily glad I have met you, and rejoice that we are both of the same humor, and that both of us design to do this abominable Dervise a mischief. Go on and prosper,' continued the Devil, 'and know, when you rob such people as these, you do me a doubly acceptable service.'

"In the midst of this discourse they both came to the Dervise's habitation. Night was already well advanced, and the good man had said his usual prayers and was gone to bed. And now the Thief and the Devil were both preparing to put their designs into execution, when the Thief said to himself, 'The Devil, in going to kill this man, will certainly make him cry out, and raise the neighborhood, which will hinder me from stealing the ox.'

"The Devil, on the other hand, reasoned with himself after this manner: 'If the Thief goes to steal the ox before I have executed my design, the noise he will make in breaking open the door will waken the Dervise and set him on his guard.' Therefore said the Devil to the Thief, 'Let me first kill the Dervise, and then thou mayest steal the ox at thy own leisure.'

"No," said the Thief, 'the better way will be for you to stay till I have stolen the ox, and then do you murder the man.' But both refusing to give way the one to the other, they quarrelled first, and from words they fell to downright fist-cuffs. At which sport the Devil proving the stronger of the two, the Thief called out to the Dervise, 'Awake, man, arise! here is the Devil come to murder you!' And on this, the Devil perceiving himself discovered, cried out, 'Thieves, thieves! look to your ox, Dervise!' The good man, quickly waking at the noise, called in the neighbors, whose presence constrained the Thief and the Devil to betake themselves to their heels; and the poor Dervise saved both his life and his ox."

INDEX OF AUTHORS,

WITH TITLES OF THE SELECTIONS FROM THEIR WRITINGS.

[Biographical Notices of the Authors will be found at the pages marked thus *.]

A'BECKET, GILBERT ABBOTT, b. 1810.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE:

- Of Master and Servant..... *iii. 324
- Of Husband and Wife..... iii. 326
- Of Parent and Child..... iii. 327
- Of Guardian and Ward..... iii. 328
- Of Pleading..... iii. 330
- Of the Trial by Jury..... iii. 331

ADAMS, CHARLES FOLLEN, b. 1842.

- Pat's Criticism..... i. 153
- Yawcob Strauss..... i. 379

ADDISON, JOSEPH, 1672-1719.

- Genealogy of Humor..... i. 381
- Sir Roger de Coverley..... *ii. 129
- Epigrams..... v. 220

ÆSOP, B. C. 619-564.

- Fables..... *v. 225

ALDEN, W. L.

- Long Island Hunting..... *iii. 300
- The Six-Button Principle..... iii. 301
- Red Hair..... iii. 302

ANGELO, HENRY.

- Dr. Johnson's Pudding..... ii. 85

ANSTEY, J. B.

- The Return of Agamemnon..... iv. 183
- Accompanied on the Flute..... iv. 316

ARISTOPHANES, B. C. 448-380.

- The Frogs..... *iii. i

ARNOLD, GEORGE, 1834-1865.

- Chiggs..... iii. 362

ARNOLD, THOMAS.

- Translation of "Reynard the Fox"..... iv. i

AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE, 1813-1865.

THE BON GAULTIER BALLADS:

- The Broken Pitcher..... iv. 104
- The Queen in France..... iv. 111
- The Massacre of the Macpherson..... iv. 114

BAILEY, JAMES M.

- A Frosty Saturday Night..... i. 362
- Driving a Hen..... iii. 314
- Mr. Stiver's Horse..... iv. 251

BALDWIN, JOSEPH G.

- Major Wormly..... *iii. 307
- Sharp Financiering..... iii. 309
- My First Appearance at the Bar..... iii. 345
- In Favor of the Hog..... iii. 354

BALZAC, HONORÉ DE, 1799-1850.

- Disappointed Ambition..... *iii. 318

BARHAM, RICHARD HARRIS, 1788-1845.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS:

- The Spectre of Tappington..... *i. 92

- Patty Morgan, the Milkmaid's Story... i. 105
- The Ghost..... i. 108
- A "True and Original Version"..... i. 112
- The Lay of St. Odille..... i. 113
- The Execution..... i. 116
- The Merchant of Venice..... i. 118
- Nell Cook..... i. 124
- Nursery Reminiscences..... i. 128
- A Tale of a Shirt..... i. 128
- Misadventures at Margate..... i. 131
- The Smuggler's Leap..... i. 133
- A Row in an Omnibus (Box)..... i. 136
- Raising the Devil..... i. 138
- The Knight and the Lady..... i. 138
- The Unlucky Present..... i. 143

BARKER, DAVID.

- The Happy Father's Theory..... *iii. 344

BARNES, WILLIAM, b. 1810.

- A Bit o' Sly Coorten..... iii. 314

BASKERVILLE, A.

- From the German of R. Reinick..... iv. 182
- From the German of Lessing..... v. 330

BASSELIN, OLIVIER.

- To My Nose..... *iii. 304
- Apology for Cider..... iii. 305

BEHN, APHRA (JOHNSON), 1640-1689.

- Song..... v. 323

BERANGER, PIERRE JEAN DE, 1780-1857.

- The Dead Alive..... *ii. 317
- The King of Yvetot..... ii. 318

BOCCACCIO, GIOVANNI, 1313-1375.

- Tales from the Decameron..... *v. 92

BRADBURY, COL.

- Guilty—but Drunk..... ii. 184

BROOKS, CHARLES T., b. 1813.

- From the German of G. A. Bürger..... iv. 181
- From the German of C. A. Kortum..... iv. 230

BROUGHAM, JOHN, 1814-1874.

- Ned Geraghty's Luck..... *iii. 372

BROWNE, CHARLES F. ("Artemus Ward"), 1832-1867.

- Artemus Ward Visits the Shakers..... i. 380
- Moses the Sassy, or the Disguised Duke.. v. 207
- A Visit to Brigham Young..... v. 215
- A Mormon Romance.—Reginald Glo- v. 354
- version..... v. 355
- The Showman's Courtship..... v. 355

BROWNE, MATTHEW, b. 1830.

- Lilliput Land..... iii. 315

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN, 1794-1878.

- The Mosquito..... iii. 117

BUCHANAN, ROBERT, b. 1841.

- Sandie Macpherson..... i. 334

- Metempsychosis..... i. 342
 O'Connor's Wake..... iii. 295
 The Wedding of Shon Maclean..... v. 359
- BUDGE, EUSTACE, 1685-1736.
 Sir Roger de Coverley..... *ii. 150
 Sir Roger de Coverley..... ii. 175
- BURDETTE, ROBERT J.
 "Middlerib's Automatic Welcome"..... i. 214
 The Little Hatchet Story..... ii. 253
- BÜRGER, GOTTFRIED AUGUST, 1748-1794.
 The Wives of Weinsberg..... *iv. 181
- BURNAND, FRANCIS COWLEY, b. 1837.
 The Story of My Legal Experience and My Aunt's Police Case..... *ii. 91
 True to Poll..... iv. 330
- BURNS, ROBERT, 1759-1796.
 Tam O'Shanter..... *iii. 31
 The Jolly Beggars..... iii. 33
 Holy Willie's Prayer..... iii. 38
 Epigrams..... v. 223
- BURTON, WILLIAM E., 1804-1860.
 My First Punch..... iv. 369
- BUTLER, SAMUEL, 1612-1680.
 Epigrams..... v. 217
- BYROM, JOHN, 1691-1763.
 The Three Black Crows..... *i. 396
 Epigram..... v. 222
- BYRON, LORD GEORGE GORDON, 1788-1824.
 The Vision of Judgment..... i. 216
 Reply to "The Edinburgh Ladies' Petition"..... iii. 45
- CALVERLY, CHARLES S., b. 1831.
 "Gone From the Ken of Ungentle Men"..... i. 58
 Flight..... iv. 302
- CAMPBELL, THOMAS, 1777-1844.
 The Friars of Dijon..... iv. 321
- CANNING, GEORGE, 1770-1827.
 The University of Gottingen..... *v. 189
- CARLETON, WILLIAM, 1798-1869.
 Neal Malone..... *ii. 107
- CARROLL, LEWIS.
 Ye Carpette Knyghte..... iii. 216
 Jabberwocky..... iii. 297
- CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, MIGUEL DE, 1547-1616.
 Don Quixote..... *v. 1
- CHAMISSO, ADELBERT VON, 1781-1838.
 A Tragic Story..... ii. 322
- CHESTERFIELD, LORD PHILIP STANHOPE, 1694-1773.
 Epigram..... v. 222
- CLARK, C. HEBER ("Max Adeler").
 A Shocking Mixture..... i. 385
 A Conscientious Epitaph..... ii. 283
 A Candid Candidate..... iii. 177
 Catching the Morning Train..... iii. 180
- CLAUDIUS, MATTHIAS, 1740-1818.
 Rhine Wine..... *ii. 320
 Winter..... ii. 321
 The Ren..... ii. 321
- CLEMENS, SAMUEL L. ("Mark Twain"), b. 1835.
 Story of the Bad Little Boy Who Didn't Come to Grief..... i. 372
 The Scriptural Panoramist..... ii. 323
 Uncle Dan'l and the Steamboat..... ii. 358
 Colonel Mulberry Sellers..... iv. 175
 The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County..... v. 231
- CLEVELAND, JOHN, 1613-1659.
 Epigram..... v. 222
- COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, 1772-1834.
 Sentimental..... i. 66
 The Lover and the Lap-Dog..... ii. 190
 Epigrams..... v. 224
- COLLIN, J. B.
 A Bee Story by Bricktop..... iii. 29
- COLLINS, MORTIMER.
 Martial in London..... iii. 317
- COLMAN, GEORGE (The Younger), 1762-1836.
 Lodgings for Single Gentlemen..... i. 359
 Impromptu..... iii. 21
- COOK, ELIZA, b. 1818.
 My Shirt Buttons..... iv. 381
- CORWIN, THOMAS, 1794-1865.
 Reply to McCrary..... *iii. 41
- COWLEY, ABRAHAM, 1618-1667.
 A Lover's Chronicle..... iv. 245
- COWLEY, HANNAH (PARKHOUSE), 1743-1809.
 The Belle's Stratagem..... *v. 201
- COWPER, WILLIAM, 1731-1800.
 The Jackdaw..... ii. 79
 John Gilpin..... *iv. 294
 Report of an Adjudged Case..... iv. 357
- COYNE, J. STIRLING, 1805-1868.
 Everybody's Friend..... *v. 161
- COZZENS, FREDERICK S., 1818-1869.
 The Dumb-Waiter..... *iii. 46
- CROKER, THOMAS CROFTON, 1798-1854.
 The Last of the Irish Serpents..... ii. 32
 Master and Man..... *v. 322
- CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM, b. 1824.
 Our New Livery and Other Things..... *iv. 305
- DEFOE, DANIEL, 1661-1731.
 Friday and the Bear..... *v. 239
- DERBY, GEORGE H. ("John Phoenix"), 1823-1861.
 John Phoenix on Mule Artillery..... i. 63
 Official Report of Prof. John Phoenix, A. M..... *iv. 132
 A New System of English Grammar..... iv. 139
 Farewell to San Francisco..... iv. 142
 Illustrated Newspapers..... iv. 143
- D'ESTERRE, E.
 From the German of J. V. Von Scheffel..... iv. 180
- DEVEREUX, G. H.
 From the Spanish of Yriarte..... iv. 395
- DIBDIN, THOMAS, 1771-1814.
 Ben Block..... ii. 280

DICKENS, CHARLES, 1812-1870.			The Varn of the "Nancy Bell".....	iii. 2
Bardell vs. Pickwick.....	iii. 231		The Bishop of Run-to-Foo.....	ii. 197
Mrs. Gamp's Apartment.....	v. 248		The Precocious Baby.....	iii. 197
DISRAELI, BENJAMIN (Earl of Beaconsfield), 1805-1881.			Baines Carew, Gentleman.....	iii. 198
Ixion in Heaven.....	*iii. 217		Bob Polter.....	iii. 199
DOUGLAS, STEPHEN A., 1813-1861.			Ellen McJones Aberdeen.....	iii. 200
Going to Bed Before a Young Lady.....	iii. 397		Gentle Alice Brown.....	iii. 202
DRYSEN, PAUL.			To the Terrestrial Globe.....	iii. 203
Translation of Goethe's "Ergo Bibamus" ..	iv. 82		The Bum-Bot Woman's Story.....	iii. 203
D'URFEY, TOM, 1628-1723.			The Captain and the Mermaids.....	iii. 204
Be Not a Wit.....	i. 375		Annie Protheroe.....	iii. 205
DURIVAGE, F. A.			An Unfortunate Likeness.....	iii. 207
The Fastest Funeral on Record.....	*iii. 396		The Reverend Simon Magus.....	iii. 208
DWIGHT, J. S.			Etiquette.....	iii. 223
From the German of Goethe.....	iv. 146		General John.....	iii. 211
"ELIOT, GEORGE," 1820-1881.			John and Freddy.....	iii. 211
Dialogue on Matrimony.....	i. 363		Lorenzo de Lardy.....	iii. 212
ERASMUS, DESIDERIUS, 1465-1536.			The Three Kings of Chickerafoo.....	iii. 213
The "Praise of Folly".....	*v. 200		Haunted.....	iii. 214
ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN (Emile Erckmann, b. 1822; Alex. Chatrian, b. 1826).			The Martinet.....	iii. 214
The Comet.....	i. 339		GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON, 1749-1832.	
FIELD, J. M. ("Everpoint").			Version of "Reynard the Fox".....	*iv. 1
A "Hung" Jury.....	ii. 180		Ergo Bibamus.....	iv. 82
FIELDING, HENRY, 1707-1754.			Nothing.....	iv. 146
Partridge at the Play-House.....	*v. 242		GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, 1728-1774.	
FIELDS, JAMES T., 1817-1880.			Falstaff in Hades.....	i. 330
The Owl-Critic.....	iii. 323		She Stoops to Conquer.....	*ii. 326
FLORENCE, W. J.			Moses and the Gross of Green Spectacles.	v. 249
The Mighty Dollar.....	*v. 273		GOODRICH, SAMUEL GRISWOLD ("Peter Parley"), 1793-1861.	
FONTAINE, JEAN DE LA, 1621-1695.			The Book Peddler.....	*iv. 83
Fables.....	*v. 382		GRESSET, JEAN BAPTISTE LOUIS, 1709-1777.	
FORRESTER, ALFRED HENRY ("Crow-quill"), 1805-1872.			Ver-Vort.....	*v. 190
The Real Facts About Venus and Adonis.	*iv. 396		HAGEDORN, FREDERICK, 1708-1754.	
FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN, 1706-1790.			The Merry Soap-Boiler.....	i. 79
Paper: A Poem.....	iv. 320		HALIBURTON, THOMAS CHANDLER, 1796-1865.	
FRERE, JOHN HOOKHAM, 1769-1846.			How Many Fins has a Cod?.....	ii. 361
Translation of "The Frogs of Aristophanes".....	iii. 1		HARRISON, WILLIAM, 1800-1874.	
GALT, JOHN, 1779-1839.			The Tinker and the Glazier.....	i. 80
The Town Drummer.....	v. 194		The Water Cure.....	i. 204
GELLERT, CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT, 1715-1769.			HARTE, FRANCIS BRET, b. 1839.	
The Widow.....	*iii. 49		The Society upon the Stanislaus.....	i. 63
GERARD, MARC-ANTOINE, 1594-1661.			The Fox and the Stork.....	i. 215
Address to Bacchus.....	*v. 205		A Jersey Centenarian.....	iv. 85
GIBSON, W. H.			HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL, 1804-1864.	
A Nutting Adventure.....	i. 212		Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe.....	v. 275
GILBERT, WILLIAM SCHWENCK, b. 1836.			HAY, JOHN, b. 1839.	
Sir Joseph's Song, from "Pinafore".....	*iii. 193		Good and Bad Luck.....	iii. 314
THE BAB BALLADS:			The Mystery of Gilgal.....	*iii. 332
Captain Recce.....	iii. 193		The Enchanted Shirt.....	iii. 332
Ferdinand and Elvira.....	iii. 194		Distichs.....	iii. 333
			HEBEL, JOHANN PETER, 1760-1826.	
			The Guide-Post.....	*iv. 180
			HEBER, REGINALD, 1783-1826.	
			Sympathy.....	*iii. 55
			HIEROCLES, Fifth Century A. D.	
			Jests.....	iii. 47
			"HODGE, TOBE."	
			Swallowing the Parrot.....	iii. 385
			Powerful Temperance.....	v. 260
			HOGG, JAMES, 1772-1835.	
			Love is Like a Dizziness.....	iv. 382

- HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, b. 1809.
 A Visit to the Asylum for Aged and
 Decayed Punsters..... *ii. 86
 At the Piano..... ii. 128
 The Height of the Ridiculous..... *ii. 360
 On Lending a Punch Bowl..... iii. 52
 Contentment..... iii. 127
 The Treadmill Song..... iv. 297
 The Deacon's Masterpiece; or, the
 Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay"..... iv. 338
 The Music Grinders..... v. 241
- HOOD, THOMAS, 1798-1845.
 A Report from Below..... ii. 399
 The Sunday Question..... *iv. 390
 The Bachelor's Dream..... iv. 392
 Good-Night..... iv. 393
 A Parental Ode to My Son, Aged Three
 Years and Five Months..... iv. 393
 A Serenade..... iv. 394
 Faithless Nelly Gray..... iv. 394
- HOUDIN, ROBERT, 1805-1871.
 A Marabout Humbugged..... *v. 366
- HOWARD, LIEUT.
 Nights at Sea..... iii. 334
- HUGHES, JOHN.
 The Magic Lay of the One-Horse Shay.. iv. 336
- INGRAHAM, J. P., b. 1809.
 The Romance of Broadway..... iv. 387
- IRVING, WASHINGTON, 1783-1859.
 Rip Van Winkle..... *ii. 256
 The Legend of Sleepy Hollow..... ii. 264
- JENNER, DR. EDWARD, 1749-1823.
 Signs of Rain..... *iii. 362
- JERROLD, DOUGLAS, 1803-1857.
 Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures..... *i. 1
- JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL, 1709-1784.
 Epigram..... v. 222
- JONSON, BEN, 1574-1637.
 Bobadil's Plan for Saving the Expense of
 an Army..... i. 381
 Robin Goodfellow..... iii. 298
 Epigrams..... v. 217
- KELLY, JONATHAN F. ("Falconbridge"),
 b. 1817.
 A Desperate Race..... *iii. 357
- KHAYYAM, OMAR, b. 1100 A. D.
 Rubaiyat..... *v. 226
- KNOTT, J. PROCTOR, b. 1830.
 Duluth..... *iii. 365
 On Paving Pennsylvania Avenue..... iii. 368
- KNOX, J. ARMORY.
 A Rough Translation..... *iii. 377
 The Coyote..... iii. 378
- KOPISCH, AUGUST.
 First Intoxication..... iv. 182
- KORTUM, CARL ARNOLD, 1745-1824.
 The Jobsiad..... *iv. 230
- LAMAR, JOHN B.
 Polly Peablossom's Wedding..... v. 244
- LAMB, CHARLES.
 Witticisms..... v. 204
- A Farewell to Tobacco..... v. 294
 Witticisms..... v. 295
- LANDON, MELVILLE D. ("Eli Per-
 kins"), b. 1840.
 Scaring a Connecticut Farmer..... iii. 191
 The Funny Side of Fisk..... *iii. 355
- LATIMER, MRS. E. W.
 "The Hat," From the French..... iv. 260
- LE FAUN, J. SHERIDAN.
 Hyacinth O' Toole..... v. 147
- LEIGH, HENRY S.
 The Twins..... i. 210
 "Only Seven." After Wordsworth..... i. 233
- LEIGHTON, ROBERT.
 The Baptisement o' the Bairn..... *i. 368
- LELAND, CHARLES GODFREY, b. 1824.
 From the German of J. V. von Scheffel.. iv. 180
 Ladies' Boots..... iv. 328
- LEMON, MARK.
 Jest Book, with Introduction..... iv. 191
- LE SAGE, ALAIN RENÉ, 1668-1747.
 Gil Blas and the Archbishop..... *iii. 23
- LESLIE, ELIZA, 1787-1858.
 That Gentleman..... *v. 347
- LESSING, GOTTHOLDEPHEIM, 1729-
 1781.
 Fables..... *v. 332
 Epigrams..... v. 335
- LEVER, CHARLES JAMES, 1806-1872.
 A Lively Time..... iii. 179
 How to Make Love for a Friend..... *iv. 341
- LLOYD, R., 1733-1764.
 The Milkmaid..... iii. 142
- LLYND, PAUL.
 The Right Place, but the Wrong Man... iv. 375
- LOCKER, FREDERICK, b. 1821.
 Geraldine Green..... iii. 317
 Mrs. Smith..... iii. 317
 Susan: A Kind Providence..... iii. 322
- LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON, 1794-1854.
 Captain Paton..... i. 331
- LONGSTREET, A. B.
 Georgia Theatrics..... v. 337
- LOVER, SAMUEL, 1787-1868.
 The Quaker's Meeting..... i. 56
 Rory O'More..... i. 333
 Barney O'Reardon..... i. 342
 Handy Andy..... *iii. 143
 Ask and Have..... iii. 289
 The Gridiron..... iii. 310
- LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, b. 1819.
 The Courtin'..... i. 86
 The Pious Editor's Creed..... *iii. 127
 The Yankee Recruit..... iv. 324
- LUCIAN, Second Century.
 The True History..... *iv. 264
 Icaromenippus; or, the Aerial Jaunt.... iv. 282
- LUCILUS.
 The Mouse and the Miser..... iii. 322
 Chloe's Hair..... iv. 156

MACKAY, CHARLES, b. 1814.			MORRIS, CLARA.	
Be Quiet, do ! I'll Call my Mother.....	i.	362	A Couple of Bad Boys.....	ii. 74
MADDEN, RICHARD ROBERT, b. 1798.			MORRIS, GEORGE P., 1802-1864.	
Daniel O'Connell and Biddy Moriarty....	iv.	253	The Retort.....	i. 191
MAGINN, WILLIAM, 1793-1842.			The Little Frenchman and his Water Lots.....	v. 279
Saint Patrick.....	*iii.	141	MÜLLER, WILHELM, 1794-1827.	
The Irishman.....	iv.	329	The Drunkard's Conceit.....	ii. 322
MAHONY, FRANCIS ("Father Prout"), 1805-1866.			MURRAY, JOHN FISHER.	
The Town of Passage.....	*iii.	56	Father Tom and the Pope.....	*i. 67
MALLOCK, WILLIAM HURRELL, b. 1849.			NACK, JAMES, b. 1826.	
Positivism on an Island. The New Paul and Virginia.....	*iv.	157	The Old Clock.....	iv. 326
MARTIN, THEODORE, b. 1816.			NEAL, JOHN, b. 1818.	
The Bon Gaultier Ballads.....	iv.	104	Garden Theatricals.....	v. 338
MATHEWS, CHARLES ("The Elder"), 1776-1836.			NEAVES, LORD.	
Joe Hatch.....	ii.	83	The Jolly Testator who makes his own Will.....	iv. 354
MCCARTNEY, GEN. WM. H.			NEWELL, R. H. ("Orpheus C. Kerr"), b. 1836.	
Speech at a Banquet.....	i.	57	Family Reading.....	i. 230
McKENZIE, JAMES A.			The Gothic Steed.....	*v. 206
On the Tariff Commission.....	*ii.	280	OUTRAM, GEORGE, 1805-1856.	
McLEOD, NORMAN, 1812-1872.			The Annuity.....	*iv. 352
A True Ghost Story.....	*v.	374	The Annuitant's Answer.....	iv. 353
MÉNAGE, GILES, 1613-1692.			PARKE, WALTER.	
The Happy Man.....	*ii.	319	The Young Gazelle: A Moore-ish Tale..	iii. 322
MEREDITH, GEORGE, b. 1828.			PASSERONI, GIAN CARLO, 1713-1803.	
The Beggar's Soliloquy.....	iii.	363	In Praise of Sleep.....	ii. 322
MERRICK, JAMES, 1720-1769.			PAULDING, JAMES KIRKE, 1779-1860.	
The Chameleon.....	*ii.	31	Kentucky Hospitality.....	*iii. 345
MICHELSÉN, ANDREAS LUDWIG JAKOB, DR., b. 1801.			PAUL, HENRY HOWARD.	
Blücher and his Pipe-Bearer at Waterloo..	ii.	79	Colonel Crickley's Horse.....	iii. 342
MILLER, JOAQUIN, b. 1836.			PERKINS, FRED. B.	
That Texan Cattle Man.....	iii.	115	Devil-Puzzlers.....	iii. 133
MILLER, JOE, 1684-1738.			PFEFFEL, GOTTLIEB KONRAD, 1736- 1809.	
Joe Miller's Jests.....	*iii.	63	Might and Right.....	ii. 321
MILLER, WILLIAM.			PHILLIPS, H., JR.	
The Wonderfu' Wean.....	iv.	381	From the German of Aug. Kopisch.....	iv. 182
Cockie-leerie-la.....	iv.	382	PILPAY.	
MILTON, JOHN, 1608-1674.			The Dervise, the Thief, and the Devil... *	v. 384
Old Hobson.....	ii.	121	POOLE, JOHN.	
L'Allegro.....	*v.	209	Paul Pry.....	ii. 369
MITCHELL, DONALD GRANT ("Ik Marvel"), b. 1822.			POPE, ALEXANDER, 1688-1744.	
Happy at Last.....	*v.	369	Worms.....	iii. 298
Lighted with a Coal.....	v.	372	Epigram.....	v. 221
MOLIÈRE, JEAN BAPTISTE POQUE- LIN, 1622-1673.			PORSON, RICHARD, 1759-1808.	
The Physician in Spite of Himself.....	*v.	123	The Devil's Walk.....	i. 378
MONTAIGNE, MICHAEL DE, 1533-1591.			POWER, TYRONE, 1795-1841.	
Not to Counterfeit Being Sick.....	*v.	265	Incident of a Visit to Pittsburgh.....	ii. 83
MOORE, THOMAS, 1779-1852.			PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH, 1802-1839.	
Three Blind Tiplers.....	iii.	290	The Belle of the Ball-Room.....	iv. 247
The Rabbinical Origin of Women.....	iv.	300	PRENTICE, GEORGE D., 1802-1870.	
A Case of Libel.....	iv.	356	Prenticeana.....	*v. 326
Church and State.....	iv.	360	PRENTISS, SARGENT S., 1808-1850.	
Lying.....	iv.	360	Speech on Corn Whiskey.....	*iii. 49
The Millennium.....	iv.	361		

- PRIOR, MATTHEW, 1664-1721.
 The Thief and the Cordelier..... *iii. 176
 Epigrams..... v. 220
- "QUAD, M."
 Canvassing Under Disadvantages..... v. 373
- RABELAIS, FRANÇOIS, 1483-1553.
 Personal Anecdotes..... *ii. 2
 How Panurge Praiseth Debtors and Borrowers..... ii. 6
 Why Monks Love to be in Kitchens..... ii. 10
 The Fool's Judgment..... ii. 11
 The Secret-Telling Box..... ii. 12
 The Lost Hatchet..... ii. 12
 How Pantagruel Met With a Great Storm at Sea..... ii. 15
 Rabelais Imitates Diogenes..... ii. 20
 Epistemon's Descent into Hell..... ii. 22
 Rabelais to the Reader..... ii. 25
 The Wonderful Physicians at the Court of Queen Whim..... ii. 25
 Pantagruelian Prognostications..... ii. 25
- RAMSAY, ALLAN, 1686-1758.
 Definition of Wit..... i. 61
- RAMSEY, EDWARD BANNERMAN, 1793-1882.
 A Scotch Reading: The Foxes' Tails..... *i. 397
- READE, CHARLES, 1814-1880.
 Dr. Aberford and his Prescription..... *v. 357
- REINICK, ROBERT.
 A Curious Circumstance..... iv. 182
- ROBB, JOHN S. ("Solitaire").
 Swallowing an Oyster Alive..... i. 382
- ROWLANDS, SAMUEL.
 The Conjuror Cozened..... iii. 177
- RUSSELL, IRWIN.
 Nebuchadnezzar: The Mule of that Name..... ii. 288
 The First Client..... iv. 355
- RUTEBEUF THE TROUVÈRE, 13th Century.
 The Fabliau..... *v. 197
- SALA, GEORGE AUGUSTUS, b. 1827.
 Not Classical..... iii. 360
 "Pie"..... iv. 256
- SANCTA CLARA, ABRAHAM a 1642-1709.
 St. Anthony's Sermon to the Fishes..... iii. 178
- SARGENT, EPES, 1812-1880.
 The Critic..... *iv. 148
- SAXE, JOHN GODFREY, b. 1816.
 Sonnet to a Clam..... i. 367
 How the Baby Came..... iii. 344
 The Lawyer's Suit..... iv. 350
 How the Lawyers Got a Patron Saint..... iv. 359
- SCARRON, PAUL, 1610-1660.
 Virgile Travesti..... *v. 267
- SCHEFFEL, JOSEF VIKTOR VON, b. 1826.
 Once on a Time a Fool Said This..... *iv. 180
 Old Assyrian..... iv. 180
- SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON, 1759-1805.
 Song for Punch Drinkers..... ii. 320
- SCOTT, SIR WALTER, 1771-1832.
 How Caleb Balderstone Catered for Wolf's Crag..... *v. 210
 Epigram..... v. 224
 The Bravery of Bailie Nicol Jarvie..... v. 227
 Rob Roy..... v. 234
 The Search After Happiness..... v. 253
- SELBER, ———.
 Schnapps..... ii. 319
- SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, 1564-1616.
 Sir John Falstaff, in Henry IV., Part I..... i. 234
 Sir John Falstaff, in Henry IV., Part II..... i. 255
 Sir John Falstaff, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"..... i. 276
 Sir John Falstaff, in Henry V..... i. 301
 Extract from the "Comedy of Errors"..... v. 353
- SHAPLEY, RUFUS E., b. 1840.
 Solid for Mulhooly..... *i. 154
- SHAW, AUGUSTUS ("Josh Billings").
 Wit and Wisdom from Josh Billings..... i. 386
 Aphorisms..... ii. 287
 Aphorisms..... ii. 288
 On Mules..... v. 203
 On Dogs..... v. 204
 The Shanghais..... v. 240
 On Pigs..... v. 243
- SHERIDAN, R'D BRINSLEY, 1751-1816.
 Calendar in Rhyme..... i. 215
- SHERIDAN, DR. THOMAS, 1684-1738.
 Epigrams..... v. 221
- SHILLABER, BENJAMIN P. ("Mrs. Partington"), b. 1814.
 Mrs. Partington..... *v. 143
 Ike After the Opera..... v. 144
- SIDLEY, JAMES A.
 The Irish Schoolmaster..... iii. 216
- SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE, 1806-1870.
 The Big Lie..... *v. 306
- "SKETCHLEY, ARTHUR."
 Mrs. Brown on the Army..... *iii. 393
- SMITH, HORACE, 1779-1849.
 Blindman's Buff..... ii. 30
 The Collegian and the Porter..... *iii. 51
 The Baby's Debut..... iii. 181
 The Jester Condemned to Death..... iii. 283
 The Milkmaid and the Banker..... iv. 323
- SMITH, JAMES, 1775-1839.
 The Collegian and the Porter..... *iii. 51
 The Baby's Debut..... iii. 181
- SMOLLETT, TOBIAS ("Peregrine Pickle"), 1721-1771.
 A Jocular Baronet..... *iv. 124
 A Feast After the Manner of the Ancients..... iv. 128
- SOTHERN, E. A.
 Lord Dundreary..... i. 192
- SOUTHEY, ROBERT, 1774-1843.
 The Well of St. Keyne..... iii. 128
 The March to Moscow..... iv. 297
- STANTON, HENRY T.
 Culex in Carmine..... *iv. 258
- STEELE, SIR RICHARD, 1671-1729.
 Sir Roger de Coverley..... *ii. 139, 142, 146, 148, 154, 166
 The Good-Humored Club..... v. 195

- STERNE, LAURENCE, 1713-1768.
Courtship of Uncle Toby and the Widow
Wadman..... *ii. 33
- STILL, JOHN, 1543-1607.
Jolly Good Ale and Old..... *iii. 361
- STOCKTON, F. R.
That Same Old Coon..... v. 296
- STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY, b. 1825.
Why Biddy and Pat Married..... *i. 62
- SURTEES, ROBERT SMITH.
THE TURF:
Mr. Jorrock's at Newmarket..... *ii. 289
Jorrock's Hunt..... ii. 300
- SWEET, ALEXANDER E.
A Foiled Book Agent..... *iii. 379
He Took it all Back..... iii. 380
The Texas Climate..... iii. 380
A Yankee Desperado..... iii. 381
Throwing the Lasso..... iii. 382
A Pertinent Question..... iii. 384
A Fair Proposition..... iii. 385
- SWIFT, JONATHAN, 1667-1745.
A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA..... *iii. 81
A Gentle Echo on Woman..... iii. 141
Epigrams..... v. 221
- TAYLOR, BAYARD, 1825-1878.
From the German of J. P. Hebel..... iv. 180
- TAYLOR, JOHN, 1769-1832.
Monsieur Tonson..... ii. 72
- TENNYSON, ALFRED, b. 1809.
The Goose..... iii. 361
- THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE,
1811-1863.
At the Menagerie..... iii. 182
A Little Dinner at Timmins's..... *iv. 88
- THOMPSON, MORTIMER M. ("K. Q.
Philander Doesticks"), 1831-1865.
Running with the "Masheen"..... *iii. 129
Niagara..... iii. 131
- THOMS, WILLIAM J., b. 1803.
Joe Miller and the Jesters of all Times
and Climes..... iii. 57
- THORNBURY, GEORGE WALTER, b.
1828.
How Prof. Pepsine Lectured the Ghost... ii. 122
- THRALE, MRS., 1740-1822.
The Three Warnings..... *v. 281
- TOOKE, WILLIAM, 1777-1863.
Translation of Lucian's "True History." iv. 264
Translation of Lucian's "Icaromemppus" iv. 282
- TRAVERS, WILLIAM.
Anecdotes..... *ii. 325
- VIRGIL (Publius Virgilius Maro), B.C. 70-19.
Silenus..... *iii. 289
- VOLTAIRE, FRANCOIS MARIE
AROUET, 1694-1778.
Micromegas..... i. 387
- WAKE, WILLIAM BASIL.
Saying, not Meaning..... v. 146
- WALLER, EDMUND, 1605-1687.
Epigrams..... v. 219
- WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY, b. 1829.
The Ethics of Bran..... i. 384
How I Killed a Bear..... *iv. 120
Col. Mulberry Sellers..... iv. 175
- WARREN, SAMUEL, 1807-1877.
Mr. Titmouse Dyes his Hair..... *iii. 118
- WHITEHEAD, CHARLES.
Dick Sparrow's Evening Out..... i. 352
- WHITE, JAMES, d. 1820.
The Falstaff Letters..... *1. 308
- WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER, 1807-
1867.
Love in a Cottage..... *iii. 58
- WILSON, JOHN, 1785-1854.
Noctes Ambrosianae..... *v. 262
- WOLCOTT, JOHN ("Peter Pindar"), 1738-
1819.
The Pilgrim and the Peas..... i. 383
The Toper and the Flies..... iii. 132
Epigrams..... ✓v. 222
- WOOLF, B. E.
The Mighty Dollar..... v. 273
- WYCHERLEY, WILLIAM, 1640-1715.
Extract from the "Plain Dealer"..... v. 352
- YATES, EDMUND HODGSON, b. 1831.
Pommery Greno..... iii. 290
All Saints..... iii. 364
- YRIARTE, TOMAS DE, 1750-1791.
The Ass and the Flute..... i. 374
The Country Squire..... *ii. 316
The Bear and the Monkey..... ii. 317
The Eggs..... iv. 395
- ANONYMOUS.
The Bishop and the Colliers..... i. 55
Downfall of a Dude..... i. 59
Clerical Wit..... i. 59
Humors of Duelling..... i. 60
A Hint for Bore..... i. 60
A Lost Dog..... i. 60
A Clergyman's Simplicity..... i. 61
The Story of the Book Agent..... i. 64
Concerning a Pound of Butter..... i. 65
The Bald-Headed Man..... i. 66
The Two Butlers..... i. 81
Too Much Credit..... i. 85
Easily Flattered..... i. 86
Autobiography of a Good Joke..... i. 87
A Street-Car Scene..... i. 91
Who Milked my Cow; or, the Marine
Ghost..... i. 144
The Goose a National Bird..... i. 203
Love vs. Tobacco..... i. 203
Mungo Mackay, the Practical Joker..... i. 205
The Indians and the Mustard..... i. 210
The Yellow Domino..... i. 211
A Rare Bird..... i. 213
Strikes..... i. 213
An Italian Anecdote..... i. 229
"The Origin of Man"..... i. 231
Kissing's no Sin..... i. 232
Bascom's Baby..... i. 232
"Same Old Lie"..... i. 332
How the Money was Buried..... i. 333
A Benedict Canticle..... i. 338
The Stolen Pig..... i. 360
Paying Dear for his Bugle..... i. 361
My Next Husband..... i. 364
A Sailor's Benevolent Complacency..... i. 367
Courting in Nebraska..... i. 373

ANONYMOUS.

A Smart Agent.....	i. 374
Carrying Out the Joke.....	i. 375
Placing the Pudding.....	i. 376
Anecdote of Jerome Bonaparte.....	i. 376
A French Joke.....	i. 377
A Position Still Open.....	i. 378
Anecdote of Thiers.....	i. 379
The Ring.....	i. 380
A Novel Frenchman.....	i. 381
An Oriental Æsculapius.....	i. 382
A Shrewd Correspondent.....	i. 385
A Horse Trade.....	i. 386
The Haunch of Venison.....	i. 399
A Sharp Student.....	ii. 29
A Condensed Novel.....	ii. 32
A Brevet Horse.....	ii. 74
The Trovers.....	ii. 75
A Successful Trick.....	ii. 75
"Don't Talk till ye see Flynn".....	ii. 76
The Penny Ye Meant to Gi'e.....	ii. 76
How he Stopped Chewing.....	ii. 77
The Vicar of Bray.....	ii. 78
A Brief Courtship.....	ii. 80
The Philosopher and the Ferryman.....	ii. 80
Tim Price's Ram.....	ii. 81
Logic; or, The Horse Chestnut.....	ii. 82
The Rival Broom Makers.....	ii. 86
Tom Turner—An Epic Ballad.....	ii. 90
Sir Isaac Newton's Courtship.....	ii. 90
Sure Cure for Pride.....	ii. 107
The Griffin.....	ii. 118
Doing Her Part.....	ii. 120
King John and the Abbot.....	ii. 126
Compliments.....	ii. 128
A Desirable Horse.....	ii. 128
A Banker's Wit.....	ii. 178
The Lawyers and the Cat.....	ii. 179
Novel Reply to a Challenge.....	ii. 180
An American Rival to Curran.....	ii. 180
Anecdote of General Cass.....	ii. 182
How Long?.....	ii. 182
Wade and Giddings.....	ii. 182
A Good Legislative Story.....	ii. 183
Guilty—but Drunk.....	ii. 184
Related to the Judge.....	ii. 185
A Legal Wag.....	ii. 186
The Barrister and the Witness.....	ii. 186
Metempsychosis.....	ii. 187
A Saucy Lawyer.....	ii. 187
Ridicule vs. Eloquence.....	ii. 187
Chief Baron Pollock.....	ii. 188
Eldon's First Judgment.....	ii. 188
Curious Marriage Ceremony.....	ii. 191
Bobby's Trousers.....	ii. 192
Flustered.....	ii. 192
The Travels and Surprising Adventures of Baron Munchausen.....	ii. 193
Deacon Dodd.....	ii. 253
A Queer Poet.....	ii. 254
A Musical Duel.....	ii. 255
A Seasonable Philanthropist.....	ii. 255
A Rejected Manuscript.....	ii. 279
Inflexibility; or, How Some Women Manage.....	ii. 284
An Unfriendly Question.....	ii. 288
An Experienced Shopper.....	ii. 288
An Awkward Compliment.....	ii. 356
Jimmy Butler and the Owl.....	ii. 357
Kicked by a Mule.....	ii. 368
He Didn't Know the Court.....	ii. 398
Story of a New Hat.....	iii. 21
The Lawyer and the Oyster.....	iii. 22
The Pig in a Poke.....	iii. 30
A Royal Quandary.....	iii. 39
Charles Mathews and the Silver Spoons.....	iii. 39
The Edinburgh Ladies' Petition.....	iii. 44
Brevity.....	iii. 48
Relics.....	iii. 50
A Man who Didn't Overestimate Him- self.....	iii. 50

ANONYMOUS.

Anecdote of the Emperor Nicholas.....	iii. 53
A Shooting Exploit of Tom Sheridan.....	iii. 54
"That Four Shillin'".....	iii. 55
A Love Confidence.....	iii. 115
An Original Love Story.....	iii. 132
A Disgusted Lobster.....	iii. 142
Puns Warranted Genuine.....	iii. 190
Touching Solitude.....	iii. 191
Securing a Tenor.....	iii. 192
Ancestral Wisdom.....	iii. 192
A Poor Husband.....	iii. 192
Johnson's View.....	iii. 192
Wanted a Governess.....	iii. 230
The Citizen and the Thieves.....	iii. 230
A Rectifying Establishment.....	iii. 289
A Stage-Coach Story.....	iii. 291
The Peep.....	iii. 294
An Ingenious Evasion.....	iii. 294
A Newspaper.....	iii. 297
A Good Story of a Judge.....	iii. 304
Chicken Conundrums.....	iii. 305
It Broke up the Party.....	iii. 306
Gautier's Cat and Parrot.....	iii. 306
Climbed Him at Last.....	iii. 307
An Agonizing Suspense.....	iii. 307
Dodging the Responsibility.....	iii. 360
Blue Stockings.....	iii. 364
The Ill Wind.....	iii. 364
Persian Wit.....	iii. 390
The Tombigbee Incident.....	iii. 392
Adventure of a Missouri Politician.....	iii. 399
Gluggity Glug.....	iii. 400
An Exchange of Passes.....	iv. 88
Testy Neighbors.....	iv. 103
An Entertaining Hackman.....	iv. 103
Theory of a Perfect Family.....	iv. 118
Parting with the Family Pet.....	iv. 119
An Old Lady's First Railroad Ride.....	iv. 132
The Abbot of Waltham.....	iv. 146
The Duke and the Tinker.....	iv. 147
Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman.....	iv. 149
Happy and Innocent (?) Childhood.....	iv. 155
A Conservative Farmer.....	iv. 155
Too Old to be Trifled With.....	iv. 156
A Story of Brignoli.....	iv. 156
On a Deaf Housekeeper.....	iv. 156
Pope and Sultan.....	iv. 182
Some Impromptu Definitions.....	iv. 190
The Faithful Lovers.....	iv. 248
He Stole his Thunder.....	iv. 250
When Evarts Unbends.....	iv. 254
The Duke of Wellington's Experiment.....	iv. 255
The Suicidal Cat.....	iv. 259
The Hat. Recited by M. Coquelin.....	iv. 260
A Little Domestic Story.....	iv. 263
Her Reasons.....	iv. 263
Hopeless.....	iv. 263
The Magpie; or, Bad Company.....	iv. 299
I Wish he would Decide.....	iv. 301
An Idyl of the Period.....	iv. 301
Pungent Sentences from French Humo- rists.....	iv. 303
For the Heathen.....	iv. 304
Kisses in Market.....	iv. 321
The Tall Gentleman to his Lady Love.....	iv. 328
The New Genesis.....	iv. 330
A Mixed Decision.....	iv. 331
A Matter of Conscience.....	iv. 331
Suspected her Husband.....	iv. 331
Hamlet with a Navy Pistol.....	iv. 332
How Jim Took in his Father.....	iv. 332
Not the Dog's Fault.....	iv. 334
A Warning to Pinchers.....	iv. 334
The Car-Conductor's Mistake.....	iv. 334
Awkward.....	iv. 335
Audacity.....	iv. 335
Caught.....	iv. 335
Did not Know a Name more Illustrious.....	iv. 339
The Soup Story. "He'd Better have Swallowed it".....	iv. 339

ANONYMOUS.

Sheridan Compromising a Difficulty.....	iv. 340
The Lawyer's Stratagem.....	iv. 350
An Old Saw.....	iv. 351
St. Peter vs. a Lawyer.....	iv. 351
A Whimsical Attorney's Bill.....	iv. 355
The Great Ham Case. From Punch's Law Reports.....	iv. 356
Owen Kerr vs. Owen Kerr.....	iv. 358
M'Vey vs. Hennigan.....	iv. 358
Blaine's Humorous Illustration.....	iv. 362
Davidge the Comedian.....	iv. 362
Could not Help Himself.....	iv. 363
How the Dutchman gave a Promissory Note.....	iv. 363
Che-Che-Rang and Chi-Chil-Bloo.....	iv. 364
The Living Corpse.....	iv. 366
The Skunk; or, Biddy Maloney's Cat....	iv. 367
Garrick and the Mastiff.....	iv. 368
Bad for the Cow.....	iv. 368
No Contempt Meant.....	iv. 369
Moliere's Physician.....	iv. 369
Irish Diamonds.....	iv. 374
He Got it Wrong.....	iv. 374
The Unmentionables.....	iv. 377
Early Times in Indiana.....	iv. 377
A Professor of Natural History.....	iv. 379
A New Jersey Judge.....	iv. 380
Beau Brummel.....	iv. 380
Guessing the Authors as he Proceeds....	iv. 382
An Exacting Husband.....	iv. 383
How it Goes.....	iv. 383
Court Scene in San Francisco.....	iv. 383

ANONYMOUS.

Going to Buy New York.....	iv. 384
Patent Alarm Beds.....	iv. 384
Don't do it Again.....	iv. 389
Stanzas to an Egg.....	iv. 395
A Parrot Story.....	iv. 400
The Lost Spectacles.....	v. 91
A Good One.....	v. 91
Alexander Dumas' Pedigree.....	v. 122
What Presence of Mind did for a Soldier.	v. 139
Not Appreciated.....	v. 140
A Scout's Soliloquy.....	v. 140
Guffey's Cat..... <i>Overland Monthly.</i>	v. 141
How Edouin Caught Fish.....	v. 141
Prudish People.....	v. 145
Diary of a Sea Voyage.....	v. 157
A Colonel on Guard Duty.....	v. 159
Why Don't the Men Propose?..... <i>T. H. B.</i>	v. 159
Why the Men Don't Propose..... <i>J. E. C.</i>	v. 160
The Judge on the Treadmill.....	v. 160
Sharp.....	v. 216
The Music Grinders..... <i>J. P. B.</i>	v. 241
The Hospital for Liars..... <i>N. Y. Times.</i>	v. 257
Toodles.....	v. 305
Ode to the Skunk.....	v. 331
The Hoosier and the Salt Pile.....	v. 344
Choosing a Husband.....	v. 346
A Sailor's Wife.....	v. 346
Why he Smoked.....	v. 353
Brave Old Soldier..... <i>Raleigh Sentinel.</i>	v. 356
Ensign O'Donoghue's First Love. <i>Fraser's</i> <i>Magazine.</i>	v. 361
Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec.....	v. 377

INDEX OF AUTHORS

ACCORDING TO COUNTRIES.

DOMINION OF CANADA.

Haliburton, Thomas Chandler. ii. 361.

ENGLAND.

A'Beckett, Gilbert Abbott. iii. 324, 326, 327, 328, 330, 331.
 Addison, Joseph. i. 381; ii. 129; v. 220.
 Angelo, Henry. ii. 85.
 Anstey, J. B. iv. 183, 316.
 Arnold, Thomas. iv. i.
 Barham, Richard Harris. i. 92, 105, 108, 112, 113, 116, 118, 124, 128, 131, 133, 136, 138, 143.
 Barker, David. iii. 344.
 Barnes, William. iii. 314.
 Baskerville, A. iv. 182; v. 336, 337.
 Behn, Aphra. v. 325.
 Browne, Matthew. iii. 315.
 Budgell, Eustace. ii. 150, 175.
 Burnand, Francis Cowley. ii. 91; iv. 330.
 Burton, William E. iv. 369.
 Butler, Samuel. v. 217.
 Byrom, John. i. 396; v. 222.
 Byron, Lord George Gordon. i. 216; iii. 45.
 Calverly, Charles S. i. 58; iv. 302.
 Canning, George. v. 189.
 Chesterfield, Lord. v. 222.
 Cleveland, John. v. 222.
 Coleridge, Samuel Taylor. i. 66; ii. 190; v. 224.
 Collins, Mortimer. iii. 317.
 Colman, George. (The Younger.) i. 359; iii. 22.
 Cook, Eliza. iv. 385.
 Cowley, Abraham. iv. 249.
 Cowley, Hannah. v. 201.
 Cowper, William. ii. 79; iv. 294, 357.
 Croker, Thomas Crofton. ii. 32; v. 322.
 Defoe, Daniel. v. 239.
 D'Esterre, E. iv. 180.
 Devereux, G. H. iv. 395.
 Dibdin, Thomas. ii. 280.
 Dickens, Charles. iii. 231; v. 248.
 Disraeli, Benjamin. iii. 217.
 Drysen, Paul. iv. 82.
 D'Urfey, Tom. i. 375.
 Dwight, J. S. iv. 146.

Eliot, George. i. 363.

(394)

Fielding, Henry. v. 242.

Florence, W. J. v. 273.

Forrester, Alfred H. ("Crowquill.") iv. 396.

Frere, John Hookham. iii. i.

Gilbert, William S. iii. 193, 194, 195, 197, 198, 199, 200, 202, 203, 204, 205, 207, 208, 209, 211, 212, 213, 214.

Harrison, William. i. 80, 204.

Heber, Reginald. iii. 55.

Hood, Thomas. ii. 399; iv. 390, 392, 393, 394.

Howard, Lieutenant. iii. 334.

Hughes, John. iv. 336.

Jenner, Dr. Edward. iii. 362.

Jerrold, Douglas. i. i.

Johnson, Dr. Samuel. v. 222.

Jonson, Ben. i. 381; iii. 298; v. 217.

Lamb, Charles. v. 204, 294, 295.

Le Faun, J. Sheridan. v. 147.

Lemon, Mark. iv. 191.

Lloyd, R. iii. 142.

Locker, Frederick. iii. 317, 322.

Mallock, William H. iv. 157.

Mathews, Charles. ("The Elder.") ii. 83.

Meredith, George. iii. 363.

Merrick, James. ii. 31.

Miller, Joe. iii. 63.

Milton, John. ii. 121; v. 209.

Neaves, Lord. iv. 354.

Parke, Walter. iii. 322.

Phillips, H., Jr. iv. 182.

Poole, John. ii. 369.

Pope, Alexander. iii. 298; v. 221.

Porson, Richard. i. 378.

Praed, Winthrop Mackworth. iv. 247.

Prior, Matthew. iii. 176; v. 220.

Reade, Charles. v. 357.

Rowlands, Samuel. iii. 177.

Sala, George Augustus. iii. 360; iv. 256.

Shakspeare, William. i. 234, 255, 276, 301; v. 353.

Sidey, James A. iii. 216.

"Sketchley, Arthur." iii. 393.

Smith, Horace. ii. 30; iii. 51, 181, 288; iv. 323.

Smith, James. iii. 51, 181.

Sothorn, E. A. i. 192.
 Southey, Robert. iii. 128; iv. 297.
 Still, John. iii. 361.
 Surtees, Robert Smith. ii. 289, 300.
 Taylor, John. ii. 72.
 Tennyson, Alfred. iii. 361.
 Thackeray, William Makepeace. iii. 182; iv. 88.
 Thoms, William J. iii. 57.
 Thornbury, George Walter. ii. 122.
 Thrall, Mrs. v. 281.
 Tooke, William. iv. 264, 282.
 Wake, William Basil. v. 146.
 Waller, Edmund. v. 219.
 White, James. i. 301.
 Whitehead, Charles. i. 352.
 Wolcott, John. ("Peter Pindar.") i. 383; iii. 132; v. 222.
 Wycherley, William. v. 352.
 Yates, Edmund H. iii. 290, 364.

FRANCE.

Balzac, Honoré de. iii. 318.
 Basselin, Olivier. iii. 304, 305.
 Beranger, Pierre Jean de. ii. 317, 318.
 Chatrian, Alexander. i. 339.
 Erckmann, Émile. i. 339.
 Fontaine, Jean de la. v. 382.
 Gerard, Marc-Antoine. v. 205.
 Gresset, J. B. L. v. 190.
 Houdin, Robert. v. 366.
 Le Sage, Alain René. iii. 23.
 Menage, Gilles. ii. 319.
 Molière, J. B. P. v. 123.
 Montaigne, Michael de. v. 265.
 Rabelais, François. ii. 2, 6, 10, 11, 12, 15, 20, 22, 25.
 Rutebeuf the Trouvère. v. 197.
 Scarron, Paul. v. 267.
 Voltaire, François Marié Arouet. i. 387.

GERMANY.

Bürger, Gottfried August. iv. 181.
 Chamisso, Adelbert von. ii. 322.
 Claudius, Matthias. ii. 320, 321.
 Erasmus, Desiderius. v. 200.
 Gellert, Christian F. iii. 49.
 Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von. iv. 1, 82, 146.
 Hagedorn, Frederick von. i. 79.
 Hebel, Johann P. iv. 180.

Kopisch, August. iv. 182.
 Kortüm, Carl Arnold. iv. 230.
 Lessing, Gotthold Ephraim. v. 332, 335.
 Michelsen, Andreas L. J. ii. 79.
 Müller, Wilhelm. ii. 322.
 Pfeffel, Gottlieb Konrad. ii. 321.
 Reinick, Robert. iv. 182.
 Sancta Clara, Abraham a. iii. 178.
 Scheffel, Josef Viktor von. iv. 180.
 Schiller, Johann Christoph Friedr. von. ii. 320.
 Selber, ———. ii. 319.

GREECE.

Æsop. v. 225.
 Aristophanes. iii. 1.
 Hierocles. iii. 47.
 Lucillus. iii. 322; iv. 156.

INDIA.

Pilpay. v. 384.

IRELAND.

Brougham, John. iii. 372.
 Carleton, William. ii. 107.
 Coyne, J. Sterling. v. 161.
 Goldsmith, Oliver. i. 330; ii. 326; v. 249.
 Lever, Charles James. iii. 179; iv. 341.
 Lover, Samuel. i. 56, 333, 342; iii. 143, 289, 310.
 Madden, Richard Robert. iv. 253.
 Maginn, William. iii. 141; iv. 329.
 Mahoney, Francis. ("Father Prout.") iii. 56.
 Moore, Thomas. iii. 290; iv. 300, 356, 360, 361.
 Murray, John Fisher. i. 67.
 Power, Tyrone. ii. 83.
 Sheridan, Dr. Thomas. v. 221.
 Sheridan, Richard Brinsley. i. 215.
 Steele, Sir Richard. ii. 139, 142, 146, 148, 154, 166; v. 195.
 Sterne, Laurence. ii. 33.
 Swift, Jonathan. iii. 81, 141; v. 221.

ITALY.

Boccaccio, Giovanni. v. 92.
 Passeroni, Gian Carlo. ii. 322.

LATIN.

Lucian. iv. 264, 282.

Virgil. iii. 289.

PERSIA.

Anonymous. iii. 390.

Khayyam, Omar. v. 226.

SCOTLAND.

Aytoun, William Edmondstoune. iv. 104, 111, 114.

Buchanan, Robert. i. 334, 342; iii. 295; v. 359.

Burns, Robert. iii. 31, 33, 38; v. 223.

Campbell, Thomas. iv. 321.

Galt, John. v. 194.

Hogg, James. iv. 381.

Leighton, Robert. i. 368.

Lockhart, John Gibson. i. 331.

Mackay, Charles. i. 362.

Martin, Theodore. iv. 104.

McLeod, Norman. v. 374.

Miller, William. iv. 381, 382.

Outram, George. iv. 352, 353.

Ramsay, Allan. i. 61.

Ramsey, Edward Bannerman. i. 397.

Scott, Sir Walter. v. 210, 224, 227, 234, 253.

Smollett, Tobias. ("Peregrine Pickle.") iv. 124, 128.

Warren, Samuel. iii. 118.

Wilson, John. v. 282.

SPAIN.

Cervantes Saavedra, Miguel de. v. 1.

Yriarte, Tomas de. i. 374; ii. 316, 317; iv. 395.

UNITED STATES.

Adams, Charles F. i. 153, 379.

Alden, W. L. iii. 300, 301, 302.

Arnold, George. iii. 362.

Bailey, James M. i. 362; iii. 314; iv. 251.

Baldwin, Joseph G. iii. 307, 309, 345, 354.

Bradbury, Colonel. ii. 184.

Brooks, Charles T. iv. 181, 230.

Browne, Charles F. ("Artemus Ward.") i. 380; v. 207, 215, 354, 355.

Bryant, William Cullen. iii. 117.

Burdette, Robert J. i. 214; ii. 253.

Carroll, Lewis. iii. 216, 297.

Clark, Charles H. ("Max Adeler.") i. 385; ii. 283; iii. 177, 180.

Clemens, Samuel L. ("Mark Twain.") 372; ii. 323, 358; iv. 175; v. 231.

Collin, J. B. iii. 29.

Corwin, Thomas. iii. 41.

Cozzens, Fred. S. iii. 46.

Curtis, George William. iv. 305.

Derby, George H. ("John Phoenix.") i. 63; iv. 132, 139, 142, 143.

Douglas, Stephen A. iii. 397.

Durivage, F. A. iii. 396.

Field, J. M. ("Everpoint.") ii. 180.

Fields, James T. iii. 323.

Franklin, Benjamin. iv. 320.

Gibson, W. H. i. 212.

Goodrich, Samuel G. ("Peter Parley.") iv. 83.

Harte, Francis Bret. i. 63, 215; iv. 85.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel. v. 275.

Hay, John. iii. 314, 332, 333.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell. ii. 86, 128, 360; iii. 52, 127; iv. 297, 338; v. 241.

Ingraham, J. P. iv. 387.

Irving, Washington. ii. 256, 264.

Kelly, Jonathan F. iii. 357.

Knott, J. Proctor. iii. 365, 368.

Knox, J. Armory. iii. 377, 378.

Lamar, John B. v. 244.

Landon, Melville D. ("Eli Perkins.") iii. 191, 355.

Latimer, Mrs. E. W. iv. 260.

Leigh, Henry S. i. 210, 233.

Leland, Charles Godfrey. iv. 180, 328.

Leslie, Eliza. v. 347.

Llynd, Paul. iv. 375.

Longstreet, A. B. v. 337.

Lowell, James Russell. i. 86; iii. 127; iv. 324.

McCartney, Gen. Wm. H. i. 57.

McIlvaine, Charles. ("Tobe Hodge.") iii. 385; v. 260.

McKenzie, James A. ii. 280.

Miller, Joaquin. iii. 115.

Mitchell, Donald G. v. 369, 372.

Morris, Clara. ii. 74.

Morris, George P. i. 191; v. 270.

Nack, James. iv. 326.

Neal, John. v. 338.

Newell, R. H. ("Orpheus C. Kerr.") i. 230; v. 206.

Paul, Henry Howard. iii. 342.

Paulding, James Kirke. iii. 345.

Perkins, Fred. B. iii. 133.

Prentice, George D. v. 326.

Prentiss, Sargent S. iii. 40.

"Quad, M." v. 373.

- Robb, John S. ("Solitaire.") i. 382.
 Russell, Irwin. ii. 288; iv. 355.
- Sargent, Epes. iv. 148.
 Saxe, John Godfrey. i. 367; iii. 344; iv. 350, 359.
 Shapley, Rufus E. i. 154.
 Shaw, Augustus. ("Josh Billings.") i. 386; ii. 287, 288; v. 203, 204, 240, 243.
 Shillaber, B. P. v. 143, 144.
 Simms, Wm. Gilmore. v. 306.
 Stanton, Henry T. iv. 258.
- Stoddard, Richard Henry. i. 62.
 Sweet, Alexander E. iii. 379, 380, 381, 382, 384, 385.
 Taylor, Bayard. iv. 180.
 Thompson, Mortimer M. ("K. Q. Philander Doesticks.") iii. 129, 131.
 Travers, William. ii. 325.
 Warner, Charles Dudley. i. 384; iv. 120, 175.
 Willis, Nathaniel Parker. iii. 52.
 Woolf, B. E. v. 273.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TITLES.

PROSE.

Accompanied on the Flute.....	<i>J. B. Anstey</i>	iv. 316
Æsop, Fables of.....		v. 225
Agonizing Suspense, An.....		iii. 307
Alexander Dumas' Pedigree.....		v. 122
American Charles Lamb, Our.....		ii. 325
American Rival to Curran, An.....		ii. 180
Ancestral Wisdom.....		iii. 192
Anecdote of General Cass.....		ii. 182
Anecdote of Jerome Bonaparte.....		i. 376
Anecdotes of Rabelais.....		ii. 2
Anecdote of the Emperor Nicholas.....		iii. 53
Anecdote of Thiers.....		i. 379
An Old Lady's First Railroad Ride.....		iv. 132
Aphorisms from Josh Billings.....		ii. 287
Artemus Ward Visits the Shakers.....	<i>Charles F. Browne</i>	i. 380
Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters.....	<i>O. W. Holmes</i>	ii. 86
At the Piano.....	<i>O. W. Holmes</i>	ii. 128
Audacity.....		iv. 335
Autobiography of a Good Joke.....		i. 87
Awkward.....		iv. 335
Bad for the Cow.....		iv. 369
Bald-headed Man, The.....		i. 66
Banker's Wit, A.....		ii. 178
Bardell vs. Pickwick.....	<i>Charles Dickens</i>	iii. 231
Barney O'Reiridon.....	<i>Samuel Lover</i>	i. 342
Barrister and the Witness, The.....		ii. 186
Bascom's Baby.....		i. 232
Beau Brummel.....		iv. 380
Bee Story by Bricktop, A.....	<i>J. B. Collin</i>	iii. 29
Belle's Stratagem, The.....	<i>Hannah Cowley</i>	v. 201
Biddy Maloney's Cat.....		iv. 367
Big Lie, The.....	<i>Wm. Gilmore Simms</i>	v. 306
Bishop and the Colliers, The.....		i. 55
Blaine's Humorous Illustration.....		iv. 362
Blücher and his Pipe-Bearer.....	<i>Dr. Michelsen</i>	ii. 79
Bobadil's Plan for Saving the Expense of an Army.....	<i>Ben Jonson</i>	i. 381
Bobby's Trousers.....	<i>Dr. Chambers' Scrap Book</i>	ii. 192
Book Peddler, The.....	<i>S. G. Goodrich</i>	iv. 83
Brave Old Soldier.....	<i>Raleigh Sentinel</i>	v. 356
Bravery of Bailie Nicol Jarvie.....	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	v. 227
Brevet Horse, A.....		ii. 74
Brevity.....		iii. 48
Bride's Dream, A.....		iii. 179
Brief Courtship, A.....		ii. 80
Brignoli, A Story of.....		iv. 156
Candid Candidate, A.....	<i>Max Adeler</i>	iii. 177
Canvassing Under Disadvantages.....	<i>M. Quad</i>	v. 373

Capital and Experience.....	i.	376
Car-Conductor's Mistake.....	iv.	334
Carrying Out the Joke.....	i.	375
Catching the Morning Train.....	iii.	180
Caught.....	iv.	335
Cayote, The.....	iii.	378
Celebrated Jumping Frog, The.....	v.	231
Charles Mathews and the Silver Spoon.....	iii.	39
Chief Baron Pollock.....	ii.	188
Chicken Conundrums.....	iii.	305
Choosing a Husband.....	v.	346
Clergymen as Fire-Escapes.....	iv.	331
Clergyman's Simplicity, A.....	i.	61
Climbed Him at Last.....	iii.	307
Colonel Crickley's Horse.....	iii.	342
Colonel Mulberry Sellers.....	iv.	175
Colonel on Guard Duty, A.....	v.	159
Comet, The.....	i.	339
Comic Blackstone, The.....	iii.	324
Compliments.....	ii.	128
Concerning a Pound of Butter.....	i.	65
Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman.....	iv.	149
Conscientious Epitaph, A.....	ii.	283
Conservative Farmer, A.....	iv.	155
Corwin's Reply to McCrary.....	iii.	41
Could Not Help Himself.....	iv.	363
Countrymen and the Dudes.....	i.	65
Couple of Bad Boys.....	ii.	74
Courting in Nebraska.....	i.	373
Court Scene in San Francisco.....	iv.	383
Courtship of Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman.....	ii.	33
Curious Marriage Ceremony.....	ii.	191
Daniel O'Connell and Biddy Moriarty.....	iv.	253
Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec.....	v.	377
Davidge, the Comedian.....	iv.	362
Decameron, Tales from the.....	v.	92
Deceived Dog, A.....	v.	142
Desirable Horse, A.....	ii.	128
Desperate Race, A.....	iii.	357
Devil-Puzzlers.....	iii.	133
Dialogue on Matrimony.....	i.	363
Diary of a Sea Voyage.....	v.	157
Dick Sparrow's Evening Out.....	i.	352
Did Not Know a Name More Illustrious.....	iv.	339
Disappointed Ambition.....	iii.	318
Disgusted Lobster, A.....	iii.	142
Distinction Between the Forms of Prayers.....	iv.	331
Doctor Johnson's Pudding.....	ii.	85
Dodging the Responsibility.....	iii.	360
Doesticks on a Bender.....	iii.	131
Dogs, On.....	v.	204
Doing Her Part.....	ii.	120
Don Quixote.....	v.	1
Don't do it Again.....	iv.	389
"Don't Talk till ye see Flynn".....	ii.	76
Dr. Aberford and His Prescription.....	v.	357
Driving a Hen.....	iii.	314
Duke of Wellington's Experiment, The.....	iv.	255
Duluth.....	iii.	365
Dumb Waiter, The.....	iii.	46

Early Times in Indiana.....		iv. 377
Easily Flattered.....		i. 86
Eldon's First Judgment.....		ii. 188
Ensign O'Donoghue's First Love.....	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>	v. 361
Enterprising Hackman, An.....		iv. 103
Epigrams.....		iii. 182
Epistemon's Descent Into Hell.....	<i>François Rabelais</i>	ii. 22
Ethics of Bran, The.....	<i>Charles Dudley Warner</i>	i. 384
Evarts, W. M., Wit and Humor of.....		iv. 254
Everybody's Friend.....	<i>J. Stirling Coyne</i>	v. 161
Exacting Husband, An.....		iv. 383
Exchange of Passes, An.....		iv. 88
Experienced Shopper, An.....		ii. 288
Fables of Æsop.....		v. 225
Fair Proposition, A.....	<i>A. E. Sweet</i>	iii. 385
Falstaff, Sir John.....	<i>William Shakspeare</i>	i. 234
Falstaff Letters, The.....	<i>James White</i>	i. 301
Falstaff in Hades.....	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>	i. 330
Farewell to San Francisco.....	<i>"John Phenix"</i>	iv. 142
Fastest Funeral on Record.....	<i>F. A. Durivage</i>	iii. 396
Father Tom and the Pope.....	<i>John Fisher Murray</i>	i. 67
Feast After the Manner of the Ancients, A.....	<i>T. Smollett</i>	iv. 128
Flush Times in Alabama.....	<i>Jos. G. Baldwin</i>	iii. 307
Flustered.....		ii. 192
Foiled Book Agent, A.....	<i>A. E. Sweet</i>	iii. 379
Fool's Judgment, The.....	<i>François Rabelais</i>	ii. 11
For the Heathen.....		iv. 304
Fox and the Stork, The.....	<i>F. Bret Harte</i>	i. 215
French Humorists, Pungent Sayings of.....		iv. 303
French Joke, A.....		i. 377
Friday and the Bear.....	<i>Daniel Defoe</i>	v. 239
Frosty Saturday Night, A.....	<i>James M. Bailey</i>	i. 362
Funny Side of Fisk.....	<i>Eli Perkins</i>	iii. 355
Garden Theatricals.....	<i>John Neal</i>	v. 338
Garrick and the Mastiff.....		iv. 368
Gautier's Cat and Parrot.....	<i>Dumb Animals</i>	iii. 306
Genealogy of Humor.....	<i>Joseph Addison</i>	i. 381
Georgia Theatrics.....	<i>A. B. Longstreet</i>	v. 337
Gil Blas and the Archbishop.....	<i>Alain René Le Sage</i>	iii. 23
Going to Bed Before a Young Lady.....	<i>S. A. Douglas</i>	iii. 397
Going to Buy New York.....		iv. 384
Good-Humored Club, The.....	<i>Sir Richard Steele</i>	v. 195
Good Legislative Story, A.....		ii. 183
Good One, A.....		v. 91
Good Story of a Judge.....		iii. 304
Goose, The, A National Bird.....	<i>Bench and Bar</i>	i. 203
Gothic Steed, The.....	<i>R. H. Newell</i>	v. 206
Gridiron, The.....	<i>Samuel Lover</i>	iii. 310
Griffin, The.....		ii. 118
Guessing the Authors as he Proceeds.....		iv. 382
Guffey's Cat.....	<i>Overland Monthly</i>	v. 141
Guilty, but Drunk.....	<i>Col. Bradbury</i>	ii. 184
Hamlet with a Navy Pistol.....		iv. 332
Handy Andy.....	<i>Samuel Lover</i>	iii. 143
Happy and Innocent (?) Childhood.....		iv. 155
Happy at Last.....	<i>Donald G. Mitchell</i>	v. 369
He Didn't Know the Court.....		ii. 398
He Got it Wrong.....		iv. 370

Her Reasons		iv. 263
He Stole his Thunder.....	<i>Temple Bar</i>	iv. 250
He Took it all Back.....	<i>A. E. Sweet</i>	iii. 380
Hierocles, The Jests of.....		iii. 47
Hint for Bores, A.....		i. 60
Hoosier and the Salt Pile, The.....		v. 344
Hopeless.....		iv. 263
Horse-Trade, A.....		i. 386
Hospital for Liars, The.....	<i>N. Y. Times</i>	v. 257
How Caleb Balderstone Catered for Wolf's Crag.....	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	v. 210
How Edouin Caught Fish.....	<i>N. Y. Times</i>	v. 141
How he Stopped Chewing.....	<i>Saratogian</i>	ii. 77
How I Killed a Bear.....	<i>Charles Dudley Warner</i>	iv. 120
How it Goes.....		iv. 383
How Jim Took in his Father.....		iv. 332
How Long?.....		ii. 182
How Many Fins has a Cod?.....	<i>T. C. Hatiburton</i>	ii. 361
How Pantagruel Met with a Great Storm at Sea.....	<i>François Rabelais</i>	ii. 15
How Panurge Praiseth Debtors and Borrowers.....	<i>François Rabelais</i>	ii. 6
How Prof. Pepsine Lectured the Ghost.....	<i>Walter Thornbury</i>	ii. 122
How the Dutchman Gave a Promissory Note.....		iv. 363
How the Money was Buried.....		i. 333
How to Make Love for a Friend.....	<i>Charles Lever</i>	iv. 341
Humors of Duelling.....		i. 60
"Hung" Jury, A.....	<i>J. M. Field</i>	ii. 180
Hyacinth O'Toole.....	<i>J. Sheridan Le Faun</i>	v. 147
Icaromenippus, or the Aerial Jaunt.....	<i>Lucian</i>	iv. 282
Ike After the Opera.....	<i>B. P. Shillaber</i>	v. 144
Illustrated Newspapers.....	<i>"John Phenix"</i>	iv. 143
Incident of Tyrone Power's Visit to Pittsburgh.....	<i>T. Power</i>	ii. 83
Indians and the Mustard, The.....		i. 210
In Favor of the Hog.....	<i>J. G. Baldwin</i>	iii. 354
Inflexibility; or, How Some Women Manage.....	<i>Literary Souvenir</i>	ii. 284
Ingenious Evasion, An.....		iii. 294
Ingoldsby Legends.....	<i>R. H. Barham</i>	i. 92
Irish Diamonds.....		iv. 374
Irresistible Appeal, An.....		ii. 80
Italian Anecdote, An.....	<i>J. M.</i>	i. 229
It Broke up the Party.....		iii. 306
Ixion in Heaven.....	<i>B. Disraeli</i>	iii. 217
Jersey Centenarian, A.....	<i>F. Bret Harte</i>	iv. 85
Jesters of all Times and Climes, The.....	<i>W. J. Thoms</i>	iii. 57
Jests of Hierocles, The.....		iii. 47
Jimmy Butler and the Owl.....		ii. 357
Jocular Baronet, A.....	<i>Tobias Smollett</i>	iv. 124
Joe Hatch.....	<i>Charles Mathews, the Elder</i>	ii. 83
Joe Miller and the Jesters of all Times.....	<i>W. J. Thoms</i>	iii. 57
Joe Miller's Jests.....		iii. 63
John Phenix on Mule Artillery.....	<i>G. H. Derby</i>	i. 63
Johnson's View.....		iii. 192
Jorrock's Hunt.....	<i>Robert Smith Surtees</i>	ii. 300
Jorrock's at Newmarket.....	<i>Robert Smith Surtees</i>	ii. 289
Josh Billings, Aphorisms from.....		ii. 287
Judge on the Tread-Mill.....		v. 160
Justice and her Scales.....		iv. 123
Kentucky Hospitality.....	<i>J. K. Paulding</i>	iii. 345
Kicked by a Mule.....		ii. 368

Last of the Irish Serpents, The.....	<i>Thomas Crofton Croker</i>	ii. 32
Lawyers and the Cats, The.....		ii. 179
Legal Anecdotes.....		ii. 179
Legal Wag, A.....		ii. 186
Legend of Sleepy Hollow, The.....	<i>Washington Irving</i>	ii. 264
Lessing's Fables.....	<i>Gothold Ephraim Lessing</i>	v. 332
Lighted With a Coal.....	<i>Donald G. Mitchell</i>	v. 372
Lincoln as a Mercantile Agency.....		iv. 257
Little Dinner at Timmins's, A.....	<i>W. M. Thackeray</i>	iv. 88
Little Domestic Story, A.....		iv. 263
Little Frenchman and his Water Lots, The.....	<i>George P. Morris</i>	v. 270
Little Hatchet Story, The.....	<i>Robert J. Burdette</i>	ii. 253
Lively Time, A.....	<i>Charles Lever</i>	iii. 179
Living Corpse, The.....		iv. 366
Long Island Hunting.....	<i>W. L. Alden</i>	iii. 300
Lord Dundreary.....	<i>E. A. Sothern</i>	i. 192
Lost Dog, A.....		i. 60
Lost Hatchet, The.....	<i>François Rabelais</i>	ii. 12
Love Confidence, A.....		iii. 115
Major Wormley.....	<i>Jos. G. Baldwin</i>	iii. 307
Man Who Didn't Overestimate Himself, A.....		iii. 50
Marabut Humbugged, A.....	<i>Robert Houdin</i>	v. 366
Mark Lemon's Jest Book.....		iv. 191
Master and Man.....	<i>Thomas Crofton Croker</i>	v. 321
Matter of Conscience, A.....		iv. 331
McCrary, Corwin's Reply to.....		iii. 41
McKenzie, Mr., on the Tariff Commission.....	<i>James A. McKenzie</i>	ii. 280
Metempsychosis.....		ii. 187
Micromegas.....	<i>François Marie Arouet de Voltaire</i>	i. 387
Mighty Dollar, The.....	<i>W. J. Florence</i>	v. 273
Middlerib's Automatic Welcome.....	<i>Robert J. Burdette</i>	i. 214
Mixed Decision, A.....		iv. 331
Molière's Physician.....		iv. 369
Mormon Romance, A.....	<i>Artemus Ward</i>	v. 354
Moses and the Gross of Green Spectacles.....	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>	v. 249
Moses the Sassy, or the Disguised Duke.....	<i>Artemus Ward</i>	v. 207
Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe.....	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i>	v. 275
Mrs. Brown on the Army.....	<i>Arthur Sketchley</i>	iii. 393
Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.....	<i>Douglas Ferrolld</i>	i. 1
Mrs. Gamp's Apartment.....	<i>Charles Dickens</i>	v. 248
Mrs. Partington.....	<i>B. P. Shillaber</i>	v. 143
Mr. Stiver's Horse.....	<i>James M. Bailey</i>	iv. 251
Mr. Titmouse Dyes his Hair.....	<i>Samuel Warren</i>	iii. 118
Mules, On.....	<i>Josh Billings</i>	v. 203
Mungo Mackay, the Practical Joker.....	<i>By a Blue Nose</i>	i. 205
Musical Duel, A.....		ii. 255
My First Appearance at the Bar.....	<i>Jos. G. Baldwin</i>	iii. 345
My First Punch.....	<i>Wm. E. Burton</i>	iv. 369
My Next Husband.....		i. 364
My Shirt-Buttons.....	<i>Eliza Cook</i>	iv. 385
Neal Malone.....	<i>Wm. Carleton</i>	ii. 107
Ned Geraghty's Luck.....	<i>John Brougham</i>	iii. 372
New Jersey Judge, A.....		iv. 380
New Paul and Virginia, The.....	<i>W. H. Mallock</i>	iv. 157
New System of English Grammar, A.....	<i>"John Phoenix"</i>	iv. 139
Niagara.....	<i>Mortimer M. Thompson</i>	iii. 131
Nights at Sea.....	<i>Lieut. Howard</i>	iii. 334
No Contempt Meant.....		iv. 369
Noctes Ambrosianæ.....	<i>John Wilson</i>	v. 282

Not Appreciated.....	<i>Boston Transcript</i>	v. 140
Not Classical.....	<i>G. A. Sala</i>	iii. 360
Not the Dog's Fault.....		iv. 334
Not to Counterfeit Being Sick.....	<i>Michael de Montaigne</i>	v. 265
Novel Frenchman, A.....		i. 381
Novel Reply to a Challenge.....		ii. 180
Nutting Adventure, A.....	<i>W. H. Gibson</i>	i. 212
Official Report of Prof. John Phoenix, A. M.....	<i>G. H. Derby, U. S. A.</i>	iv. 133
Of Guardian and Ward.....	<i>G. A. A'Beckett</i>	iii. 328
Of Husband and Wife.....	<i>G. A. A'Beckett</i>	iii. 326
Of Master and Servant.....	<i>G. A. A'Beckett</i>	iii. 324
Of Parent and Child.....	<i>G. A. A'Beckett</i>	iii. 327
Of Pleading.....	<i>G. A. A'Beckett</i>	iii. 330
Of Trial by Jury.....	<i>G. A. A'Beckett</i>	iii. 331
One of Beecher's Stories.....		iv. 190
On Paving Pennsylvania Avenue.....	<i>J. Proctor Knott</i>	iii. 368
Oriental Æsculapius, An.....		i. 382
Origin of Man, The.....	" <i>Darwin</i> ".....	i. 231
Our New Livery, and Other Things.....	<i>George Wm. Curtis</i>	iv. 305
Pantagruelian Prognostications.....	<i>François Rabelais</i>	ii. 25
Parrot Story, A.....		ii. 325
Parrot Story, A.....	<i>G. A. A'Beckett</i>	iv. 400
Parting with the Family Pet.....		iv. 119
Partridge at the Play-House.....	<i>Henry Fielding</i>	v. 242
Patent Alarm Beds.....		iv. 384
Paul Pry.....	<i>John Poole</i>	ii. 369
Paying Dear for his Bugle.....		i. 361
Peep, The.....		iii. 294
Persian Wit.....		iii. 390
Pertinent Question, A.....	<i>A. E. Sweet</i>	iii. 384
Philosopher and the Ferryman.....		ii. 80
Phoenixiana.....	<i>Geo. H. Derby, U. S. A.</i>	iv. 132
"Phoenix Pictorial".....	<i>Geo. H. Derby, U. S. A.</i>	iv. 144
Physician in Spite of Himself, The.....	<i>J. B. P. Molière</i>	v. 123
"Pie".....	<i>Geo. Augustus Sala</i>	iv. 256
Pigs, On.....	<i>Josh Billings</i>	v. 243
Placing the Pudding.....		i. 376
"Plain Dealer," Extract from the.....	<i>Wm. Wycherley</i>	v. 352
Polly Peablossom's Wedding.....	<i>John B. Lamar</i>	v. 244
Poor Husband, A.....		iii. 192
Position Still Open, A.....		i. 378
Positivism on an Island.....	<i>W. H. Mallock</i>	iv. 157
Powerful Temperance.....	<i>Tobe Hodge</i>	v. 260
Practice Before Marriage.....	<i>Puck</i>	iv. 257
"Praise of Folly," The.....	<i>Desiderius Erasmus</i>	v. 200
Prenticeana.....	<i>Geo. D. Prentice</i>	v. 326
Prentiss on Corn Whiskey.....	<i>Sargent S. Prentiss</i>	iii. 40
Proctor Knott, on Paving Pennsylvania Avenue.....	<i>J. Proctor Knott</i>	iii. 368
Proctor Knott's Duluth Speech.....	<i>J. Proctor Knott</i>	iii. 365
Professor of Natural History, A.....		iv. 379
Prudish People.....		v. 145
Pungent and Witty Sentences from French Humorists.....		iv. 303
Puns, Warranted Genuine.....		iii. 190
Queer Poet, A.....		ii. 254
Rabelais.....	<i>François Rabelais</i>	ii. 1
Rabelais Imitates Diogenes.....	<i>François Rabelais</i>	ii. 20
Rare Bird, A.....		i. 213

Rat Story, The.....	ii.	325
Real Facts About Venus and Adonis, The..... <i>Alfred Crowquill</i>	iv.	396
Rectifying Establishment, A.....	iii.	289
Red Hair..... <i>W. L. Alden</i>	iii.	302
Rejected Manuscript, A.....	ii.	279
Related to the Judge.....	ii.	185
Relics.....	iii.	50
Retaliation.....	iv.	118
Return of the Agamemnon..... <i>J. B. Anstey</i>	iv.	183
Ridicule <i>vs.</i> Eloquence.....	ii.	187
Right Place but the Wrong Man, The..... <i>Paul Llynd</i>	iv.	375
Rip Van Winkle..... <i>Washington Irving</i>	ii.	256
Rob Roy..... <i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	v.	234
Romance of Broadway..... <i>J. P. Ingraham</i>	iv.	387
Rough Translation, A..... <i>J. A. Knox</i>	iii.	377
Royal Quandary, A.....	iii.	39
Running with the "Masheen"..... <i>Mortimer M. Thompson</i>	iii.	129
Sailor's Complacency and Benevolence.....	i.	367
Sailor's Wife, A.....	v.	346
"Same Old Lie".....	i.	332
Sandie Macpherson..... <i>Robert Buchanan</i>	i.	334
Saucy Lawyer, A.....	ii.	187
Scaring a Connecticut Farmer..... <i>Eli Perkins</i>	iii.	191
Scenes from the Life of Jacob.....	v.	304
Scotch Reading, A..... <i>Edward Bannerman Ramsey</i>	i.	397
Scriptural Panoramist, The..... <i>Mark Twain</i>	ii.	323
Secret-Telling Box, The..... <i>François Rabelais</i>	ii.	12
Securing a Tenor.....	iii.	192
Shanghais, The..... <i>Josh Billings</i>	v.	240
Sharp.....	v.	216
Sharp Financiering..... <i>Jos. G. Baldwin</i>	iii.	309
Sharp Student, A.....	ii.	29
She Stoops to Conquer..... <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>	ii.	326
Sheridan Compromising a Difficulty.....	iv.	340
Shocking Mixture, A..... <i>Max Adeler</i>	i.	385
Shooting Exploit of Tom Sheridan, A.....	iii.	54
Showman's Courtship, The..... <i>Artemus Ward</i>	v.	355
Shrewd Correspondent, A.....	i.	385
Sir Isaac Newton's Courtship.....	ii.	90
Sir Roger de Coverley..... <i>"The Spectator"</i>	ii.	129
Six-Button Principle, The..... <i>W. L. Alden</i>	iii.	301
Skunk, The, or Biddy Maloney's Cat.....	iv.	367
Smart Agent, A..... <i>Chambers' Journal</i>	i.	374
Solid for Mulhooly..... <i>Rufus E. Shapley</i>	i.	154
Some Impromptu Definitions.....	iv.	190
Soup Story, The.....	iv.	339
Spectre of Tappington, The..... <i>R. H. Barham</i>	i.	92
Speech of Gen. W. H. McCartney.....	i.	57
Stage Coach Story, A.....	iii.	291
Stolen Pig, The.....	i.	360
Story of a New Hat.....	iii.	21
Story of Brignoli, A.....	iv.	156
Story of My Legal Examination and My Aunt's Police Case, The..... <i>Francis C. Burnand</i>	ii.	91
Story of the Bad Little Boy Who Didn't Come to Grief..... <i>S. L. Clemens ("Mark Twain")</i>	i.	372
Story of the Book Agent, The.....	i.	64
Street-Car Scene, A.....	i.	91
Successful Trick, A.....	ii.	75
Sure Cure for Pride.....	ii.	107

Suspected her Husband.....		iv.	331
Swallowing an Oyster Alive.....	<i>John S. Robb</i>	i.	382
Swallowing the Parrot.....	<i>Tobe Hodge</i>	iii.	385
Tales from "The Decameron".....	<i>Giovanni Boccaccio</i>	v.	92
Testy Neighbors.....		iv.	103
Texas Climate, The.....	<i>A. E. Sweet</i>	iii.	380
"That Four Shillin'".....		iii.	55
That Gentleman.....	<i>Eliza Leslie</i>	v.	347
That Same Old Coon.....	<i>F. R. Stockton</i>	v.	296
The Dervise, the Thief, and the Devil.....	<i>Pilpay</i>	v.	384
Theory of a Perfect Family.....		iv.	118
The Turf.....	<i>Robert Smith Surtees</i>	ii.	289
Throwing the Lasso.....	<i>A. E. Sweet</i>	iii.	382
Tim Price's Ram.....	<i>Tobe Hodge</i>	ii.	81
Tombigbee Incident, The.....	<i>From "Shooting Stars"</i>	iii.	392
Toodles.....		v.	305
Too Much Credit.....		i.	85
Too Old to be Trifled With.....		iv.	156
Touching Solicitude.....		iii.	191
Town Drummer, The.....	<i>John Galt</i>	v.	194
Travels and Adventures of Baron Munchausen.....		ii.	193
Travers and Clews.....		ii.	325
Travers on Fisk and Gould.....		ii.	325
Trovers, The.....		ii.	75
True Ghost Story, A.....	<i>Norman McLeod</i>	v.	374
True History, The.....	<i>Lucian</i>	iv.	264
Two Butlers, The.....	<i>T. C. D.</i>	i.	81
Uncle Dan'l and the Steamboat.....	<i>Mark Twain</i>	ii.	358
Unfriendly Question, An.....		ii.	288
Unlucky Present, The.....	<i>R. H. Barham</i>	i.	143
Unmentionables, The.....		iv.	377
Venus and Adonis, The Real Facts About.....	<i>Alfred Crowquill</i>	iv.	396
Visit to Brigham Young, A.....	<i>Artemus Ward</i>	v.	215
Visit to the Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters, O. W. Holmes.....	<i>O. W. Holmes</i>	ii.	86
Voyage to Laputa, A.....	<i>Jonathan Swift</i>	iii.	81
Wade and Giddings.....	<i>Bench and Bar</i>	ii.	182
Warning to Pinchers, A.....	<i>Court Circular</i>	iv.	334
What Presence of Mind did for a Soldier.....		v.	139
When Evarts Unbends.....		iv.	254
White Squall, The.....	<i>Lieut. Howard</i>	iii.	334
Who Milked My Cow? or, The Marine Ghost.....	<i>Author of "Rattlin the Reefer"</i>	i.	144
Why he Smoked.....		v.	353
Why Monks Love to be in Kitchens.....	<i>François Rabelais</i>	ii.	10
Wit and Wisdom from Josh Billings.....	<i>Augustus Shaw</i>	i.	386
Wit of Charles Lamb.....		v.	204, 295
Wonderful Physicians at the Court of Queen Whim, The.....	<i>François Rabelais</i>	ii.	25
Yankee Desperado, A.....	<i>A. E. Sweet</i>	iii.	381
Yellow Domino, The.....		i.	211

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TITLES.

POETRY.

Abbot of Waltham, The.....	William Barnes.....	iv. 146
A Bit o' Sly Coorten.....	Marc-Antoine Gerard.....	iii. 314
Address to Bacchus.....	Edmund Yates.....	v. 205
All Saints.....	W. S. Gilbert.....	iii. 364
Annie Protheroe.....	Geo. Outram.....	iii. 205
Annuitant's Answer, The.....	W. S. Gilbert.....	iv. 353
Annuity, The.....	Geo. Outram.....	iv. 352
An Unfortunate Likeness.....	W. S. Gilbert.....	iii. 207
Apology for Cider.....	Olivier Basselin.....	iii. 305
Ask and Have.....	Samuel Lover.....	iii. 289
Ass and the Flute, The.....	Tomas de Yriarte.....	i. 374
At the Menagerie.....	W. M. Thackeray.....	iii. 182
Bab Ballads, The.....	W. S. Gilbert.....	iii. 193
Baby's Debut, The.....	H. and J. Smith.....	iii. 181
Bachelor's Dream, The.....	Thomas Hood.....	iv. 392
Baines Carew, Gentleman.....	W. S. Gilbert.....	iii. 198
Baptisement o' the Bairn.....	Robert Leighton.....	i. 368
Bear and the Monkey, The.....	Dom Tomas Yriarte.....	ii. 317
Beggar's Soliloquy.....	Geo. Meredith.....	iii. 363
Belle of the Ball-Room, The.....	W. M. Praed.....	iv. 247
Ben Block.....	Thomas Dibdin.....	ii. 280
Benedict Canticle, A.....	Life.....	i. 338
Be Not a Wit.....	Tom D'Urfey.....	i. 375
"Be Quiet—Do! I'll Call my Mother".....	Charles Mackay.....	i. 362
Bishop of Rum-to-Foo, The.....	W. S. Gilbert.....	iii. 197
Blindman's Buff.....	Horace Smith.....	ii. 30
Blue Stockings.....	W. S. Gilbert.....	iii. 364
Bob Polter.....	W. S. Gilbert.....	iii. 199
Bon Gaultier Ballads.....	W. E. Aytoun and Theo. Martin.....	iv. 104
Broken Pitcher, The.....	W. E. Aytoun.....	iv. 104
Bum-Boat Woman's Story, The.....	W. S. Gilbert.....	iii. 203
Bursch Groggenburg.....	Aytoun and Martin.....	iv. 107
Captain and the Mermaids, The.....	W. S. Gilbert.....	iii. 204
Captain Paton.....	J. G. Lockhart.....	i. 331
Captain Reece.....	W. S. Gilbert.....	iii. 193
Case of Libel, A.....	Thomas Moore.....	iv. 356
Chameleon, The.....	James Merrick.....	ii. 31
Chiggs.....	George Arnold.....	iii. 362
Chloe's Hair.....	Lucilius.....	iv. 156
Cho-Che-Bang and Chi-Chil-Bloo.....	Thomas Moore.....	iv. 364
Church and State.....	Thomas Moore.....	iv. 360
Citizen and the Thieves, The.....	Thomas Moore.....	iii. 230
(Classic) Greek Wit.....	Lucilius.....	iii. 322
Clerical Wit.....	Wm. Miller.....	i. 59
Cockie-Leerie-La.....	Wm. Miller.....	iv. 382
Collegian and the Porter, The.....	Horace Smith.....	iii. 51
Comedy of Errors, Extract from the.....	Wm. Shakespeare.....	v. 353
Condensed Novel, A.....	Wm. Shakespeare.....	ii. 32

Conjurer Cozened, The.....	<i>Samuel Rowlands.....</i>	iii. 177
Contentment.....	<i>O. W. Holmes.....</i>	iii. 127
Country Squire, The.....	<i>Dom Tomas Yriarte.....</i>	ii. 316
Courtin', The.....	<i>J. R. Lowell.....</i>	i. 86
Courtship of Our Cid.....	<i>Aytoun and Martin.....</i>	iv. 104
Critic, The.....	<i>Epes Sargent.....</i>	iv. 148
Culex in Carmine.....	<i>H. T. Stanton.....</i>	iv. 258
Curious Circumstance, A.....	<i>Robert Reinick.....</i>	iv. 182
Dame Fredegonde.....	<i>Aytoun and Martin.....</i>	iv. 117
Deacon Dodd.....	<i>Country Love and City Life.....</i>	ii. 253
Deacon's Masterpiece, The.....	<i>O. W. Holmes.....</i>	iv. 338
Dead Alive, The.....	<i>P. J. de Beranger.....</i>	ii. 317
Definition of Wit.....	<i>Allan Ramsay.....</i>	i. 61
Devil's Walk, The.....	<i>Richard Porson.....</i>	i. 378
Dirge of the Drinker, The.....	<i>Theo. Martin.....</i>	iv. 116
Distichs.....	<i>John Hay.....</i>	iii. 333
Domestic Poems.....	<i>Thomas Hood.....</i>	iv. 393
Downfall of a Dude.....	<i>.....</i>	i. 59
Drunkard's Concert, The.....	<i>Wilhelm Müller.....</i>	ii. 322
Duke and the Tinker.....	<i>Percy's Reliques.....</i>	iv. 147
Edinburgh Ladies' Petition.....	<i>.....</i>	iii. 44
Egg, Stanzas to an.....	<i>Punch.....</i>	iv. 395
Eggs, The.....	<i>Dom Tomas Yriarte.....</i>	iv. 395
Ellen McJones Aberdeen.....	<i>W. S. Gilbert.....</i>	iii. 200
Enchanted Shirt, The.....	<i>John Hay.....</i>	iii. 332
Epigrams, Lessing's.....	<i>Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.....</i>	v. 335
Epigrams, Poetical.....	<i>.....</i>	v. 217
Ergo Bibamus.....	<i>J. W. von Goethe.....</i>	iv. 82
Etiquette.....	<i>W. S. Gilbert.....</i>	iii. 209
Execution, The.....	<i>R. H. Barham.....</i>	i. 116
Fables of Jean de la Fontaine.....	<i>.....</i>	v. 382
Fabliau, The.....	<i>Rutebeuf the Trouvère.....</i>	v. 197
Faithful Lovers, The.....	<i>.....</i>	iv. 248
Faithless Nelly Gray.....	<i>Thomas Hood.....</i>	iv. 394
Family Reading.....	<i>R. H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr").....</i>	i. 230
Farewell to Tobacco, A.....	<i>Charles Lamb.....</i>	v. 294
Ferdinando and Elvira.....	<i>W. S. Gilbert.....</i>	iii. 194
First Client, The.....	<i>Irwin Russell.....</i>	iv. 355
First Intoxication.....	<i>August Kopisch.....</i>	iv. 182
Flight.....	<i>C. S. Calverley.....</i>	iv. 302
Friars of Dijon, The.....	<i>Thomas Campbell.....</i>	iv. 321
Frogs of Aristophanes, The.....	<i>Aristophanes.....</i>	iii. I
From Punch's Law Reports.....	<i>.....</i>	iv. 356
General John.....	<i>W. S. Gilbert.....</i>	iii. 211
Gentle Alice Brown.....	<i>W. S. Gilbert.....</i>	iii. 202
Gentle Echo on Woman.....	<i>Jonathan Swift.....</i>	iii. 141
Geraldine Green.....	<i>Fred. Locker.....</i>	iii. 317
Ghost, The.....	<i>R. H. Barham.....</i>	i. 108
Gluggity Glug.....	<i>.....</i>	iii. 400
Gone from the Ken of Ungentle Men.....	<i>C. S. Calverley.....</i>	i. 58
Good and Bad Luck.....	<i>John Hay.....</i>	iii. 314
Good-Night.....	<i>Thomas Hood.....</i>	iv. 393
Goose, The.....	<i>Alfred Tennyson.....</i>	iii. 361
Great Ham Case, The.....	<i>Punch.....</i>	iv. 356
Greek Wit and Humor.....	<i>.....</i>	iv. 156
Guide-Post, The.....	<i>J. P. Hebel.....</i>	iv. 180

Happy Man, The.....	<i>Gilles Ménage.....</i>	ii. 319
Hat, The.....	<i>Recited by M. Coquelin.....</i>	iv. 260
Haunch of Venison, The.....		i. 399
Haunted.....	<i>W. S. Gilbert.....</i>	iii. 214
Height of the Ridiculous.....	<i>O. W. Holmes.....</i>	ii. 360
Hen, The.....	<i>Matthias Claudius.....</i>	ii. 321
Holy Willie's Prayer.....	<i>Robert Burns.....</i>	iii. 38
How the Baby Came: The Happy Father's Theory.....	<i>David Barker.....</i>	iii. 344
How the Baby Came: St. Peter's Reply.....	<i>J. G. Saxe.....</i>	iii. 344
How the Lawyers Got a Patron Saint.....	<i>J. G. Saxe.....</i>	iv. 359
Husband's Petition, The.....	<i>Aytoun and Martin.....</i>	iv. 117
Idyl of the Period, An.....		iv. 301
Ill Wind, The.....		iii. 364
Impromptu.....	<i>George Colman.....</i>	iii. 22
In Praise of Sleep.....	<i>Gian Carlo Passeroni.....</i>	ii. 322
Irishman, The.....	<i>Wm. Maginn.....</i>	iv. 329
Irish Schoolmaster, The.....	<i>Jas. A. Sidey.....</i>	iii. 216
I Wish he Would Decide.....		iv. 301
Jabberwocky.....	<i>Lewis Carroll.....</i>	iii. 297
Jackdaw, The.....	<i>William Cowper.....</i>	ii. 79
Jester Condemned to Death, The.....	<i>Horace Smith.....</i>	iii. 288
Jobsiad, The.....	<i>Carl Arnold Kortüm.....</i>	iv. 230
John and Freddy.....	<i>W. S. Gilbert.....</i>	iii. 211
John Gilpin.....	<i>William Cowper.....</i>	iv. 294
Jolly Beggars, The.....	<i>Robert Burns.....</i>	iii. 33
Jolly Good Ale and Old.....	<i>John Still.....</i>	iii. 361
Jolly Testator, The.....	<i>Lord Neaves.....</i>	iv. 354
King John and the Abbot.....	<i>The Percy Reliques.....</i>	ii. 126
King of Yvetot.....	<i>P. J. de Beranger.....</i>	ii. 317
Kisses in Market.....		iv. 321
Kissing's No Sin.....		i. 232
Knight and the Lady, The.....	<i>R. H. Barham.....</i>	i. 138
Ladies' Boots.....	<i>Chas. G. Leland.....</i>	iv. 328
L'Allegro.....	<i>John Milton.....</i>	v. 209
Lawyer and the Oyster.....		iii. 22
Lawyer's Stratagem, The.....	<i>Boston Post.....</i>	iv. 35c
Lawyer's Suit, The.....	<i>J. G. Saxe.....</i>	iv. 350
Lay of St. Odille, The.....	<i>R. H. Barham.....</i>	i. 113
Lays for Lawyers.....		iv. 350
Lay of the Love-Lorn, The.....	<i>Aytoun and Martin.....</i>	iv. 108
Lay of the Lover's Friend, The.....	<i>Aytoun and Martin.....</i>	iv. 115
Lessing's Epigrams.....	<i>Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.....</i>	v. 335
Lilliput Land.....	<i>Matthew Browne.....</i>	iii. 315
Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.....	<i>George Colman, the Younger.....</i>	i. 359
Logic; or, The Horse Chestnut.....		ii. 82
"Look at the Clock".....	<i>R. H. Barham.....</i>	i. 105
Lord Byron's Reply to the Edinburgh Ladies' Petition.....		iii. 45
Lorenzo de Lardy.....	<i>W. S. Gilbert.....</i>	iii. 212
Lost Spectacles, The.....		v. 91
Love in a Cottage.....	<i>N. P. Willis.....</i>	iii. 52
Love is Like a Dizziness.....	<i>James Hogg.....</i>	iv. 381
Lover and the Lap-Dog, The.....	<i>S. T. Coleridge.....</i>	ii. 190
Lover's Chronicle, A.....	<i>Abraham Cowley.....</i>	iv. 249
Love vs. Tobacco.....		i. 203
Lying.....	<i>Thomas Moore.....</i>	iv. 360
Magic Lay of the One-Horse Shay, The.....	<i>John Hughes.....</i>	iv. 336

Magpie, The, or Bad Company.....		iv.	299
Man Who Plays the Horn, The.....	<i>J. P. B.</i>	v.	241
March to Moscow, The.....	<i>Robert Southey</i>	iv.	297
Martial in London.....	<i>Mortimer Collins</i>	iii.	317
Martinet, The.....	<i>W. S. Gilbert</i>	iii.	214
Massacre of the Macpherson.....	<i>W. E. Aytoun</i>	iv.	114
McVey vs. Hennigan.....	<i>Ballads of Bench and Bar</i>	iv.	358
Merchant of Venice, The.....	<i>R. H. Barham</i>	i.	118
Merry Soap-Boiler, The.....	<i>Fred. Hagedorn</i>	i.	79
Metempsychosis.....	<i>Robert Buchanan</i>	i.	342
Might and Right.....	<i>G. K. Pfeffel</i>	ii.	321
Milkmaid and the Banker, The.....	<i>Horace Smith</i>	iv.	323
Milkmaid, The.....	<i>R. Lloyd</i>	iii.	142
Millennium, The.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	iv.	361
Misadventures at Margate.....	<i>R. H. Barham</i>	i.	131
Monsieur Tonson.....	<i>John Taylor</i>	ii.	72
Mosquito, The.....	<i>W. C. Bryant</i>	iii.	117
Mouse and the Miser, The.....	<i>Lucillus</i>	iii.	322
Mrs. Smith.....	<i>Fred. Locker</i>	iii.	317
Music Grinders, The.....	<i>O. W. Holmes</i>	v.	241
Mystery of Gilgal, The.....	<i>John Hay</i>	iii.	332
My Wife's Cousin.....	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	iv.	110
Nebuchadnezzar: The Mule of that Name.....	<i>Irwin Russell</i>	ii.	288
Nell Cook, A Legend of the "Dark Entry".....	<i>R. H. Barham</i>	i.	124
New Genesis, The.....	<i>The Spectator</i>	iv.	330
Newspaper, A.....		iii.	297
New Use of a Human Face.....	<i>The Emperor Trajan</i>	iv.	156
Nothing.....	<i>Goethe</i>	iv.	146
Nursery Reminiscences.....	<i>R. H. Barham</i>	i.	128
O'Connor's Wake.....	<i>Robert Buchanan</i>	iii.	295
Ode to the Skunk.....		v.	331
Old Assyrian.....	<i>C. G. Leland</i>	iv.	180
Old Clock, The.....	<i>James Mack</i>	iv.	326
Old Hobson.....	<i>John Milton</i>	ii.	121
Old Saw, An.....	<i>Harper's Monthly</i>	iv.	351
On a Deaf Housekeeper.....		iv.	156
Once a Time a Fool Said This.....	<i>J. V. von Scheffel</i>	iv.	180
On Lending a Punch Bowl.....	<i>O. W. Holmes</i>	iii.	52
Only Seven: After Wordsworth.....	<i>H. S. Leigh</i>	i.	233
Original Love Story, An.....		iii.	132
Owen Kerr vs. Owen Kerr.....	<i>Western Jurist</i>	iv.	358
Owl Critic, The.....	<i>J. T. Fields</i>	iii.	323
Paper: A Poem.....	<i>Benj. Franklin</i>	iv.	320
Parental Ode to My Son, A.....	<i>Thos. Hood</i>	iv.	393
Pat's Criticism.....	<i>Chas. F. Adams</i>	i.	153
Patty Morgan the Milkmaid's Story.....	<i>R. H. Barham</i>	i.	105
Pig in the Poke, The.....	<i>The Wit's Magazine</i>	iii.	30
Pilgrims and the Peas, The.....	<i>John Wolcott ("Peter Pindar")</i>	i.	383
Pious Editor's Creed.....	<i>J. R. Lowell</i>	iii.	127
Poetical Epigrams.....		v.	217
Pommery Grèno.....	<i>Edmund Yates</i>	iii.	290
Pope and Sultan.....	<i>From the German</i>	iv.	182
Precocious Baby, The.....	<i>W. S. Gilbert</i>	iii.	197
Quaker's Meeting, The.....	<i>Samuel Lover</i>	i.	56
Queen in France, The.....	<i>W. E. Aytoun</i>	iv.	111
Rabelais to the Reader.....	<i>François Rabelais</i>	ii.	25

Rabbinical Origin of Women, The.....	Thomas Moore.....	iv. 300
Raising the Devil.....	R. H. Barham.....	i. 138
Report from Below, A.....	Thomas Hood.....	ii. 399
Report of an Adjudged Case.....	William Cowper.....	iv. 357
Reverend Simon Magus, The.....	W. S. Gilbert.....	iii. 208
Reynard the Fox.....	Goethe's Version.....	iv. 1
Rhine Wine.....	Matthias Claudius.....	ii. 320
Ring, The.....	Scribner's.....	i. 380
Rival Broom-Makers, The.....	ii. 86
Robin Goodfellow.....	Ben Jonson.....	iii. 298
Rory O'More.....	Samuel Lover.....	i. 333
Row in an Omnibus (Box), A.....	R. H. Barham.....	i. 136
Rubaiyat.....	Omar Khayyam.....	v. 226
Saint Anthony's Sermon to the Fishes.....	A. à Sancta Clara.....	iii. 178
Saint Patrick.....	William Maginn.....	iii. 141
Saint Peter vs. A Lawyer.....	iv. 351
Saying, Not Meaning.....	Wm. Basil Wake.....	v. 146
Schnapps.....	From the German of Selber.....	ii. 319
Scout's Soliloquy, A.....	v. 140
Search After Happiness, The.....	Sir Walter Scott.....	v. 253
Seasonable Philanthropist, A.....	ii. 255
Sentimental.....	S. T. Coleridge.....	i. 66
Serenade.....	Thomas Hood.....	iv. 394
Sheridan's Calendar.....	R. B. Sheridan.....	i. 215
Signs of Rain.....	Dr. Jenner.....	iii. 362
Silenus.....	Virgil.....	iii. 289
Sir Joseph's Song—From "Pinafore".....	W. S. Gilbert.....	iii. 193
Smuggler's Leap, The.....	R. H. Barham.....	i. 133
Society upon the Stanislaus, The.....	F. Bret Harte.....	i. 63
Song.....	Aphra Behn.....	v. 325
Song for Punch Drinkers.....	J. C. Friedr. von Schiller.....	ii. 320
Sonnet to a Clam.....	John Godfrey Saxe.....	i. 367
Stanzas to an Egg.....	Punch.....	iv. 395
Strikes.....	i. 213
Student of Jena.....	Aytoun and Martin.....	iv. 106
Suicidal Cat, The.....	iv. 259
Sunday Question, The.....	Thomas Hood.....	iv. 390
Susan: A Kind Providence.....	Fred. Locker.....	iii. 322
Sympathy.....	Reginald Heber.....	iii. 55
Tale of a Shirt, A.....	R. H. Barham.....	i. 128
Tall Gentleman to his Lady Love, The.....	iv. 328
Tam O'Shanter.....	Robert Burns.....	iii. 31
That Texan Cattle Man.....	Foquin Miller.....	iii. 115
"The Penny ye Meant to Gi'e".....	ii. 76
Thief and Cordelier, The.....	Matthew Prior.....	iii. 176
Three Black Crows, The.....	John Byrom.....	i. 396
Three Blind Tiplers.....	Thomas Moore.....	iii. 290
Three Kings of Chickerafoo, The.....	W. S. Gilbert.....	iii. 213
Three Warnings, The.....	Mrs. Thrale.....	v. 281
Tinker and the Glazier, The.....	Wm. Harrison.....	i. 80
To My Nose.....	Olivier Basselin.....	iii. 304
Tom Turner.....	ii. 90
Toper and the Flies, The.....	Dr. Wolcott.....	iii. 132
To the Terrestrial Globe.....	W. S. Gilbert.....	iii. 203
Town of Passage, The.....	Francis Mahoney.....	iii. 56
Tragic Story, A.....	Adelbert von Chamisso.....	ii. 322
Treadmill Song, The.....	O. W. Holmes.....	iv. 297
"True and Original Version," A.....	R. H. Barham.....	i. 112
True to Poll.....	F. C. Burnand.....	iv. 339
Twins, The.....	Henry S. Leigh.....	i. 210

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TITLES.

411

University of Gottingen, The.....	<i>George Canning</i>	v. 189
Ver-Vert.....	<i>J. B. L. Gressek</i>	v. 190
Vicar of Bray, The.....	ii. 78
Virgile Travesti.....	<i>Paul Scarron</i>	v. 267
Vision of Judgment, The.....	<i>Lord Byron</i>	i. 216
Wanted, a Governess.....	iii. 230
Water-Cure, The.....	<i>Wm. Harrison</i>	i. 204
Wedding of Shon Maclean.....	<i>Robert Buchanan</i>	v. 359
Well of St. Keyne, The.....	<i>Robert Southey</i>	iii. 128
Whimsical Attorney's Bill, A.....	iv. 365
Why Biddy and Pat Married.....	<i>R. H. Stoddard</i>	i. 62
Why Don't the Men Propose?.....	<i>T. H. B.</i>	v. 159
Why the Men Don't Propose.....	<i>J. E. C.</i>	v. 160
Widow, The.....	<i>Chris. F. Gellert</i>	iii. 49
Winter.....	<i>Matthias Claudius</i>	ii. 321
Wives of Weinsberg, The.....	<i>G. A. Bürger</i>	iv. 181
Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay," The.....	<i>O. W. Holmes</i>	iv. 338
Wonderfu' Wean, The.....	<i>Wm. Miller</i>	iv. 381
Worms.....	<i>Alexander Pope</i>	iii. 292
Yankee Recruit, The.....	<i>J. R. Lowell</i>	iv. 324
Yarn of the Nancy Bell.....	<i>W. S. Gilbert</i>	iii. 195
Yawcob Strauss.....	<i>Chas. Follen Adams</i>	i. 379
Ye Carpette Knyghte.....	<i>Lewis Carroll</i>	iii. 216
Young Gazelle, The: A Moore-ish Tale.....	<i>Walter Parke</i>	iii. 322
Young Stockbroker's Bride, The.....	<i>Aytoun and Martin</i>	iv. 115

END OF VOLUME V.



